

The *Chatelaine*
A Magazine for Canadian Women

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Cover Painted for The Chatelaine by Carl Shreve

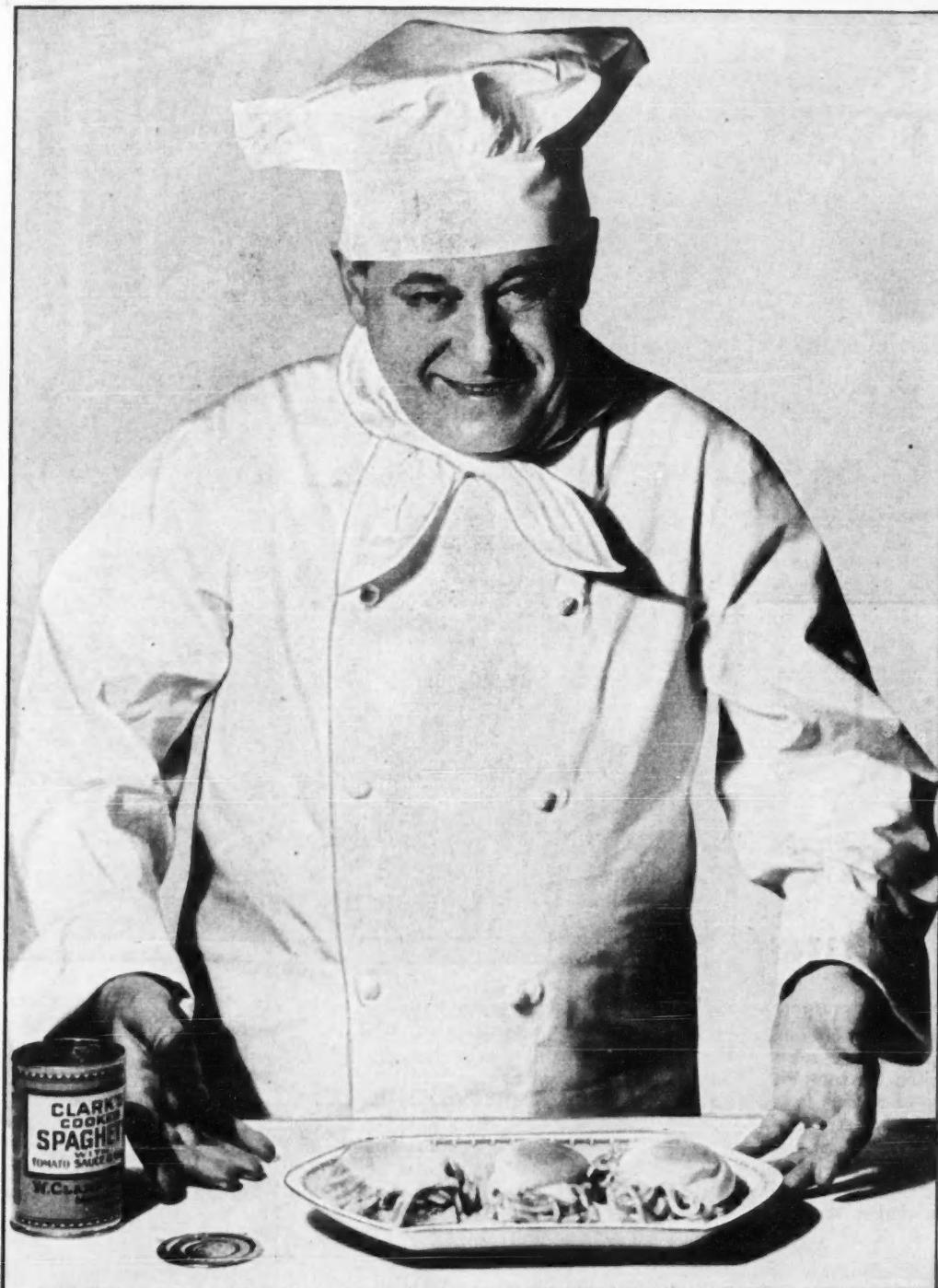
In This Issue: If You Were Engaged to the Prince of Wales

Spaghetti with a rich, creamy cheese flavor

No other cooked spaghetti has just the appetizing tang of Clark's . . . for into every tin goes a generous helping of rich, creamy cheese!

And then, to make it even MORE

delicious, luscious tomato sauce is added. Try it in this recipe. You'll be surprised at the really tasty meal it makes, and, incidentally, it's ever so economical!



RECIPE *

First take some Clark's Devilled Ham and spread it on slices of toast. Then warm contents of 1 tin Clark's Cooked Spaghetti. Spread the spaghetti over the ham and toast. Before serving, drop a poached egg on top.

CLARK'S cooked SPAGHETTI

(With Tomato Sauce and Cheese)

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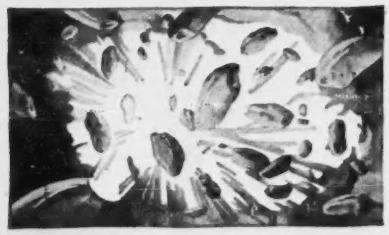
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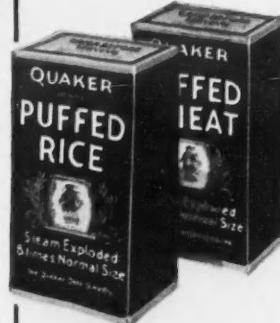


These Gay breakfasts made more Enticing than ever!



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Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—different from any cereal you know. Rich, nourishing grains—sealed in huge guns—kept under fiery temperatures for hours—then—shot from guns. That's what explodes every tiny food cell—makes every particle so easily digestible—so quickly nourishing.



And because they're shot from guns Puffed Grains provide wonderfully rich nourishment...read why

VARIETY! Flavor! Crunchiness! That's what Puffed Grains have always meant to you. But now—they're twice as good, twice as delicious. Twice as crisp!

It's all because of a special new package that seals in every atom of crispness. Keeps the grains just as crunchy as the moment they were shot from guns. You'd think, to taste them, that they'd just left the oven. And they stay that way till you're ready to eat them.

Richly nourishing, too
It's the puffing that makes these wheat and rice

grains so nourishing, makes them easily, quickly digestible down to the last crumb. The panel at the left tells you why. And it's puffing that makes this breakfast so very good to eat. Children love it. They eat it as a between-meal goody, right out of the box. You'll find grown-ups munching handfuls, too. Why not? It's irresistible.

Mothers have discovered that this is an easy way to get children to take more milk. They'll take plenty of it on Puffed Grains because they love this different-tasting cereal.

Buy the new box today. Serve the new super crisp Puffed Grains tomorrow! The Quaker Oats Company, Peterborough and Saskatoon.

Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat are Made in Canada by The Quaker Oats Company, makers also of Quaker Corn Flakes, Crackers, Muffets and other Highest Quality Cereals.

Quaker Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat

The Chatelaine

RED POPPY

The love story of a girl with a modern code—when in doubt keep quiet and never tell the man you care



She knew by the way he laughed that his mood was high. Anything could happen when Stan's mood was high. But tonight she was going to spoil everything by telling him something. Sheer treason to her code, but she had to do it.

Illustrated by CARL SHREVE

by Jane Levington Comfort

FOG. The headlights penetrated but a few feet ahead. Stan Houston drove slowly for him, peering through the half-circle which his windshield-wiper kept clear. Vingie Moore, the girl at his side, shivered in her thin cloak, moisture tightening the curls about her face. It was very late, a good two hours past the time she had promised to be home. Her mother would be worried in her quiet, fatalistic way. Mrs. Moore never doubted one's moral integrity or good intentions, but stood in eternal dread of accident. "I was afraid something had happened to you," was her inevitable greeting if one's arrival was not perfectly timed.

They had danced long and then taken in the late show at Kati's. Stan was moody, avoided her eyes, seemed restless as if waiting for someone not yet come. Dancing with her, his arm was lax. Across their small table his face had an abstracted look. He excused himself to speak to some friends of his across the way and then came back to her, more abstracted than ever. Vingie suspected that most girls would have known how to hold his attention, but this idea did not cheer her. Outside in the moonlight it would be better, she had thought, but the fog spoiled that.

When in doubt keep quiet, and never let a man know you care. This was her code and she was true to it, but she wondered how long it would be before she saw him again, if ever, and loneliness closed round her, colder, and clammier than the fog itself. You could be as lonesome for Stan right with him as at any other time. He had the faculty of withdrawing into himself so completely that his presence merely tortured you more, like the photograph of an absent friend. Moods, moods, scintillating moods; obscure, beclouded moods. He could be so dazzlingly warm; he could be so brutally cold.

Her mother had left the porch light burning. It shone in a yellow blur through the fog. "Well, here we are! Swell time and all that—" "What's your rush?" He caught her hand, pulled her into his arms. "When am I going to see you again?" he whispered, close to her lips.

She felt the sudden brightness of her heart: "Any old time, Stan."

"Tomorrow night, then."

"So soon?"

"Had you other plans?" he asked suspiciously.

"No—"

"Rather not?"

"No—"

He kissed her again, lingeringly. "I'll be here at eight," he said.

VINGIE turned off the porch light, stepped out of her pumps and tiptoed up the stairs. Her mother was waiting for her on the upper landing.

"It's so late," she whispered. "I was afraid something had happened to you—"

"You shouldn't have stayed awake for me, mother."

"Are you all right, dear?"

"Of course."

"Did you have a good time?"

"Marvellous."

"Where did you go?"

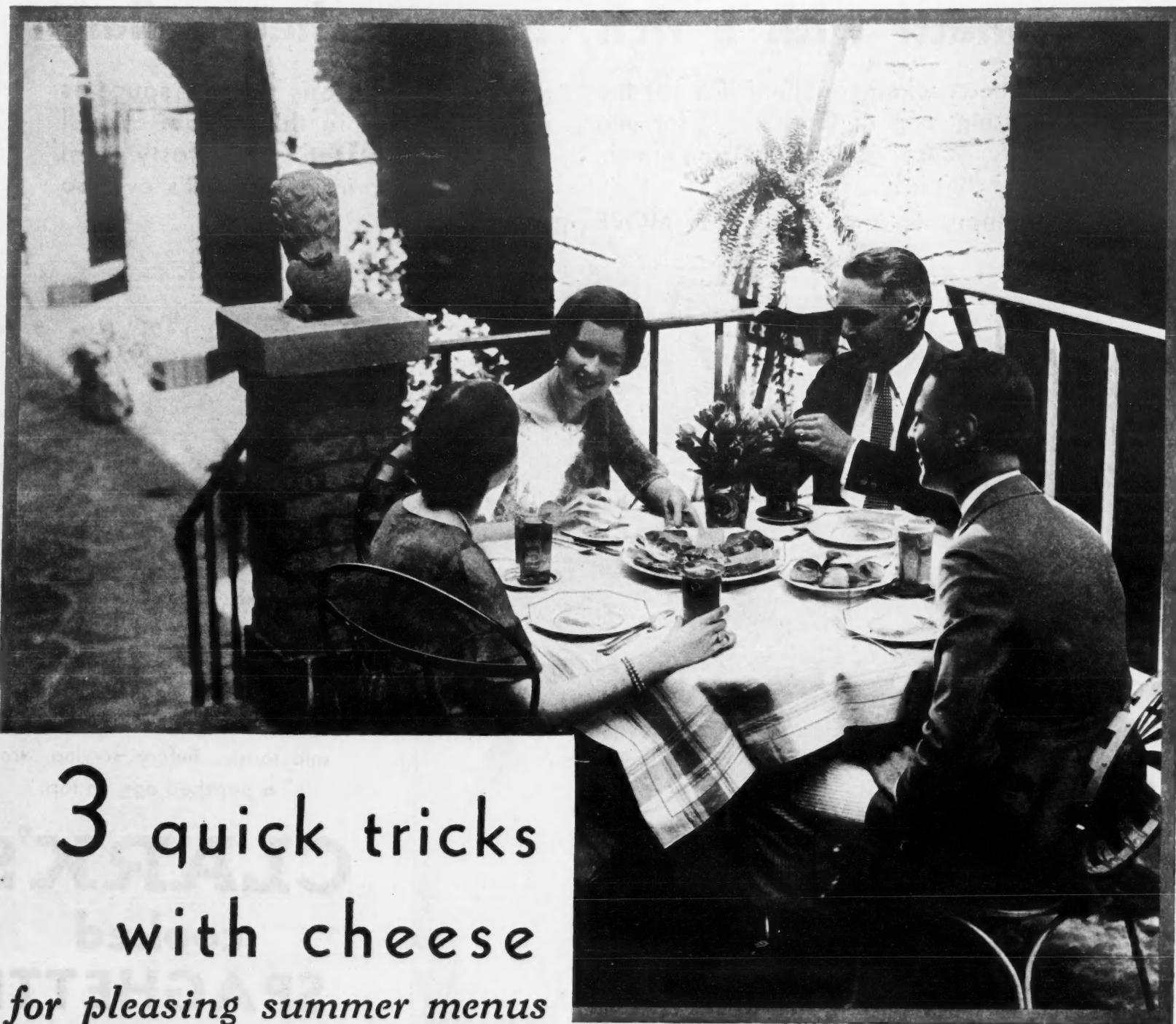
"Oh, all over. We danced at The Christobel, had supper at Kati's—"

"That rough place?"

"It isn't rough. It's heavenly—"

Mrs. Moore hurried ahead, lighting the lamp in her daughter's room, turning down the bed. "I'll let you sleep in the morning, dear—"

Alone Vingie sighed, a shudder of ecstasy pouring down her spine. Tomorrow night again-tonight, actually. She peeled off the three or four thin garments which composed her evening attire and cold-creamed her face. Lying there quietly in the darkness with the white curtains



3 quick tricks with cheese for pleasing summer menus

1 MACARONI AND VELVEETA—Heat $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk and a package of Kraft Velveeta over a low flame, stirring occasionally, until Velveeta is melted. Season well with salt, pepper and paprika. Add 1 cup cooked macaroni, mix carefully with a fork, pour into a casserole and cover with buttered crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven, 375° , until the crumbs begin to brown. (Serves 4.)

2 KRAFT CHEESE OMELET—Grate 1 cup Kraft Canadian Cheese. Beat 6 eggs slightly, add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, seasonings and half the cheese. Melt 2 tbsps. butter in skillet, pour in egg mixture and cook very slowly until almost done. Place under very low broiler flame to dry the top. Sprinkle with remaining cheese, fold and serve. (Serves 4.)

3 BROILED OPEN SANDWICH—Toast a slice of bread on one side; spread untoasted side with mayonnaise, a slice of tomato, then a thick slice of Kraft Canadian Cheese. Place two strips of partially broiled bacon on the cheese and toast under broiler flame until cheese is melted. ($\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Kraft Cheese makes 4 to 6 sandwiches.)

FOR the light, cool meals of sultry Summer days, there's nothing so handy as Kraft Cheese and Velveeta.

A few quick turns about the kitchen . . . a competent stir or two . . . and there you are! A royal dish that looks and tastes like hours of careful preparation, yet is only a matter of minutes.

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For Kraft "Canadian" Cheese has a unique "cave cured" flavour, and Velveeta, "Digestible as milk itself," brings tempting goodness beyond a cheese lover's dreams. Both adapt themselves to an infinite variety of delightful uses.

Plan one of these quick, easy and delicious dishes for to-morrow. Your grocer carries both Kraft Cheese and Velveeta and can supply you.

FREE—A recipe book, "Cheese and Ways to Serve It." Full of suggestions for varying old favourites. Many recipes for novel new dishes. Mail the coupon for your copy. Home Economics Department, Kraft-Phenix Cheese Co. Limited, 147 St. Paul St. West, Montreal, Que.

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in my feeling for you. I'd rather never see you again than to promise anything."

She took that in, the cold fact of it.

"I guess—" she choked, "I guess we'd better not see each other any more—"

"Of course, that's for you to say. If you're afraid to take a chance with me, it's for you to say," he repeated.

"I'm saying it."

Stan started the car. He drove as fast as usual, their last few moments together, but he didn't slow down. His cool blonde profile was like a knife driven deep into her heart.

"It's my mistake. You see, I thought you were a regular girl."

That drove the blade a little deeper. When they were almost home he added queerly, as if finishing a sentence:

"But it's not the way I'd have it, and that's a fact!"

"I don't like it, either." Her tears were gone now. She could be calm and reasonable.

"Then why do we—"

"You said you'd rather."

"I said I couldn't promise anything."

"I didn't ask you to promise—anything."

His face lit up. "That's so, you didn't. Not just like that."

She gazed at him wistfully, her eyes freshly wet.

"You are lovely," he said, as if realizing it for the first time. "We'll leave it open, then. What do you say? We won't make any promises to each other—"

VINGIE awoke with the sense that she had been worrying in her sleep. She had a vague memory of wrestling with some problem on the borderland of consciousness; of getting a close-up of it, so to speak, and not liking what she saw. She got up and looked out the window. The fog still lingered. The morning had the pallid translucence of a moonstone. Vapor filled the hollows, so that the near hill-tops stood out like islands in a grey sea. The patch of garden below was shining wet, the lawn grey-misted, like velvet brushed the wrong way. One big red poppy was in bloom amid the Lady Hillingtons and Madame Abel Chatneys of her father's pride. Vingie felt a sisterly interest in the flower, a sort of curiosity; yet staring down at it, she began to worry again, more or less impalably.

She dressed

sketchily, gazing into her mirror. Late nights were making her pale, but pallor was so becoming with her languid eyelids that she omitted rouge. Her skin looked transparent; faint shadows under her eyes enhanced their color, made them seem larger than they really were. Very, very blue in her white face; almost startling. She smiled droopily and the stare went out of them; they filled with mysterious appeal. "You are lovely," she thought, hearing the way he had said it, seeing his narrow blonde face. She shuddered with a mixture of feeling. "I wish I didn't," she thought obscurely . . . Shorts and bandette, sandals and a sleeveless print frock—four garments in all, and quite enough. She had a slim waist, narrow hands and feet—a typical dancer's body, so perfect in proportion as to give the impression of height to a scant five feet, three inches.

Mrs. Moore was feeding young Ronald when Vingie entered the kitchen. The boy was sitting at the oil-clothed table, eating his cereal out of a blue-bordered bowl. Vingie stooped to kiss him and he frowned darkly, brushing his cheek.

"Is that nice?" asked his sister.

"Is that nice?" he mimicked, making a comic face at her.

"Sit down and I'll make you some toast," said her mother, drying her hands. "Would you like an egg, dear?"

"Make her cook her own egg," said Ronald, venomously.

"Say, what's the matter with you?" demanded the girl.

"He's cross this morning," said Mrs. Moore. "He wanted to go to the Beach with the Hascom boys, but I simply can't let him. You look pale, dear. Will you eat an egg if I fix it?"

Vingie agreed to eat the egg. She sat down and permitted her mother to wait on her as she had always done, wondering meanwhile how anybody could be so sweet and unselfish, and live. What had her mother been like at eighteen, when she was Miss Anna Vincent, of Winnipeg? Vingie had often wondered about this. There were old photographs of course—one particularly amusing—a funny little dame with a high bosom, a wasp-waist, puffy sleeves and a hat that looked like a species of barnyard fowl roosting on her head. "That was a beautiful dress," her mother always explained, pointing to a section of the parachute skirt. "Black sateen with yellow roses—perfectly beautiful!" But what had she been like under those hideous clothes, Vingie wondered. Had she been human like other people—passionate and selfish like her daughter, for instance?

"How old were you when you met dad?" Vingie asked abruptly.

Mrs. Moore glanced round in mild surprise. "Why, let me see," she said. "I was twenty-two, I believe—twenty-one or two."

"Hadn't you ever fallen for a guy before that?"

"No," answered her mother. "He was the first one."

"Did you fall hard?" Vingie pursued.

"Well, I married him!"

"But were you crazy about him, I mean?"

"Why," laughed her mother, embarrassed. "We called it being 'in love' in those days. Would you eat another piece of toast, dear?"

"No, thanks. Was dad really crazy about you?"

"We were very much in love," said her mother, drawing a deep breath and holding it for an instant, while color whipped her face.

Vingie was impressed. She considered for a time and then asked cannily: "How long did it last?"

"How do you mean, Vingie?"

"How long did you stay 'in love'?"

"Why," said the woman, aghast. "Nothing has changed so far as I'm concerned!"

"You mean you're that way about him still?"

"Whatever made you think I wasn't? Real love continues to grow like anything else—like you've grown, and Ronald."

LATER Vingie shampooed her hair and went outside to dry it. The fog had lifted; warm summer was in the garden. The poppy looked a trifle jaded in the strong light. It didn't seem so pretty when you examined it closely—black centred, crawly and venomous. A salmon-red Harriet bud put it to shame both in color and form. A sunburst nearby was positively holy in comparison. Vingie shook her rich hair in the sunlight and tried to imagine being in love with a man after living with him twenty-five years. The picture of her mother blushing over memories tormented her queerly. She couldn't get it out of her mind. How would she feel about all this twenty-five years from now? Where would she be? "Well, I married him," her mother had said, as if that were the inevitable outcome of falling in love. Stan said: "I'm mad about you, Poppy. Do you know that?" without thinking of marriage, much less proposing it to her. Also: "I'd rather never see you again than to promise anything."

One by one her dreads and barriers had lifted.

Her hair was dry now, a mass of soft shining curls; but she continued to sit there on the grass, staring at the red poppy blooming alone among angelic rose-buds. Flagrant, its black heart wide open, its color already fading at the edges to a sick purple.

AT LUNCH—an hour later than usual, since it was Saturday and they had waited for Mr. Moore to come home—Vingie caught herself glancing from her mother to her father and back again, with studious intentness. She took stock of the way they looked at each other, of the manner in which they spoke. Nothing thrillingly romantic about it, yet she felt their affection, their happy confidence in and dependence upon each other. Her father announced that he had brought home a couple of sacks of fertilizer and plant-food for the roses. He was going to spend the afternoon cultivating and watering, he said, and his eye gleamed with eager anticipation. Mrs. Moore responded that she had some mending to do and would take it out on the verandah to keep him company. They seemed actually excited at the prospect. Ronald asked if he could go to the matinee and was granted permission. "Whoopee," he said, by way of thanks, and bolted his pudding. Vingie felt like an outsider.

She helped with the dishes and clumsily dropped a plate. Her mother eyed the pieces sorrowfully: "That makes four," she said, stooping to clear up the mess.

"Why don't you scold me?" asked Vingie, almost plaintively.

She went upstairs to her room and spent a solid hour manicuring her nails. She took a long slow bath, experimenting with mixed bath salts. Returning to her room, she locked the door and lay down upon [Continued on page 60]



"I'm sorry this party had to happen," said Miriam. "If I'd known Stan Houston were going to be there, I wouldn't have let you go. He's a dark star on any girl's horizon, Vingie."

at her windows moving languidly in the damp air, she smiled, delectably, and turned on her side to sleep.

A GIRL of eighteen is apt to feel flattered when a man of twenty-five finds her interesting; particularly if that man is rich and accomplished, and handsome in a blonde way of his own. Stan Houston's father owned a fashionable hotel in the country as well as a private mansion, and a business block in the City—which had nothing to do with Stan's fascination for Vingie Moore, though it may have contributed to the general glamor. Stan himself was sufficiently smiting—a college graduate, a polo player, a tennis champion. He had teeth like a matinee idol and a faintly insinuating smile. He had a way of saying: "Frankly, no." Or, "incidentally" this or that, and sanctioned one's remarks with a "just so," or "exactly," instead of saying "you would," or "yeah." His light eyes teased one pleasantly.

Vingie met him at a beach party to which she had not been invited. She was spending the week-end with a girl named Miriam Anstey, with whom she had played as a little girl, when this party came up unexpectedly. Rather than miss it, Miriam had taken Vingie along, although she had had no intention of introducing her old playmate into her particular set of friends. Stan Houston was there. He singled out Vingie. He rushed her. Five minutes after their introduction he suggested that they ditch this dull affair and have a party of their own. Vingie was game. When they returned a few hours later, life was a different color to her. Instead of being grey with pale streaks of blue and orange and red, it was one gorgeous composite that glowed. She had been renamed and kissed and convinced that anything could happen.

Miriam appraised her coldly. "You look dazzling," she remarked. "That's the way he works. I'd go a lot slow, if I were you."

Her guest smiled dreamily. "Isn't he gorgeous?" "He's not the dose I'd prescribe for a baby like you."

"You know him so well?" Vingie asked coolly.

"Yeah, he's been in circulation in our crowd for quite some time. A great guy—if you don't weaken."

"I won't," said Vingie.

"You won't—providing you never see him again."

"Is he as bad as that?"

"Quite."

"Does he rename everybody to suit himself?"

"It sounds characteristic," said Miriam. "What did he call you?"

"Poppy. He says Vingie doesn't suit me at all. I asked if Virginia would do and he said no, that he'd known dozens of Virginias. He said it was from poppy seed that opium comes, and I said I thought they just sprinkled it on bread and rolls."

Miriam laughed. "Going to see him again?"

"Of course."

"Of course," is it? Well tell me about it when the storm blows over."

"Has he had just lots of girls?"

"Oh, gosh!" groaned Miriam. "Has our charming Stanley had girls? Listen, Vingie. If I were you I'd go home and tell mamma to lock me up. You're a sweet kid. You ought to keep sweet—till the right guy comes along. I'm sorry this party had to happen. If I'd known Stan Houston was going to be there, I wouldn't have let you go. He's a dark star on any girl's horizon, Vingie. One of those hims that hath—they get it all!"

Vingie was undecided whether to look upon Stan Houston as an ogre or Miriam Anstey as a cat. She was not so easily influenced as might have been expected from the wide receptive stare she fixed upon an adviser. She looked little and helpless. Her type of fawn-blondness contributed to this effect. There was something essentially sweet in the way her soft rich hair curled about her ears, in the almost infantile roundness of her brow, in the unconscious droop of her pretty mouth. Her eyes were the blue of flowers planted in deep shade, whose roots are ever moist. But dumb, Vingie was not.

ANYTHING was possible where Stan moved. You might be dancing one moment and miles at sea in a speed boat the next, or five thousand feet in the air, doing a nose-dive. He was infinite variety. He made the slow pace of ordinary life seem antiquated, like the time when people travelled in buggies, and going somewhere meant a drive through the cemetery or a trip to the County Fair.

He loved to drive toward the mountains. They covered ninety miles, one night and then halted in the absolute silence of the night.

"I do this often," he said. "It satisfies me more than most things." He added in the same cool casual tone: "I'm mad about you, Poppy. Do you know that?"

Afterwards, remembering these words she was startled. At the time, however, they were just part of the infinite adventure which he personified. She answered in the same casual tone:

"Yes, Stan, I know it."

But when he turned to her impetuously and swept her into his arms, she made her lips hard. Stan put her from him hurriedly, as one might a kitten that had scratched.

He did not touch her again that night. There was such a sense of finality about it that she thought he was through with her for good. She cried herself to sleep and felt ill all the next day. It was intolerable to go back to the bleak greyness of life with its pitiful streaks of color, once you had known the living composite glow which Stan Houston seemed to emanate.

A week passed. She suffered incredibly. She had not known she could yearn like this. She wanted to go to that big house in the country, to fling herself at his feet and cry: "You are alive! Everyone else is dead!" Of course, she did nothing at all.

And then, after the first sting of his loss had eased and she was beginning to think that it was perhaps just as well, he was there at her front door when she opened it, the mauve of twilight beyond, just over his shoulder.

"Hello, Poppy," he said. "Want to go out with me?"

Instead of throwing herself in his arms, instead of bursting into tears of gratitude and delight, she smiled droopily and asked him to come in. He was like a light in the room. Her mother came in from the kitchen and Vingie looked from one to the other: the dark cotton dress and the white silk

shirt; the worn pallid face with its tired eyes peering, and that smiling mask of youth. Vingie twisted her hands. She picked up an envelope that had fallen from the library table and tore it to bits.

"Let's go," she said suddenly.

They had a marvellous time as usual. On the way home he parked the car and took her close. She began to cry. She was ashamed of herself for crying, but she could not stop. "Is there something the matter with me?" he asked at length.

She shook her head.

"Do you call this being a good sport?"

No, she didn't call it anything like that.

"Don't you like me, Poppy?"

She nodded, miserably.

"Then what's the matter?"

"I wish . . . we could just be together . . . like friends—"

He said: "You see, Poppy, you're not the type a man picks for a 'friend.' You're much too . . . lovesome."

"But can't we just . . . go places together . . . once in a while—"

"Listen, Poppy. You attract me. There's nothing platonic



Miriam appraised her coldly. "You look dazzling," she said. "That's the way he works. I'd go slow if I were you." Her guest smiled dreamily. "Isn't he gorgeous?" Miriam watched her.

Keepers

Proving again that "To have, to hold, and in time—let go" is very poor philosophy to a woman in love

food was simply something that just had to be ordered.

"You said you had changed, Rand?"

"Don't you observe I'm sober?"

"I didn't think you were lit," she smiled.

"I mean all settled 'n' everything."

She looked at him searchingly.

"I've met the woman, McGinty!"

"Really, Rand?" she continued after one staggering minute. "Who, where, when—all those things."

Her slim hand patted his arm reassuringly. Something within hurt her intolerably. She wished they were out of the smoke and light—somewhere in the cool dark where her cheeks could flame unnoticed; where her eyes could close and keep back the tears.

"Cornelia Jenner," she heard him say, "at the Kurtins' house party last November." He leaned over the table. His voice was husky. "Margit, she's the most beautiful darned thing that ever lived."

She didn't have to urge him to talk. Praise poured forth. Cornelia Jenner. Cornelia Jenner.

"Where did she go to school, Rand?" It was a young question.

"Hasn't been for a while. I'll tell you," he was eager. "She's Mrs. Jenner, McGinty. Getting a divorce—has two adorable tads."

"Children?" Margit asked in surprise.

"Yes, she's not a whole lot older than you. Married to a man"—he ground it out—"years older. Must have been an ogre. She never should have had anything but beauty and love. She's an angel."

Margit studied his flushed, intent face, his musing eyes gazing absently out at the maze of dancers.

"That's nearly all." He turned serious eyes to hers. "She's taking a house here in Wallbrook."

"When?" Margit asked breathlessly.

"September. I want you to know her well. She needs a place like Wallbrook while things are being settled."

There were millions of questions to be asked, but questions wouldn't come. He was wrapped in his dreams. Margit's heart was black with grief. They danced again: Margit held herself aloof. The clang of the orchestra made her head throb. The violin chorus and the man-with-the-blues song made her want to cry.

"Tired, McGinty?"

"Awfully, Rand. Guess I was more weary than I knew."

He slid her coat over her shoulders and they wound their way into the fresh and welcome outdoors. Rand drove slowly and Margit leaned back in the seat beside him, staring up at the sky. Stars looking down on so much happiness and on pain like this! The last line of a verse occurred to her: "To have, to hold, and, in time—let go!" Cold comfort. She couldn't let go. She had found him. She must keep him. She looked at his stern, young face. He turned and smiled at her confidently. A tear glistened on her lashes and ran unhindered into her bright hair. But Rand didn't see. Rand was with Cornelia somewhere. How had she captured his indifferent spirit? What could she be like?

When they got home, Rand stood hatless, looking down at her face under the porch lantern.

"McGinty, you're a great temptation. I guess I'm lonely tonight."

For a minute she wanted to raise her mouth to his.

Then, "But I guess I'll have to weather it until September. Will you see me often like this, McGinty? It's been a good evening."

She felt a mixture of scorn and sympathy. Help him pass the time until Cornelia Jenner came? No, let him be lonely! She couldn't trust her voice. Just gave him her hand and dashed into the house.

In her room she flung herself on the bed in her green dress and her silky coat so much the honey color of her hair. Tears, floods of them.

"He was mine first, mine first," she sobbed, crumpling a little lace pillow heartlessly.

HE CALLED her the day following to tell her how much he had liked being with her. She was brief with him. Later, when she was driving slowly to keep a luncheon appointment, she saw his back vanishing into the Securities Building. As soon as she decently could, she murmured something to her luncheon companion concerning an

engagement, and drove around forlornly all afternoon wanting something. She didn't know what.

But summer in Wallbrook was no season for languishing ladies; least of all, young ladies after Margit's pattern. To begin with, Rand was not a minus quantity by any means. And then Wallbrook had a fairly sizable list of personable young men. One of these in particular began swishing up the Ware driveway frequently in a flurry of gravel. That was Kelly Clarke. When they swam at Lake Fernan, when they danced at the club, when they sat hunched around a beach fire, when they drove along the ribbon-smooth roads threading the country around Wallbrook, Margit played blatantly with Kelly and watched Rand jealously out of the tail of her eye. Occasionally she went about with Rand, times during which she was alternately happy and as low as a dragging brake rod. Rand, too, was subject to fits of temperament. Sometimes she suspected him of being very content; again he was moody and untalkative. It roughed her disposition to be with him at the same time that it soothed her soul. Rand was beginning to glower when she razzle-dazzled around with Kelly. This, in turn, disturbed and elated her. Rand made her heart hurt; the most pain she endured with Kelly came from tired feet. She continued to be very sportive.

"For heaven's sweet sake, what does Margit see in Clarke?" It was Rand's irascible question.

Greg looked at him in some amazement. Greg was one of those astigmatized individuals who couldn't see if they would, and wouldn't anyway.

"He's a fair enough gigolo, Rand. Why all the lather?"

"He's such a talkative bird when he's drunk."

"What's that got to do with it?" Greg asked.

"He's corned to the scalp all the time," Rand protested.

Greg was quiet. He was given to long silences. That was one of the features that made him such a popular little model.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" he queried finally.

"Going to step in and break this infatuation up."

"Don't get involved," Greg jeered. "Remember your allegiance . . ."

It ended in a free-for-all encounter and loud shouting. But Rand made good his threat. Before the month was out, Kelly Clarke found it necessary to scheme in order to have one paltry date a week. To Margit, the spectre of September and Cornelia Jenner seemed very far away.

They were jogging along one of the lake trails, fighting amiably.

"I'm glad you've rationed Kelly's dates," Rand called from up ahead.

"If you call it rationing," Margit replied.

"Still seeing him?"

"You ought to know."

"Ease off," Rand advised.

"What if I love him?"

Rand reined in suddenly and wheeled around.

"Do you?" he asked harshly.

She looked directly at him.

"No."

They both colored slightly. Margit's heart was pounding.

For the remainder of the ride she [Continued on page 70]



She felt a mixture of scorn and sympathy. Was she supposed to help him pass the time until Cornelia Jenner came? No—let him be lonely. How had Cornelia captured his indifferent spirit? What could she be like?

Illustrated by W. V. Chambers

Finders

by JANET ADAMS



W.H. DAVENPORT

"But Rand is in love with you" said Margit. "I don't think he really is" said Cornelia. "He may think he is sometimes, but do you know that often, when he was languishing most soulfully, he was talking about you?"

dining room for a "here's looking at you" before dinner. And daughters became soft-eyed and low-voiced under his engaging scrutiny.

The Ware family adopted Rand by and large. He played golf with Greg and Mr. Ware, and listened sympathetically to the committee woes of Mrs. Ware, some way reviving her faith in her forty-six-year-old charms. Moreover, he called Margit "McGinty," as did the rest of the family.

The first summer "out," as Margit referred to her release from scholastic bondage, she and Greg and Rand took to the saddle. She felt that she might almost as well have been a female groom for all the attention her companions gave her, until the day she tried to make *Pepper* take a fence. Rand had gone first, with a wave of the hand and a clean, beautiful hurdle. Greg next, bungling it a little. And she last, despite their cries to come through the gate like a lady, nudging *Pepper* smartly in the ribs and bungling it.

WHEN Margit Ware had learned a few things out of books, and a number of things that had nothing to do with books, she graduated from Harper's. When Harper girls went forth, they generally spent a few years assisting at teas, learned to talk glibly while completing finesses, and were squired about a bit by young men who sold bonds. Later, they married one of these, and continued the teas and finessing more or less indefinitely. But Margit

was young, still featuring round-collared dresses, designed, so the magazines said, for the *jeune fille*; still wearing retainers on her teeth and still blighted by a few freckles. At the same time that Margit finished at Harper's, Greg, her brother, was emerging rather importantly from four years of university with sundry and none too original ideas, a flair for wearing clothes, an adornment on his upper lip, and some unmistakable phrases that marked him as a Varsity man. With Greg came Rand Talbot, by whose side Greg had trod campus walks, through whose influence he had made his club, and with whom he had built up that wonderfully secure friendship that sometimes comes between men. Greg and Rand both entered the offices of Grove & Ware, Investment Securities, and therewith became young men about town, without whom no party was a success.

The carved oaken doors of Wallbrook opened wide for Rand. Mothers patted him and grew reminiscent. Fathers hooked an arm in his, and took him to the

When she opened her eyes she saw Rand bending over her. She was lying on the ground with something soft rolled under her head.

"I feel sort of surprised . . . inside," she said slowly.

"You nearly broke your little fool neck," said Rand anxiously.

"*Pepper?*" she enquired.

"He's all right," Greg assured her, "just frightened. He fell on his knees and threw you."

She remembered the incident for a long time. It brought Rand so close to her. The concern he showed and the pride because she had tried it!

In the fall it was decided that she should go abroad. Flowers from Rand and a neat little note that she carried long after the corsage had perfumed its last.

The gardens of the Tuilleries had been notable because there she had seen a man who walked like Rand. Taormina was especially remembered because a letter had come there containing a small picture of Rand with his white smile and hand lifted—that unconsciously gallant little gesture of his. A place called London impressed itself on her because a letter from Greg had contained an addendum by Rand with a little sprig of lavender from the garden, and the query: "When yuh coming home?" So Margit Ware endured the old world and chafed to get back to Wallbrook. And she left the retainers on the steps of the Houses of Parliament, lost the freckles in the English Channel, and exchanged her round-collared dresses for slim things with lines in Paris.

McGinty Ware with deviltry in her candid eyes became Margit Ware who learned that candor was one thing, and that the ability to veil one's glance and look along one's lashes quite another. When they arrived home, during that interminable period of docking, she had an opportunity to see Rand standing with Greg and her father. Hat turned down, coat collar turned up, squinting at the ship's rail through cigarette smoke. She thanked her particular saints that she had time to collect herself. Seeing him again had been disquieting. That sudden straight-to-the-heart smile—it confused one.

AND then they were shaking hands.

"Why, McGinty; what a whale of a difference a few months make!"

They stood clutching hands hectically until their smiles faded and they were looking solemnly at one another. She hardly heard what he said. How unutterably dear he was! How everything that she wanted! She saw approbation in his survey of her from her snug blue hat to her pointed heels. What Harper's had unostentatiously begun, the Continent had smoothly finished.

Gardenias from Rand! She buried her nose in their heavy whiteness. The phone in her room jingled.

"Yes . . . The flowers have just come. They're lovely, Rand . . . Yes, about nine." The receiver clicked back and she lay on the chaise longue, all smiles. He knows I'm alive! Actually to be going to dance with him! Waking up! Rand, honey . . .

They faced one another across a small table at the Meridian Club, nodded to people they knew, and Margit prayed that no one would crash their party. Rand lighted a cigarette and studied her raptly.

"Lord, Margit, you've suddenly blossomed!"

"From what to which?" she prompted.

"From an awfully nice kid to a—to a—Gad, McGinty, I'm afraid I'll make you high-hat."

"You haven't changed, Rand. I like you just as well," something brooding in her tone.

"Yes, I have changed," he said. "There are things to say tonight."

Her heart might have sung at that, but it just stood still the merest fraction of a second, and waited.

The Meridian Club was aglow by eleven o'clock. Frocks and flowers and Bill Barbour's orchestra moaning and whispering the newest music. When they danced Margit was a flower, bending and swaying, dipping in the wind of melody. Eyes almost closed, lips parted. Adrift, and content to be piloted by Rand. In cadence with the music, she said.

"Oh, Rand. I love that. What is it they're playing?"

"Don't know, don't care, darling little McGinty." His brown cheek bent to her amber head. Back at the table,

by
GERTRUDE
B. DENNISON



You would be engaged to the most popular young bachelor in the world.

IF YOU WERE ENGAGED TO THE PRINCE OF WALES

Let this English girl weave you into a fairy tale and learn what it would be like to have the eyes of the world on you

IF YOU were married to the Prince of Wales! First there would be the engagement, and one day during the engagement period would undoubtedly live in your memory to the end of your days: the first day your engagement was made public.

Have you ever thought about the thrill of it, the ordeal, the extraordinary experience of having broadcast to the ends of the earth the fact that you were going to marry the best known and quite the most popular young man that exists today?

Suddenly, the searchlights of the world would be turned upon you; you would be the cynosure of all eyes. Almost before the ink was dry on the announcement, your photograph would be flashed over five continents, so that everyone would have some idea of how you looked. Everywhere, everybody would be talking about you, from the streets of London to the heart of an African jungle where, as likely as not, some stray wireless set had picked up the news on the air. You would be the most vital topic of discussion everywhere.

Throughout the Empire your name would be on the lips of many people who would regard your engagement as a personal matter, not as something merely interesting. They would thirst for every personal detail about you: how you dressed, what your manners were like, who you were. It would astonish you how many things they would find to wonder about, and discuss. Can't you hear them! "I wonder where they met?" "Is it a real love match?" "Can she dance?" "Would you say she was better-looking than the Duchess of York?" They would talk about you admiringly, enviously, critically, sympathetically, according to their dispositions; but they would surely talk about you! Millions of people would be forming pictures of you in their own minds; and henceforward your life would be dedicated to living up to those imaginary pictures.

You cannot really compass it, can you? The imagination falters at the prospect, even the imagination of one accustomed to the limelight. After all, it is sufficiently overcoming to have it made known that you are engaged to Mr. Smith, or Mr. Jones. And remember, we have said no word

about the swarms of would-be interviewers who would pursue you, the crowds that would collect outside your house from early morning waiting for a glimpse of you, nor the numberless, unknown members of the public who would send you flowers, and more congratulatory messages than any household could deal with.

HAPPILY, though, there are two sides to the lives of royal persons: one public and official; the other human and private. So far we have been considering your engagement only in its public aspect. For relief let us turn to what you might feel was the more real and important side of the matter.

Of course, you would spend part of your engagement day with the king and queen, meeting them not as their Majesties, but as your future father- and mother-in-law. Necessarily, the public, knowing that you would be visiting the palace, would swarm about the streets in the hope of catching a glimpse of you. It would be your first public appearance after the announcement, but not your first official appearance. That would come later, at a State ball, most likely, when you would see color, dress and pageantry such as you had not conceived, for there is nothing to equal a court gathering on these occasions.

Of course, you would be accompanied by the prince, and I fancy he would sit well back in the car and give you the stage. He would want them to see how nice you were. You would enter the palace by the private visitors' entrance, near the Privy Purse; you would go up two red-carpeted steps into the lobby where the visitors' book is, which you would forget to sign in your agitation! And here you would be met by footmen in knee-breeches, positively dying to see what you looked like—positively miraculous in concealing their curiosity under an aspect mellowed by long contact with important personages.

YOU would be going to a family party with people who would best understand; and you might remember, as you went up the heavy, carpeted stairs, that the queen herself had been through all that you were going through now, and was probably much more shy than you! You would go either to lunch or tea—tea is the more intimate and family meal; and it would probably be served in the king's own study where his dog is, and his stamps, and all the little memorials of the past that he loves to have about him: relics of the shoot, the hunt; things he had about him in the navy; things that belonged to his father and mother—personal things; for the king, your future father-in-law, has a great feeling for the past.

However many times you might have met the king and queen before you could never have met them as you would be meeting them today. The queen would at once set you at ease as only people can who are kind and understanding. The king, in his rather deep, gruff voice would possibly give you some amusing advice about "David." You, yourself, would be rather silent. I imagine, overcome by the humanness of your future parents, hoping they would come to like you even more.

You would leave more fortified than when you entered; and you would be able to look with more assurance into the questioning, eager, curious eyes that would again await you outside the palace gates.

Now, you will say, that I know a little what to expect on my engagement day, how would that engagement day be brought about?

Certainly there would be preliminaries before your engagement was published to the world. Whoever you were—the daughter of a foreign king, a Canadian, an Australian, an English duke, a somebody or a nobody—the king would have to give his consent to the marriage before the engagement could come about.

You would find it anything but a simple matter becoming engaged to the Prince of Wales; although you might have found it very easy to fall in love with him and, when he asked you to marry him, only too easy to give your consent. This part would belong to your [Continued on page 56]

LOST LOVER

The story of a wife who felt that she had lost the lover in the husband

by ALMA ELLERBE



Before she had had a chance to plan her recovery, Robert's mother came unexpectedly to spend a few days with them, and her shame increased.

SALLY PARRINGTON wanted her lover back again. He still loved her; she never doubted that; but he wasn't her lover any more. She had become a matter of course. When he kissed her she remembered the magic, but she no longer felt it. Apparently he didn't even remember it. She had lost him by marrying him. He was just her husband now.

Sally wanted a husband, but she wanted a lover too. She didn't see why one of them had to die out in the other. It hadn't happened like that in her father's case. He and her mother lived in a little green and white village with chestnut trees on the main street. They were oldish now. They had few possessions and prospects only of diminution. They had a little white house and a little job, with a pension coming, and a little life—if you want to put it that way. But they had what Sally wanted: after all these years, they not only loved each other, they were in love. They hadn't prepared Sally for the change she was feeling in Robert Parrington.

Robert was a farmer. He had a good farm, and it was paying well; but he was ambitious and wanted it to pay better. "Youth is the time for saving," he said; having had it from his father. "If dad hadn't saved, we wouldn't have this farm. If I don't save, our children . . ." Sally hadn't known his father, who had died before she and Robert met.

Robert gave his work all his strength and all his thought; and gradually he drifted into expecting Sally to do the same. "Mother did," he said now and then in one way and another. She knew his mother, and liked and admired her, wanted to be like her.

Sally did her work unstintingly and with intelligence. She was less strong than her husband, mentally and physically; but she always managed to save something out of herself for love, the old kind of love, the love that would have brought back to the rain-stained house, to the lonely, hard, driven life they led "the light that never was on sea or land." But it didn't come.

One day she was thinking about it all while she washed clothes. It was still in the isolated house. There was only the sound of the heating stove sucking in air, for it was winter. Sally stood wet-armed and motionless above her tub and stared through the window at two little stiff ice-tipped trees glistening in the sunshine and wondered what Robert's father had been like, and what Robert's mother had had from him. She wondered how much of this gulf between Robert and herself had been dug by a couple in a grass-grown village and a couple in this rain-stained, wind-beaten house, living their lives in molds laid down, perhaps, by four other couples, who inherited, in turn, from eight couples, behind whom were sixteen . . . She wondered with an intensity that was almost an act of creation; until she almost felt those shadowy, limitless phalanxes stirring behind and in and through her and her husband, who were starting things, perhaps, themselves that might go on forever .

When she came back to herself and stretched out her hands toward the soggy mound of wrung-out clothes waiting to be hung on the kitchen line, it was too cold outside, she noticed that the blueing on her bare arms had dried in spots like bruises.

"If they were bruises—!" she thought. "Something he could see!" and smiled, a little ruefully. He'd be tender enough then!

She thrust her hands into the water to wash them off and thought: "I couldn't have made as good an imitation if I had tried for a week." It made her arms hurt just to look at them.

Somehow she didn't wash them off; she rolled her sleeves down and covered them.

She felt them there the rest of the day; and that night when she and Robert were going to bed, out of a spirit of mischief she said: "Look at these queer spots on my arms;" meaning to startle him as she had been startled, and then to explain.

Or did something down under her consciousness of which she was only vaguely aware, intend more than that from the moment she first thought that the spots looked like bruises? She never knew. An old disused tone in Robert's voice upset everything.

"Honey! where'd they come from? Do they hurt? We must get you to a doctor quick!"

He caught her in his arms as he used to do, and she clung to him tightly and buried her face in his shoulder, warming herself at the old fire for the lack of which she had been so cold.

And then, to get more of it, "Yes," she said, "they hurt a good deal;" and the thing was done.

Five minutes later she was terribly afraid; wished with all her soul that she hadn't said it; but there was no going back on it after that; she had to see it through. [Continued on page 63]

Here's a story of young people and their struggle as vital and compelling as the stuff from which real life is fashioned



"But still they think we aren't quite past hope," said Mollie agreeably. "They're sorry for us, even while they throw up their hands in horror. Because they feel we're almost as irresistible as irrepressible, and it's because they don't want to see us go to rack and ruin."

toward the doorway, he added a trifle shyly, for there was something after all, about those two, inviting confidence. "I want to save up enough to get married on next year. And otherwise it would take too long."

"But wouldn't she wait?"

There was the briefest silence, as Barbara shut the bedroom door. And then, "Perhaps I wouldn't," rather quietly. Just for an instant the girl's dark eyebrows lifted enquiringly. "Oh, I see." There was another pause. "Well then," a trifle hastily. "I do hope you'll not find us too terribly troublesome now you know the worst. We'll do our very best to make you feel quite happy here, and we do hope awfully that you will be." She smiled quite suddenly, and an odd, hesitant light caught his own face at her earnest candor. His smile was swift and pleasant in return. "You know," he answered quickly. "I really think perhaps I shall."

AS THE next few weeks slipped by, much of his rather grave young dignity, melted before repeated calls on his time and attention. "Oh Mr. Ross, do you know how to fix a broken switch?" "Mr. Ross, I simply cannot make any sense out of this geometry theorem. I wish you'd show me how." Dennis, with young impetuosity, had even touched his arm one evening after supper. "Listen," confidentially. "Would you come'n pitch ball for some of us kids in the back afterwards?" and then, more softly, out of the brief pause. "My daddy used to when I had him." After that, ball pitching was a nightly occupation, and Dennis would sometimes heave an ecstatic sigh. "Gee! Jimmie's just the swellest guy that ever lived I bet." "Denny! Do you mean Mr. Ross?" It was Barbara's duty, though plainly envious, to be horrified. "Sure, Jim, I mean. We all say that. And Barbs, he was an orphan too, since he was eight, and brought up by an aunt."

The news spread eagerly about the house that he was Jimmie, and was orphaned, and his girl was far across the ocean, studying art in Paris. And because he was really very young, and life was puzzling in its ways and demands, his heart warmed oddly, sometimes half against his will, to all these swift impetuositous about him.

Of course the greatest interest was Stella. The girl whose picture rested on his bedroom mantelpiece. They stole into his room during his absence and looked, wide-eyed. Then child-like, in the days that followed, they could not help the questions.

"Jim . . . Mr. Ross?" Mollie at the supper table. "Is it nice to be in love?"

"Well Moll—Miss O'Neil," with agreeable politeness. "That entirely depends."

"Oh, but it must be frightfully thrilling to be in love with anyone as gorgeous as in that picture." Barbara leaned forward enthusiastically. They were all gathered, as they usually were, in the kitchen. As Terry once explained. "You see, we had to sell an awful lot of furniture. They've got the insurance money in trust, and I only pull down sixty-five, and there's a certain compensation. Of course Den's got a paper route, and the kids mind children sometimes. Taxes and things come out of the estate, but still . . . you see, with food and clothes . . ." It was no wonder that Terry looked thin and worn, despite his youth and ready smile.

"Thrilling to be in love." Jim grinned at Barbara now. "Well . . . it is rather," he admitted. "Especially when you don't quite know how much she likes you anyway."

"Gee!" Sheila sighed. "What modesty! With ravishing looks like yours. I bet you're marvellous together. Is she rich?"

He nodded, more gloomily. "That's the trouble. And I'm not."

Barbara pushed back her chair, with dark eyes bright and thoughtful. "I've never been in love," she said slowly. "I've never felt I wanted to be. Does it feel silly?"

"Well, really, Barbara . . ." His laugh was utterly spontaneous. But at that moment came a clamorous shout from Dennis somewhere upstairs. "Oh Barbs . . . quick! I think the baby's sick. He's making noises . . ."

"Oh, my goodness!" Barbara's face turned pale as she sprang to her feet. "Oh, he often does!" Mollie spoke quite calmly. "Sometimes I really don't think he can be so awfully strong." But Jim had risen too. Although the study of frail babies had barely entered his sphere, he knew that there was something radically wrong with that white, tiny child who, when awake, just lay and stared with dull, dark eyes, or else wailed in a steady, fretful cry.

The baby was certainly sick, and quite suddenly the sickness passed into convulsions. Jim, who dared not show alarm, remembered in some odd, cool corner of his brain, a doctor friend of his, and what he once had done. "Hot water . . . cold . . ." short, sharp commands. "Now clear out, all of you!" His voice was curt. Shirt sleeves rolled up. Quiet, steady hands. "We'll handle this." Finally, long after, he gently laid down the tiny wrist, and covered up the sleeping child. "Barbs, it'll be all right." Then quite unexpectedly he held her in his arms like the frightened shaken child she really was. "Poor kid, that was a fright, I know. Don't worry any more, my dear. You were just splendid, Barbs." His hand passed over the dark hair. But when she looked up, ashamed, with all the independence of her nature, his eyes were very dark and distant, and his mouth tight set. "Jim, you were simply wonderful!" He moved away, and there was something perplexed in his eyes. "Oh rot. Anybody could have done . . ." But could they? That was where the trouble lay.

* Remembering—he lay awake that night, remembering, the stern face of his aunt. "James Ross, are you an utter fool that you'd give up your training now? Just for some futile, frittering female." And he, stubborn and wretched, for he knew all she had done. "I tell you aunt—it means too long. Now her dad has given me this chance in his office, I simply can't. The place is overrun with doctors anyway. I'd not be missed, even if I did amount to anything. Don't think I'm not realizing all you've done. I'll do my level best to pay you back."

"Pay me back!" The scorn of her voice cut him more than she ever knew. "And what could do that now? You'll see no more of me or mine young man, if you persist in this insanity."

Somehow he had not quite expected that, for he had thought in her own bitter way she loved him. He jerked his fair head high, and left her, tense with fury. But something of the hurt still lingered. Now knowing how her own heart ached at the thought of those quiet hands and quiet voice, taken from the service that he once had loved. Not knowing how, when three weeks later she had lain speechless and helpless beneath that sudden stroke, her dying brain had longed to change that new made will. That was a greater hurt—nothing to do with monetary gain—that legacy to charitable institutions. The very nature of it was bitter rebuke.

But there was Stella, and his own vigorous youth. Stella, to soothe his soul—her little vivid face upturned to his. "Who cares if she didn't leave her silly old money to you? As long as dad puts you in the way of making lots. And maybe when I come back from abroad—"

"But darling." He caught her close, seeking reassurance from the warm fragrance, the soft glory of her hair. "I can't help feeling just a little guilty . . . as if perhaps I should have . . ."

"Nonsense." Her voice held a firm ring, even then. "Years of drudgery, and then nothing but stupid people calling you at all hours of the night, and never paying you. That's what it means. Why, dad says you have immense possibilities."

"I'm glad he thinks so," slowly. Then he held her closer still. "Stella, why do you have to go away? Why can't you stay with me . . . now?"

"Oh no!" decidedly. "I must go. The only way to catch the real meaning of art—one can't have really lived without. And besides, you aren't in a position to marry me yet?" He sighed. Of course he wasn't. Sometimes he wondered if he ever would be.

"Darling, don't let them flirt too much with you." His own young seriousness on the boat. Her gay reply. "Don't worry, Jim. But don't you, don't you dare yourself." There was more possession than entreaty there. "Now that you're not going to be a silly old doctor you won't have to practise up your charms on every woman you meet." But she had clung to him a moment at [Continued on page 66]

Illustrated by Jack Keay

AN INFINITE MADNESS

by BERYL GRAY

DUR mother was Irish, and daddy was Irish, and we're the natural, awful progeny." Barbara had a decided, piquant way of expressing herself. "We grew up in overalls and our hair flew wild, and we're the despair of the neighborhood. And now that we're orphaned, and shut the door in the face of welfare organizations, we've descended even a step lower. We're just a bunch of hapless hoodlums, and now you've taken on the awful responsibility of boarding with us—heaven help the neighboring tongues, that's all!"

Barbara's hair was quite as wild as she had suggested. Her face was rather pale and freckled, her eyes startlingly wide and alert. Her dress was faded and drawn in graceless lines of mending here and there. Her legs were bare, and her feet encased in canvas slippers. She sat upon the kitchen table and swung those slim brown-legs with slow deliberation. The twins leaned back against the sink and grinned. The twins were slightly taller, hair clipped closer to their heads, their skin a radiant, flawless pink and white. "But still, they still think we aren't quite past hope," Mollie offered agreeably. "They're sorry for us, even while they throw up their hands in horror. Because they feel we're almost as irresistible as irrepressible, and it's simply because they don't want to see us go to rack and ruin."

"And we're awfully modest." Sheila giggled despite herself. "They try to interest us in Sunday Schools and social works. Save the destitute children sort of thing." The twins were fourteen, and their faces were as sweet and innocent as their words held pleasant but quite bitter sophistication.

"And once a lady wanted to adopt me 'cos she had a boy that died, so I just said not just now thanks; that my mum had died too, and I wasn't wanting to adopt anyone because of that." Dennis sat on the floor beside the stove, and stroked a blue-eyed kitten gently. His own ten-year-old eyes, beneath the dark, curly hair, were casual.

"Ye gods!" There was quiet humor, but also a shadow of desperation in Terry's face. Terry was tall and slim and dark, and with the same clear innocence of gaze as all the rest. "We're going to lose our hard won boarder just as soon as we get him, simply because you young chumps talk so much. I tell you kids, go easy. We're going to starve soon enough, anyway."

"Yes, and now who's scaring the poor man off?" Barbara's eyes twinkled. "He'll think we can't even feed him. And maybe we can't. You're taking chances, Mr. Ross, that's certain."

"I'm beginning to think so." For the first time in several minutes, the new arrival, so unceremoniously entertained in the kitchen, had a chance to speak, against the chatter of those soft, bright voices. He was as straight and decisive as all those others were careless with their wild, dark sort of charm. Immaculate in navy suit, crisp fair hair and grey eyes, he seemed a world apart. Yet his smile was swift and pleasant, and his voice deep and attractive. "And if it's too terrible, I'll just depart, that's all."

"Oh, but listen." Barbara leaned forward with all the ingenuous persuasiveness of her sixteen years. "We won't neglect you. We'll try our best to cook you something decent, and bring hot shaving water."

He laughed, but something in his eyes was serious. For this was utter madness. To place himself in the hands of growing youngsters such as these, and the eldest, that slim boy not yet eighteen. Haphazard youngsters existing by some ingenuity, who would subject him to doubtful cooking and a thousand worries all his days. Just because something in the honest candour of that untidy child had held him. The sickening business of room hunting after his own landlady had inopportune succumbed to influenza; the dingy holes, drab housewives, exorbitant rentals—and then this old ramshackling house set in a disarrayed but vivid wideness of garden and shade trees. That airy sunlit room—the sudden shyness of the girl when he had mentioned financial matters. "But really," and the hot color flooded her face. "I don't quite know . . . you see we've never . . . what would you think . . . ?" Remembering now again, a wave of pity struck his heart. Poor young devils, for all their nonsense, who knew just what they might pick up within their midst, if unprotected.

"Mr. Ross." Terry's voice out of the sudden silence, and he started. "Did Barbara tell you there are six of us?"

He counted swiftly. "One—two—the twins four—and you, that's five. Another?"

Barbara nodded her rough, dark head. "Now Terry," almost reproachfully. "I wanted to break it gently." She sprang from the table. "You see, you might wake up in the night and wonder. Will you come upstairs a minute with us, and be introduced to our wee David."

Our wee David! Shades of a departed age. James Ross

followed Terry and Barbara wonderingly up into the dimly-lighted landing. "In here." Barbara stepped softly, and opened a door at the far end of the corridor. "Not too loudly. He's asleep."

A bare clean room; a narrow white bed, a battered dressing table, and a shelf of books; the soft radiance of the moonlit night—and by the bed a wicker basket. Barbara switched on a subdued light, and motioned the others forward. The man's eyes met hers, almost startled, above the frail, sleeping morsel there. "Great Scott!" he whistled softly. "Do you mean to say that you . . . ?"

Terry's quiet voice at his side. "You see, Mr. Ross . . . that's . . . what our mother died for."

The girl's dark eyes flashed instantly. "You don't have to say it like that," she said, with fierce intensity. In that instant was borne the first startling realization that young Barbara O'Neil was not quite the casual, defenseless child he had imagined. "He's seven months." Her voice was quiet again. She drew the covers more closely to the baby head, and he could not help the brief frown as he watched. He would have scarcely said three months himself. "He's not so very strong, and some people say we're doing wrong to keep him with us. But then he's ours . . . and we do everything we can . . ."

The new lodger leaned over, and his eyes were serious, and then he looked at Barbara, almost wonderingly. "But this must mean a lot of work."

"Oh, I suppose so. But we don't think of it that way. You see, he had a bad start off, and we want to do the best we can. When dad was killed in an auto smash, the shock was too much for mother, and he came a bit too soon," she explained simply. "They tried to take him from us, but we fought!"

"Why it was only fair to them that we should try and rear him," Terry went on just as reasonably, but Barbara suddenly slipped her hand through his arm, as they stood side by side, in the dim room. "Poor old kid, it is the worst shame that you're tied up with such a family now, just when you should be starting out in life."

"Oh rot." Terry smiled, but a trifle wanly. "It's just as bad for you." James Ross caught something of the tense white misery of those young faces, and at some touch of uncompromising bravery there, a slow flush mounted to his cheeks. He bent once more to the baby, then straightened. "I meant to be a doctor once," he remarked with seeming odd irrelevance. "I took nearly two years."

"You're not very old now, are you?" Terry asked abruptly, and with evident relief at

this swift change to normal. But Barbara looked across with new interest. "Terry, don't be rude. And, you're not finishing?"

He shook his head, and then, as they moved again



JACK KEAY 31

Marshall Saunders and Her Friends

Famous throughout the world for her book "Beautiful Joe," Marshall Saunders, lover of animals and birds, has just celebrated her seventieth birthday

by BYRNE
HOPE SANDERS



BUT what does it feel like?" I questioned again. Marshall Saunders, the famous authoress of *Beautiful Joe* still looked puzzled.

"What I mean is this," I persisted. "You are probably the best known Canadian writer. Already a million and a half copies of your book, *Beautiful Joe*, have been sold, and it seems to be getting more popular every year. It has been translated into many foreign languages, and is loved by little Turks and Japs and Chinese, as much as by our own Canadian children."

"You have just celebrated your seventieth birthday. You were given probably the largest birthday party any woman ever had. Hundreds and hundreds of people, each of whom feit your personal friend, flocked to the Empire's largest hotel to celebrate with you."

"How does it feel? Every one of us has wondered what it would be like to be famous, honored by a whole nation, loved by all who know us, and author of a book that has girdled the world. Looking backward for a minute, what has been the most important thing in your life?"

I sat in Marshall Saunders' living room in her Toronto home, by a wide window flooded in sunshine. There were many blossoming plants about, and the little house was filled with bird-song. Somewhere there were scores of birds trilling and singing—and the sound seemed to come from the cellar!

I looked enquiringly at Marshall Saunders, but she was staring out of the window at the garden beyond, thinking deeply. Presently she said:

"There's one thing I grow more certain of, every year; and that's the importance of religion in life. I don't care what brand of religion it is, so long as one has a definite belief and lives up to it. I was trained in religion from the time I was a tiny girl; and today, after seventy years, my father and mother stand out as the two most saintly people I have ever known. Tell your readers that, looking back on my long life, I know that religion is the most important thing in life, and learning to love and understand your fellow men. Tell them this, too," she added, "that I've found three sentences of the greatest help to me—and people laugh

at them!—Love everybody. Fight everybody. Forgive everybody.' You'll find one has to do a lot of fighting!"

YOU have everything," I said. "Fame, love, and vital interest in life. Many women would wonder if you have not chosen the happiest life."

"My goodness!" cried Marshall Saunders. "Every girl should marry. That is the richest and happiest life for any woman, and most of them know it, if they have any sense at all. But if a girl does not marry, there is a wonderful life for her, if she realizes that all the babies in the world are not in the cradles! People need brothering and fathering and mothering everywhere."

"We all want to make things and do things. That's why I believe it's so important for parents to see that every girl learns to do something with her hands. Give a girl the best

education you can; remember that children are, after all, what their parents make them. Let a girl follow her interest, even if it does not fit in with her parents' wishes. For that is the only way in which she can find happiness."

WELL, did you always want to write?" I questioned.

"Of course, I did! But it was the late Dr. Rand, chancellor of McMaster University, who induced me to choose writing as my life's work. I was sceptical about it, but he insisted.

"One day, when my parents were away from home, I said to my sister Rida, 'What shall I do? Dr. Rand wants me to describe our exquisite winter scenery—a bit of woodland—the track of a rabbit in the snow. Rabbits don't appeal to me.'

"Don't you do it!" said Rida. "Write something with blood and murder in it—lots of blood. People like that!"

"For three weeks sister did the housekeeping, while I wrote a tale of Spain, a country of which I knew little, and an unhappy marriage, of which I knew less. It was called *A Gag of Blessed Memory* and was full of quotations. Rida said it was excellent, but something prevented us showing it to Dr. Rand.

"We didn't know where to send it, but went down town and bought an armful of magazines. We decided to try the *Frank Leslie* magazine. I sent it—and a cheque for forty dollars came flying back from New York! Rida and I had a wonderful time calculating—forty dollars for three weeks work. This, I felt sure, would keep on all the rest of my life!"

Marshall Saunders' father was the Rev. Dr. Edward Manning Saunders, a well-known Baptist clergyman in Nova Scotia. She was born during the period about Confederation, when so many of our most noted Canadian writers were born—Sir Gilbert Parker, Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, Archibald Lampman, Dr. Bliss Carmen, Pauline Johnson, Ralph Connor, Wilfred Campbell, to name but a few.

Her childhood was spent in the beautiful Annapolis Valley, later in Halifax, and finally in an Edinburgh school. She spent a number of years travelling, and finally, when she was about thirty, described an old Ontario dog she had known, in *Beautiful Joe*. This was submitted in a contest by the American Humane Education Society for a companion to *Black Beauty*. The prize was two hundred dollars, and Marshall Saunders won it.

"But," she told me laughing, "when I collected the prize money, my father quietly pointed out that he had spent one hundred and twenty-five dollars in buying a typewriter for me to copy the story out on!"

So *Beautiful Joe* went travelling among the publishing houses, and met with a cold reception everywhere, until one firm saw its possibilities. Today, it has been translated into Swedish, German, Bulgarian, Japanese, Chinese, Czech, Spanish, Turkish, Esperanto and an Indian dialect.

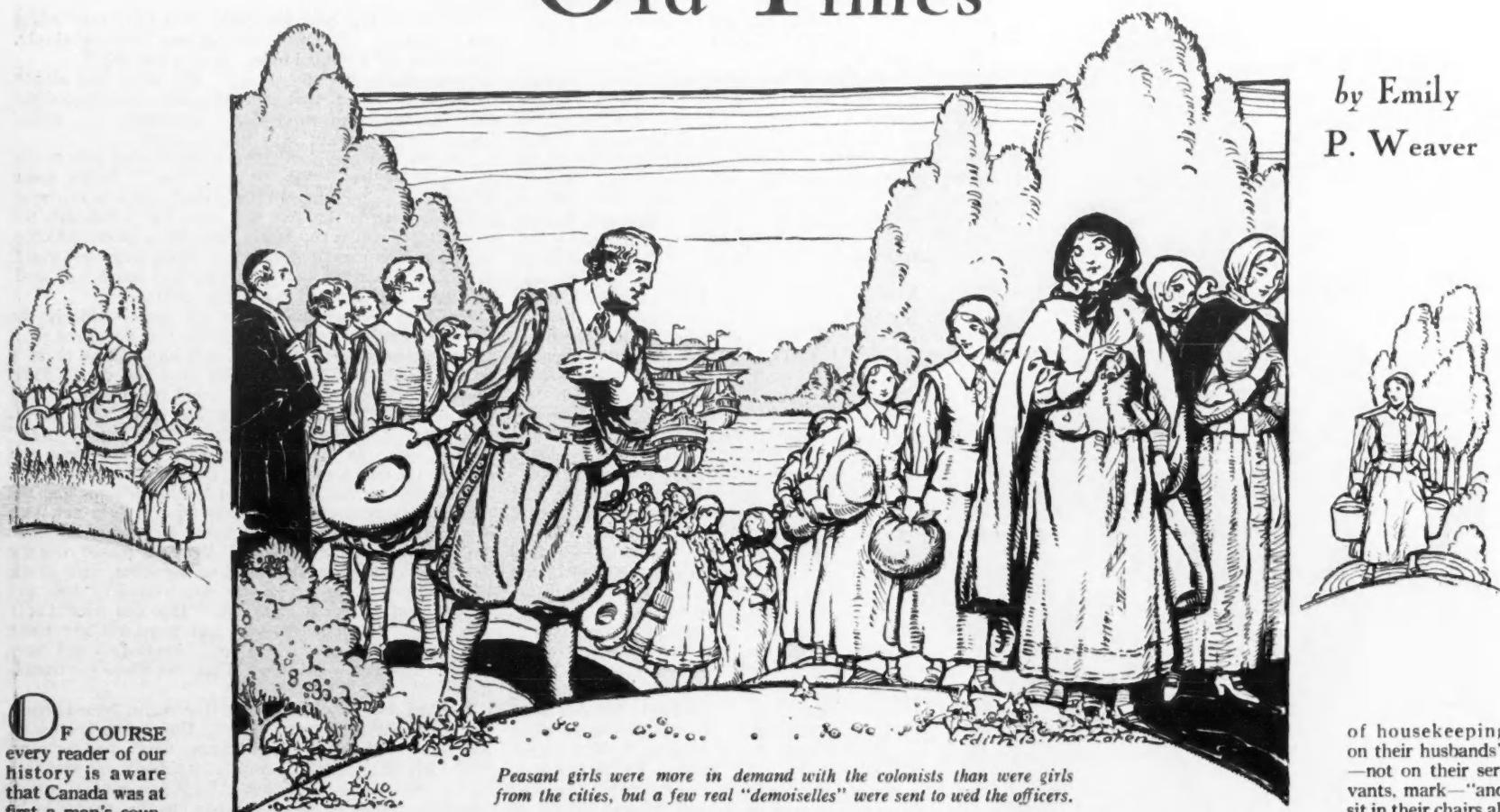
Since then, Marshall Saunders has been writing about animals, and is one of the best known nature lovers [Continued on page 54]



The pretty white bungalow where Marshall Saunders and her sister live, is also home to about fifty birds, Millie, the grey pigeon, and Fiji, the dog.

Domestic Problems in Old Times

by Emily
P. Weaver



Peasant girls were more in demand with the colonists than were girls from the cities, but a few real "demoiselles" were sent to wed the officers.

Romance, tragedy and humor lurk in the tales of the first women who came to Canada to be the wives of the new settlers

OF COURSE every reader of our history is aware that Canada was at first a man's country; and when women did begin to arrive, they came, with very few exceptions, not to establish homes but to convert the Indians to Christianity. These devoted nuns were, however, but the forerunners of an army of women sent out in the second half of the seventeenth century to become wives of the soldiers and other male immigrants who had been persuaded to settle in New France.

Louis XIV and his officials were bent on peopling the colony as rapidly as possible. Peasant girls, "healthy, strong, and accustomed to field work," were more in demand with the practical colonists than were girls from the cities; but a few real *demoiselles* were sent to wed the officers who wanted wives, and, naturally enough, these more daintily brought-up maidens were not so easily satisfied with conditions as those of the rougher sort.

At that time, girls in the motherland frequently had to submit to having their matrimonial affairs arranged for them, and perhaps we have not been quite fair to these "pilgrim-mothers" of Canada. They did not necessarily show such undue and indecent haste to get married as a similar journey of adventure to the goal of matrimony would in these days imply. Doubtless, in many instances, they were thrust out by poor friends and relatives eager to be rid of a burden, but at least they were duly chaperoned by accredited duennas and dowered by the royal bounty. In fact, in a manner they might be said to have been given away by the king himself. There is a tradition, by the bye, that Nova Scotia's favorite heroine, the courageous Lady La Tour, came in some such way to her husband.

The rank and file of the young French girls must have endured hardships enough in solving their domestic problems in the strange, wild land where fierce beasts and fiercer savages were more than an imaginary peril; but the disappointments and discouragements of the *demoiselles* must have been even harder to bear. Ostensibly their husbands held the rank of nobility, for the king and his ministers, who managed everything thousands of miles away at Versailles, had decreed that Canada was to have an aristocracy.

But, with few exceptions, the Canadian *noblesse* were woefully poor, and though they stooped to "mix themselves up in trade," and sent out their children into the woods to barter for furs with the Indians, their households often ran pitifully short of food and clothing, while the luxuries one associates with nobility were conspicuously lacking. In 1686, Governor Denonville complained that several gentil-

hommes had come out that year with wives who, though much cast down, played the fine lady. These gently nurtured women might well feel dismay at the prospect before them. No doubt they had been used at home to the obsequious attendance of servants and waiting women; but in Canada at that date there were few, if any, female servants, and the wives and daughters of the poverty-stricken gentlemen not only had to do their own housework—a great toil to the inexperienced, but were forced quite often to betake themselves to labor in the fields, guiding the plough or wielding the sickle while the young men of the family ranged the woods.

Those were the days of extraordinarily early marriages and very large families—circumstances which greatly increased the toils of the maternal head of the family. For the elder daughters of her ten or fifteen children had no sooner attained an age when they could be of some assistance than they, in their turn, were remorselessly hurried into matrimony. The Civil Code of Quebec still has it that "a man cannot contract marriage before the full age of fourteen, nor a woman before the full age of twelve years;" but in the seventeenth century early marriage was obligatory. According to Parkman, a father who had neglected to marry his sons by the time they were twenty and his daughters when they were sixteen, was fined. The mother of La Vérendrye, the intrepid explorer, was a twelve-year-old bride.

The Swedish professor, Kalm, who visited Canada in 1749, made some interesting but rather contradictory notes concerning the housekeepers and housekeeping of the period. He tells of the beauty of the women; of their elaborately curled and powdered heads adorned with glittering ornaments; of their perilously high-heeled shoes, their simple dress on week-days, their finery on Sundays. Then he draws the following striking comparison between them and the women of the English colonies. "In their knowledge of economy they greatly surpass the English women in the plantations, who indeed have taken the liberty of throwing all the burthen

of housekeeping on their husbands"—not on their servants, mark—"and sit in their chairs all day with folded arms. The women in Canada on the contrary do not spare themselves, especially among the common people, where they are always in the fields, meadows, stables, etc., and do not dislike any work whatsoever."

However he somewhat neutralizes this commendation by adding, "They seem rather remiss in regard to the cleaning of the utensils and apartments, for sometimes the floors both in the town and country are hardly cleaned once in six months; which is a disagreeable sight to one who comes from among the Dutch and English, where the constant scrubbing and scouring of the floors is reckoned as important as the exercise of religion itself." One wonders from Kalm's previous remarks whether the New England housekeepers regarded scrubbing as mere child's play, or whether they were accustomed to set their husbands to belabor the floors while they, in their chairs, with folded arms, contented themselves with supervision.

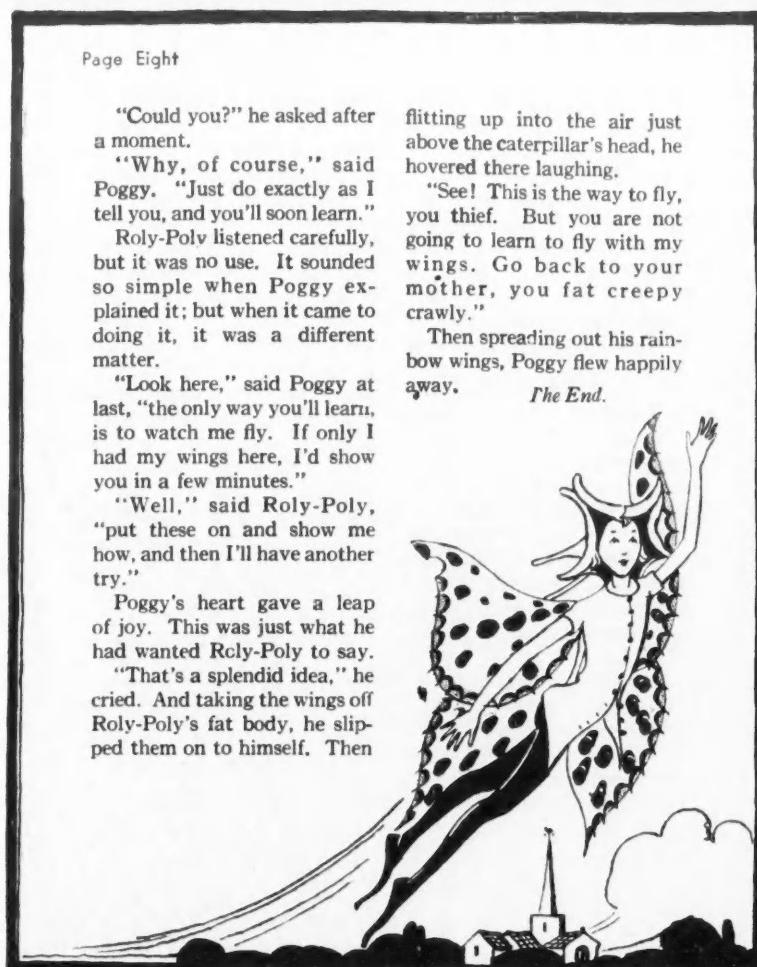
To return to the *Canadiennes*. They had devised a labor-saving expedient that would hardly meet with the approval of our modern Health Officers. "To prevent the thick dust left on the floor from being noxious to the health, the women wet it several times a day, which renders it more consistent, repeating the asperion as often as the dust is dry and rises again . . . Upon the whole, however, they are not averse to taking a part in all the business of housekeeping; and I have, with pleasure, seen the daughters of the better sort of people and of the governor himself, going into kitchens and cellars to look that everything be done as it ought."

APPARENTLY, the women impressed him as being very cheerful. "When they have anything to do within doors, they (especially the girls) commonly sing songs"—generally love songs, for the words "love" and "heart" were constantly repeated. "In the country, when the husband received a visit from persons of rank and dined with them, it was usual for his wife to stand behind and serve him; but, in the towns, the ladies were more distinguished and would willingly assume an equal, if not superior, power to their husbands."

Critics of the women of that period complained that they squandered too much on dress, instead of laying by anything for a rainy day; and that they were over-eager to be in the fashion—which then changed but once a year, when the ships arrived from France. [Continued on page 57]



This month the special little book for the children tells the tale of the lazy fairy who lost his wings. This children's feature can be taken out of the magazine without spoiling it for the grown-ups. Cut the page along the margin, fold along the dotted line, doubling



in half from top to bottom, then from left to right, so that the large cover picture with Poggy asleep under the tree comes in front.

Cut neatly round the edges, pin or sew in the middle.

POGGY'S WINGS

A Fairy Story

by

JESSIE DE GOUTIERE



by

**Ursilla N.
Macdonnell**

Dean of Women for the
University of Manitoba.



An Arts degree no longer equips a girl for the labor market any more than it does her brother. It will not, except in rare cases, earn her bread and butter for her.

After UNIVERSITY— What?

LAST spring," said a young bachelor of arts, "I thought I knew everything in the world. I really did. And three months later I thought I didn't know anything. Nobody wanted me."

Not everyone is frank enough to say so, but I fancy most of the eleven or twelve hundred girls who graduate from Canadian universities each spring go through some such experience.

"It's that terrible first year," scores of them have said to me afterward. "It's that year that I shudder to look back on. I hope I'll never in my life go through another time like it."

"What was so terrible about it?" I always ask.

"Oh, well. You see, it was the first time I had been separated from the other girls, and I had to leave all the things in the university that gave me such a thrill. Then I knew my way about the university, but I didn't at work, and I knew everybody was criticizing me. I had to find a job, and I didn't like the first thing I tried. And it's an awful thing at first to feel that your bread and butter depend on doing your work just the way the boss likes it."

Such feelings, expressed in varying words, have been laid bare to me many times. They spring in part from simple homesickness for the familiar university life, and in so far as they do they can be cured only by time. But they spring in part also from the difficulty many girls experience in fitting themselves into the working world for which the happiest college days are only a preparation. Nowadays, they all want to have a paid occupation. To "stay at home" for more than a month or so seems to them sheer loafing. But what shall they work at? These days, hundreds of graduates-to-be are folding away apprehensions along with thrills in soft white dresses; and hundreds of mothers whose hands linger over filmy underthings are letting worry neighbor with the pride in their hearts. After graduation, what next?

I wonder if a well-meaning elder, who has been through the mill herself, and has turned a sympathetic eye on the grinding out of hundreds of others, could say anything to make adjustment at all easier. Probably not. Most of us have to find out the really important things for ourselves.

If I were to help I should begin by urging all mothers to realize, as I am sure their daughters do, that an Arts degree no longer equips a girl for the labor market any more than it does her brother. It provides an invaluable mental training and introduces her to the culture of the world, but it will not, except in rare and peculiar cases, earn her bread and butter for her. We older women, who remember vividly the

What shall it be—nursing, journalism, social service, business or teaching? Here is a vital answer by a writer who has studied the problem of Canadian girl graduates for years

day when only a chosen few ever struggled beyond the rim of the High School, and when a "college course" was held to give the elect power for anything up to scaling the gates of heaven or climbing Parnassus, find it hard to realize this. Yet it is true. Some further professional education is necessary for the young B.A., though it be only a short course in a business college, and it is a pity for her to skimp on it if she really wants to enter the world of professional women.

If girls have special talents or decided tastes—and usually the two go together—all should be plain sailing. They know what they want to do. But their ship does not always arrive without a squall or two.

WHAT are you going to do next fall, Mary?" I once asked a girl who was within a month of her graduation.

"I'm not going to wait until fall," came the prompt answer. "I'm going to take two or three weeks holidays, and then I'm going straight up to the hospital to enter training."

But she did not. Instead, she came to me toward the end of summer to ask my aid in securing a small assistantship in the university.

"What about the hospital?" I asked.

"I found that mother and dad didn't want me to go. I was so surprised. I never thought they'd object. No, it wasn't money. They feel that when I've spent all this time getting book knowledge, it's silly not to use it. They don't want me to work hard with my hands and feet. Dad says if I'm interested in sickness I should enter the Medical College. He'll put me through there, even though it is a long course. But I don't want to be a doctor. I want to be a nurse."

There was nothing to be said. It was not for me to oppose the wishes of such tender, self-denying, anxious parents as I knew hers to be. Certainly it was not for me to suggest that she should disregard those wishes. She got the assistantship—a blind alley that led nowhere except for a postgraduate student, and for three years she earned enough money for her needs. But she never swerved from her ambition. At the end of the three years, her parents had become convinced that she had a genuine vocation. They fell in with her plans. She made a brilliant record in the hospital and stepped straight from her training into a position of trust.

TO THE girl who has a special gift I have no hesitation in giving advice just as strong as words can express.

"Follow your bent," I would say. "The thing you like to do is the thing you will do well. It is rather an advantage to you to meet an obstacle or two. If you haven't money enough for the training, and have to take some kind of temporary job and earn it, you get an opportunity to test yourself and see if you really want the thing as badly as you thought you did. You can earn the necessary funds in time, if you have the grit. If you have to hold your project in abeyance for a while because you cannot persuade your friends that it is a wise one, you get again a chance to try yourself. The chances of failure are not one in a hundred if you find yourself still true to your purpose after a couple of years of waiting."

But what of the hundreds of girls who have no special bent? It would almost be true to say that for every one who has, there are a hundred who have not. What openings promise best for the rank and file?

If I try to offer any opinion on that very important question, I must first lay down two conditions. You must remember that most of my experience has been gained in Western Canada, so that my conclusions may not be as sound for the East as for the section in which they were formed. You must remember also that this present year is like no other that we have seen. The conclusions that seemed valid last spring are doubtful now. All that I can say is that they seemed to hold good before times altered for the worse, and that there is reasonable ground to hope that they will again hold good when they come back to the better. If this is understood, we can go on.

"I'd like to go away to work in a research laboratory," said a medical student to me, "but mother doesn't want me to be away from home."

"Does that mean that you will [Continued on page 38]



CROSS CURRENTS

by JOAN SUTHERLAND

The fifth instalment of a dramatic novel which concludes next month

Illustrated by Hubert Mathieu

Tania's moment of weakness was past. "Dear, I'm sorry," she murmured. "Try to forget those things I said. There's no other way."

IT WAS a day a few weeks later with a touch of frost in the still air; a sky, crisply blue, and the leaves turning to amber on the trees in the Champs Elysées and the Bois. Larry, walking up the long slope of the Champs Elysées to meet Mae at the Russian tea-place in the Rue de Berri, thought longingly of his beloved Canadian woods in the full glory of their fall splendor, and wondered if he could induce her to come out with him in time for the first beauty of spring. Before then, there was not the slightest chance, for she had booked them up relentlessly—Paris till December, Christmas at Murren, the south of France when the winter sports began to pall, and no word of home, either at Dods-worth, or New York, or Leicestershire.

It had never been Larry's intention to trail at her heels through Europe. His property needed him and he hated an aimless existence, but his love for Tania had had its definite effect upon him. Despite Mae's utter selfishness and indifference to any thought of the duties of life, he nevertheless felt a self-reproach in his relations with her. She was his wife, and he would have given all he possessed to know he would be free and need never see her again, and the very fact of such self-knowledge wrung her most deeply.

Sitting at a restaurant table he forgot the time, listening to one of the singers, a big bearded man with a magnificent

baritone voice who sang supported by crutches and carried tragedy in his grave dark eyes. Just as the song was finished, Larry heard his name, and looking round found Judy at his elbow.

"Larry! How splendid to see you! I didn't dream you were in Paris! Where's Mae? Is she here? Rodney, isn't this fine? Here's Captain Cardross!"

She poured forth her eager flow of questions, her face alight with pleasure, and Larry, hiding his dismay as best he could, managed to behave and answer normally. But as he came face to face with Blakiston he went white round the mouth, and his jaw set. For one mad second the crowded room swam before him in a sea of blood-red mist, centring about the eyes of the man before him. Then that mist cleared and he found himself nodding to Blakiston.

"How d'you do? Having tea here?"

He moved a chair for someone to pass, thus avoiding Blakiston's outstretched hand, and at the same moment signed for his bill.

"I was to meet my wife here half-an-hour ago," he said as casually as though the primitive lust to kill did not grip him by the throat. "She's hideously late. If you see her, Judy, will you tell her I had to go on, as my next appointment won't wait?"

"Oh, Larry! Are you going when we've only just met you? Where are you staying? Oh, please don't rush off. There's such a lot I want to ask you. I'm only here with daddy who had to come on business for a fortnight. We're sailing in two days."

Judy's disappointment was frank as a child's but Larry felt as though the air of the place would poison him now that Blakiston had entered, and at the risk of being discourteous he held to his decision.

"We're at the Ritz. Come and see Mae," he said. "She'll love to see you, but I really have to go on. Good-by, Judy; afternoon Blakiston!"

He nodded to the man, smiled at Judy, and made his way with little ceremony through the crowded tables to the desk in the outer shop, paid his account and went out into the starlit evening.

He had never contemplated his feelings should he meet Blakiston face to face, but now that that meeting had taken place, fury filled him.

During all that furious walk no coherent plan had formed, for rage seethed in him as in an animal, blind and maddened; but as he entered the hotel, insensibly the swift change from the frosty darkness without to the lights and sophistication within had its effect, although more than one person stared curiously at him as he strode through the crowd to the lifts. He remembered they were dining at the house of some friends at nine, and made an effort to pull himself together as he reached the door of their suite, wondering if he should find Mae and why she had failed to meet him. The sitting room was fragrant with flowers, the couch was strewn with tissue paper and gilt string, an elaborate evening bag lay half out of another box labelled "Cartier," and over a chair lay an evening cloak of silver and gold brocade lined throughout with jade marabout.

The confusion did not necessarily mean Mae's presence, but he went to her bedroom, tapped the door, and after a moment heard a muffled:

"Who's there? Who is it? Go away!"

"It's me—Larry," he said more sharply than he was wont to speak, for her tone made him suddenly nervous, "Let me in please."

There was another pause, then footsteps, and then one

door was opened and Mae stood before him. At the sight of her he uttered an exclamation of dismay and took a couple of steps toward her.

"What's the matter? What's wrong?"

She was still in the frock she had worn at luncheon, an incredibly slim affair of black and white, but the powder which she used so thickly had gone from her cheeks. Her eyes were red and heavy-lidded, her hair wildly disordered, and at the sight of him an expression that was almost hatred flashed into her face.

"So you've come in at last! You never dreamed, I suppose, why I didn't turn up at the Rue de Berri—you wouldn't. It was quite enough for you that you had other people to talk to while I was here—with this hateful, hateful thing—I tell you I won't stand it! I won't! I won't! Why should I when I don't like children? I won't endure it!"

She was half sobbing in a rage as incoherent, if more articulate than his own had been. As the bitter words poured out, enlightenment came to Larry and the expression of his face changed from perplexity to sympathy, from sympathy to wonder, from wonder to a cold contempt. Going over to her he took hold of her shaking little figure, not urgently but with the utmost determination, and drew her to the couch by the wood fire in the salon, tossing paper and boxes on to the floor.

"You mean that you are going to have a child?" he said, and wondered even as he spoke that the words moved him so little. "Is that it?"

"Yes, but I won't! I won't! I tell you—"

"Be quiet!" he said, and there was an edge like drawn steel in his voice. "You are making yourself ridiculous with these hysterics. Have you seen a doctor? What makes you sure?"

"I've been feeling ill. I told you. I saw Dr. Francois André, the specialist, this afternoon at four. He told me. He was impudent. Told me I ought to be grateful. I wouldn't let myself believe it before. I tell you I won't have it. Why should I?"

She was quieter now but her eyes were smoldering and she twisted her hands together, tearing at the wisp of her handkerchief; smoldering with hatred as they gazed upon him who had wrought this thing.

"I hate babies. Why should I spoil my figure? And I couldn't dance. I shall just be like all the others, stupid and commonplace and spoilt!"

HE LOOKED at her curiously, this strange product of civilization, who could show such venom in tone and look, who could so furiously hate because, as the result of marriage, she was to be called upon to bear a child. He had been angry at first, but now he felt something more painful than anger; a dull sickened sense of failure, utter and complete, took possession of him, and as he listened to her he wondered at her lack of pride that she could so utterly give herself away before him.

She was on her feet suddenly, her eyes meeting his, her hands clenched. She was not carried away by rage despite her anger, but she was voicing all that was in her heart. And Larry, looking at her, knew that this was the truth and that their few miserable months of illusion were at an end, once and for all.

"See here," he said rather slowly, finding the right words with difficulty, "it need not be so bad. You shall live where you like and you can have everything you want. I'll get the best doctor here to see what can be done to make you feel better, and afterward—" he stopped a moment, then went on: "You can have a first-class [Continued on page 30]

THE CHILDREN'S STORY BOOK

Here is another in *The Chatelaine's* series of children's booklets, which can be cut out of the magazine and made into a book without spoiling the magazine for the grown-ups.

A number of mothers are covering these little stories with book muslin to protect them, while others are binding two or three together for a birthday gift.

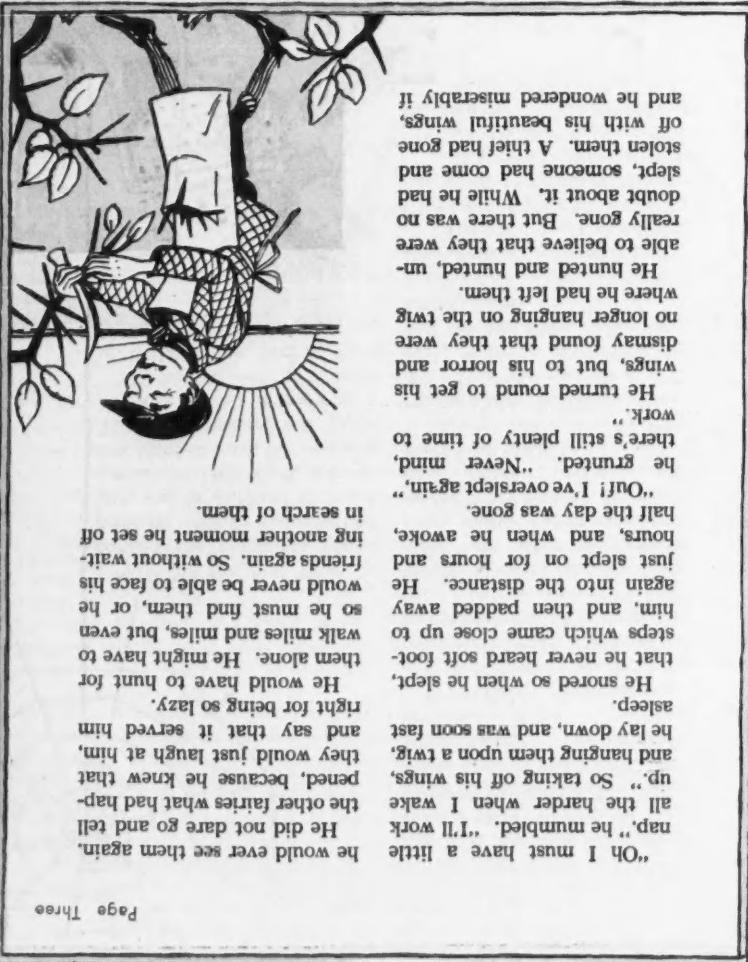
POGGY'S WINGS

*Story by
Jessie de Goutiere*

*Pictures by
Hilda B Sexton*



POZZY was a lazy fairy. He was always falling asleep when he should be working. One warm and sunny day, he found a really cosy place on some soft moss under the pine trees; and, although he had been told to collect pine needles to make the thatched roofs for some new houses which were being built, he sank down on the soft moss and began to yawn.



"Oh! I must have a little nap," he mumbled. "I'll work the other fairies what had happened, because he knew that they would just laugh at him, and say that it served him right for being so lazy."

He snored so when he slept, that he never heard soft foot-steps which came close up to his door and then padded away again into the distance. He turned round to get his wings, but to his horror and dismay found that they were able to believe that they were really gone. But there was no doubt about it. While he had slept, someone had come and stolen them. A little had gone off with his beautiful wings, and he wondered miserably if



"Whatever is the matter?" asked Poggy, staring at her. "Oh dear, Oh dear!" she wailed. "It's Poly-Poly, my only son. He'll kill himself! I know he will. Oh! Oh! Oh!" And she reared herself up on her tail end, and swayed her body to and fro. "But where is he?" cried Poggy. "And how is he going to kill himself?" Suddenly the sound of sobbing fell upon his ears, and he turned his head to see the caterpillar, large, fat, green caterpillar, turming a corner, he came upon Poly-Poly. "But where is he?" asked Poggy, turning his head to himself as he trudged along. "He walked on and on until the middle of the afternoon, and as his feet didn't hurt him any more, he felt much more cheerful, and sang to himself as he trudged along.

He thanked her, he went his way, when he put them on his shoes didn't hurt him any more, and when he took off his socks, and down on her fat little feet, crying as though her heart would break.

"What ever is the matter?" asked Poggy, staring at her. "Oh dear, Oh dear!" she wailed. "It's Poly-Poly, my only son. He'll kill himself! I know he will. Oh! Oh! Oh!" And she reared herself up on her tail end, and swayed her body to and fro.

"Yes. That's what he's found. But stop him can't you? Before it's too late."

"Sure I will. He's got my wings," cried Poggy. "I'll stop him all right. Where is he? Tell me, quick."

"Over there," cried Mrs. Caterpillar excitedly, pointing to a clump of grasses a little farther down the road. "Oh! Oh! There he goes again!" as a loud thud fell upon their ears.

Without waiting a moment longer Poggy hurried off, and soon reached the place where Roly-Roly was practising his flying.

Coming to a standstill beneath him, he looked up and laughed. "Ha! Ha! You'll never learn to fly that way," he called out.

Roly-Poly paused in his slow climbing of a grass stalk, and gazed down at the speaker.

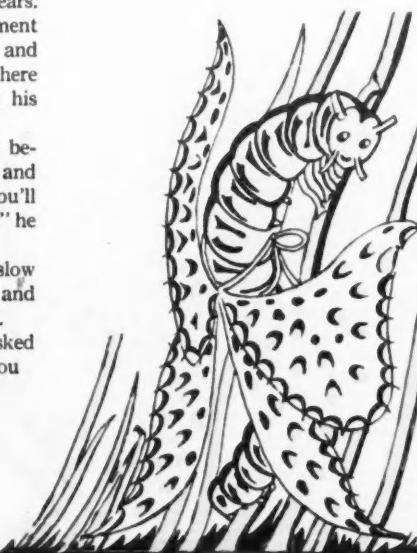
"Who are you?" he asked scornfully. "And what do you know about flying?"

"Oh, I've flown all my life," answered Poggy carelessly.

"But you haven't any wings," said Roly-Poly.

"No I left them at home to be mended," said Poggy. "But if you like I will teach you how to fly."

Roly-Poly looked down at him thoughtfully.



WHAT PRICE OBEDIENCE?

by Emma
Gary Wallace



Parents should remember that times have changed—in some ways for the better and in others, for the worse.

*We present this answer to one of the big problems of the day as a basis for discussion among readers.
What has your experience been?*

IT GOES without saying that the major duty of parents is to fit their children for happy, useful and successful lives. Anything in the way of discipline or the lack of it which does not tend toward that desirable end should be scrutinized very carefully, as we cannot afford to make mistakes that can possibly be avoided. We are certain to make mistakes anyway, even when we do our best.

Child leaders who approach the study of child life from a scientific angle, are learning many things, and they tell us in no uncertain terms that practically every problem of adult life has its roots in childhood. So the wiser the parents, the better off their children are bound to be in the present and the future.

Parent education is very necessary, and it is amazing that for so many centuries no definite preparation has been considered necessary. That the race has lived and has done as well as it has, is eloquent testimony to the inherent rightness of human purpose.

THOSE who have younger children should by every right determine conscientiously how far their responsibility goes. It would seem as though this ought not to be difficult to determine, but there is sad lack of agreement.

Only the other day, an extremely modern young mother, the wife of a college professor, and herself a college graduate, was heard to say that a child should be allowed to investigate anything which aroused its curiosity; that this curiosity being satisfied would soon be forgotten; whereas, if there were prohibitions and sharp "No, no's," the child would investigate later with determination and thoroughness.

Apropos of this, one of her listeners told of a mother who had held these views and allowed her child to have the sharp paring knife for which he cried. Result: the child was much pleased, but that didn't help his education when he fell and the knife penetrated one of his handsome brown eyes, putting out the light in it forever.

Good judgment and sound common sense should be the

basis of child training and discipline. Even scientific methods of management should be subjected to this same test: is it reasonable? Must the plan suggested be adapted to needs and conditions of the individual child?

It is well to remember that no two children are exactly alike, and while we may establish general principles for infancy, childhood and adolescence, we can never eliminate the human factor entirely. For this reason, it is imperative that the conscientious parent shall study each child and seek to understand it and its temperament and type.

THE human infant is extremely helpless in its dependence. It comes into an entirely unknown world. The small brain is smooth like a pin cushion, and it is not until memory paths have been formed upon this surface that the convolutions begin to shape themselves. It is just as easy in the beginning, and much easier in the end, to establish right habits with the young child as wrong ones.

Each child is given two presumably mature parents to start with, unless death or misadventure of some kind has removed one or both. Parents should by every right know what is better for the young child than it can possibly know for itself. It is, therefore, the plain duty of those in authority to use their maturer judgment, born of experience and observation, to establish a wise, kind and firm programme of life for the young child.

This programme should have to do with its food, sleep, exercise and mental development. Admiring friends or relatives should not be allowed to overstimulate the little one, to show it too much attention, or to urge it to perform for the amusement of grown-ups. Here, the parents will need to exercise their authority to protect their offspring, or the worthy routine will be upset and habits of wanting to be the centre of the stage, vanity, and wilfulness will

soon be established. Before they are many weeks old, children learn various attention-getting devices.

So the first rule which we may well lay down is this: Establish a programme of infant life as approved by medical authorities and use the necessary authority to carry out that programme and to prevent well-intentioned but thoughtless or ignorant individuals from upsetting it.

By doing this, we shall have taken a long step toward laying the foundation for healthy bodies, steady nerves and cheerful dispositions.

Wise parents leave young children much to themselves. But here again we need to qualify that statement.

One mother who followed that advice literally, leaving her child in its bed hour after hour, day after day, had a small son whose head was literally molded to a flat and unlovely surface in the back.

To change a child's position, however, is quite different from giving it constant attention and amusement. The child has first of all to learn to recognize what is around him; to discover the uses of his hands and feet; how to co-ordinate the mechanism of his muscles, how to creep and balance and stand and walk. To over-urge the child is to do it an injustice, and here again protective authority must be exercised that the little one shall not be urged ahead too rapidly.

Now and again, baby may be shown just enough to be given the idea he is in search of, but not enough help should be forthcoming to rob him of the joy of honest achievement on his own account.

Even before this time the young child should have learned a good deal concerning obedience. He knows when he is undressed and put into his bed and the light turned out, that he is expected to go to sleep, and he should know that screaming and other forcible protests will not get him anything.

Every mother should recognize what different kinds of cries mean, and a tempestuous cry is best treated by being ignored.

[Continued on page 58]

Mrs. J. A. Wilson, president of the National Council of Women, 1926-31.



The Norwegian Club at Moose Jaw does splendid work in Canadianization



The Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair, president of the international body, was first president of Canada's National Council.

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN

by A. M. Going

NEARLY forty years ago, the National Council of Women was founded on an ideal and a dream. The ideal is being realized; the dream is coming true.

The thought of a union among the women of civilized countries had been in the minds of thinking women for some years. It began to take tangible form during the World's Congress of Women formed at Washington in 1888. But it was not until May 1893 at the World's Fair at Chicago that the International Council of Women really came into being.

Then, it was the seemingly impossible dream of a few visionaries; today it is the practical reality behind women's work in communities throughout the world. Then, sixteen women from Canada attended the inaugural meeting; today there are over 200,000 members of the Council in Canada alone. Then, a few countries sent their leading women; at the 1930 conference over forty-three countries sent their delegates. From the smallest detail of a town's community well-being, through the carefully organized machinery, out to the great world problems which face women of all nations, the International Council of Women is making history.

In those early years there was romance in the thought of a federation of women's societies scattered over the comparatively thinly settled Canada, let alone the dream of a world-wide association. But Confederation was in the air. Many of the sixteen women who attended that memorable meeting in Chicago and who may surely be called the "Mothers of Confederation," knew the "Fathers of Confederation" and had seen the development of the country since 1867. They had thrilled to the new realization that the Dominion was literally "from sea to sea," for only a few years previously the last spike had been driven in the Canadian Pacific Railway, linking Halifax with Vancouver.

The ideal of these pioneer women is being materialized through the great army of women, linked together, to answer the greatest call that can come to women—to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, give courage and a sense of

The amazing story of forty years' work—a federation within a federation—which had its beginning in the minds and hearts of sixteen Canadian women, and today girdles the nation with 200,000 members

friendship to the strangers in the Dominion, and to safeguard the children of the world. Not working in opposition to men, but beside them, as women in the home. As the ideal of the international council was to link together on great issues the women of the civilized world, so the national council had for its ideal the linking together, as beads upon a chain, of the women's societies of Canada. Each national council was to be a unit within the international council. Each nationally affiliated society and each local council, a unit in the national council and each affiliated society in a community, a unit in the local council. Thus each member

of an affiliated society can feel that she is a member, not only of her local council and of the Canadian national council but of the great International Council of Women as well.

Something of the magnitude of the interests of council can be gathered from a glance at the list of standing committees, which cover the permanent activities of the council. They include committees on cinemas and printed matter, citizenship, taxation, conservation of natural resources and industries, economic education, national recreation, finance, health, child welfare, mental hygiene, laws concerning women and children. League of Nations, migration, moral standards, publications and publicity, soldiers' and sailors' pensions and dependents, and trades and professions.

AT THE invitation of the National Council of Women in the United States, sixteen Canadian women were at the memorable meeting in Chicago, among whom were the late Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, Mrs. Gooderham, Mrs. McConnell, of Toronto and Mrs. Frank Gibbons, of Port

Arthur. When it was decided to form the International Council of Women a cable was sent to Lady Aberdeen, asking her to be president, and London, England, was chosen for the first meeting of the I. C. W. In September of the same year Lord Aberdeen was appointed Governor-General of Canada, and at once Mrs. Cummings wrote to Lady Aberdeen asking her to preside at a meeting to be held in Toronto for the purpose of forming a Canadian national council.

So, at Toronto, in October 1893, the National Council of Women of Canada was formed with Lady Aberdeen, the wife of the new Governor-General of Canada, as its president. The sixteen women, filled with the fire of enthusiasm, inspired others and launched one of the greatest adventures of womanhood in the last century.

The last international convention held in Vienna was the eighth quinquennial meeting, and proved, perhaps, the most inspiring of all. Thirty Canadian women gathered in the historic old city and were greeted by the

Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair, who is now, in her declining years, once more the president of the International Council. Women from all parts of the world were present.

Five years ago the Foundation [Continued on page 48]



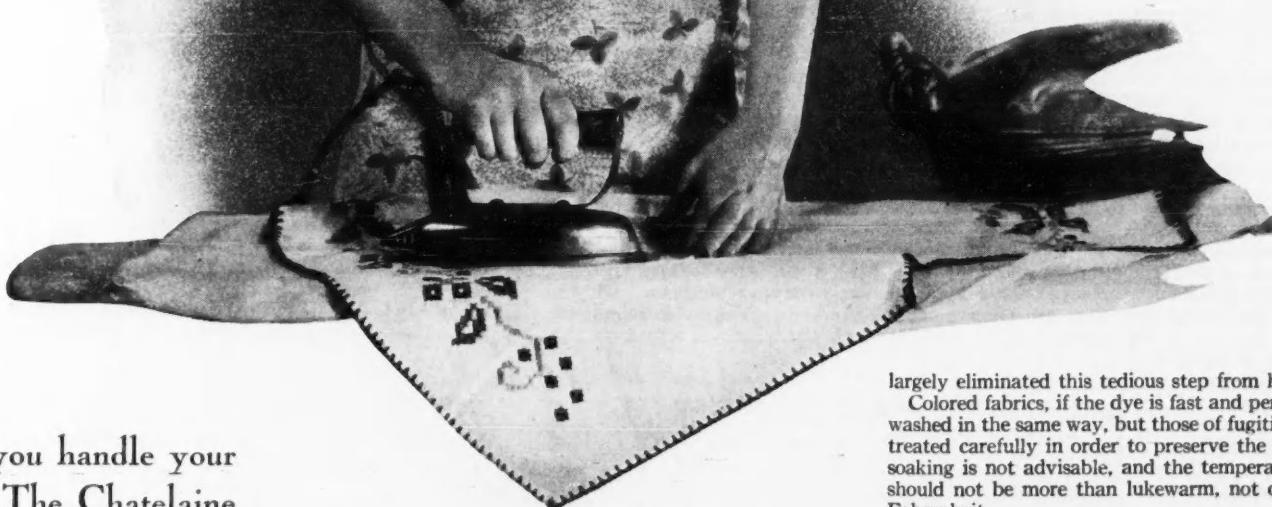
Where the president and Austrian Government entertained delegates to the last international convention held in Vienna. Women from all parts of the world were present.

LAUNDRY METHODS

by

Helen G. Campbell,
Director of The Chatelaine Institute

*Proper temperature is most important
in ironing all materials.*



How do you handle your laundry? The Chatelaine Institute presents the results of exhaustive investigations into wash day problems

WITH efficient equipment, conveniently placed in a bright, airy laundry, plenty of soft or softened water, and good quality soaps in various forms, wash day is robed of its old-time drudgery. But good procedure is important in order to accomplish the tasks in a reasonably short time with the greatest satisfaction. The housekeeper may work out her own routine, but the discussion of some general rules will be helpful.

The family wash includes a variety of items. Some of these require certain treatment; for others a different way of handling may be necessary. The most suitable soap, temperature of the water and methods of washing and drying, are determined by the fabric, the color and often the degree of soil.

For this reason, the sorting of the clothes is, very logically, the first step. Stains should be removed at this time, as many of them are "set" by water. Certain ones will yield to simple treatment; others are more persistent and can be removed only by the application of some special re-agent. The well-stocked laundry will have a supply of materials and a few utensils for this purpose. It is a good plan also to attend to any mending at this time, for if a stitch or two is needed now, it is probable that nine will be necessary after even the most careful washing.

The clothes should be arranged according to type, material

and color, into "loads" to be put through the machine. The capacity of the washing machine is stated on the directions which come with your washer, and overloading should always be avoided as the motor is strained and the efficiency of cleansing is lessened by attempting to wash too many garments at one time. The less soiled white linens and cottons should comprise the first "load." Usually it is a good plan to wash table linen first; follow this with the bed linen, then the personal clothing. Clothes may be given a preliminary dip in cold or tepid water. Long soaking is unnecessary, particularly if a washing machine is used, but complete wetting with water of low temperature loosens the soil and allows the suds to penetrate the fabric more easily and accomplish the cleansing in a shorter time. More than one-third of the housekeepers replying to The Chatelaine Institute laundry questionnaire do not soak their clothes, the remaining two-thirds report soaking, the time varying from five minutes to two nights and one day.

In the meantime, the required amount of hot water may be put into the washer, softened if necessary according to suggestions given in the article, "What do you know about laundry soaps?" which appeared in the May issue of *The Chatelaine*. The soap may be added and the clothes wrung out after immersion in cold water and plunged into the hot suds. While the machine is being used, the second "load" may be soaked a few minutes, the very soiled parts being rubbed with soap. They, in turn, may be placed in the hot suds and the next "load" made ready. It is best to wash sheer, delicate materials separately rather than with sturdier fabrics.

The time of washing depends chiefly on the degree of soil. Five to twenty-five minutes is sufficient for linens, cottons and heavy garments, though very soiled pieces may need a second wash in hot suds. Sheer white clothing requires only five or ten minutes; silks and synthetic silks about the same time. If clothes are well washed, boiling is unnecessary. Mechanical washers, efficient soaps and softeners have

largely eliminated this tedious step from home laundering.

Colored fabrics, if the dye is fast and permanent, may be washed in the same way, but those of fugitive color must be treated carefully in order to preserve the tint. For these, soaking is not advisable, and the temperature of the suds should not be more than lukewarm, not over 120 degrees Fahrenheit.

A neutral soap should always be used and a mild water softener. Speed in washing is important; the quicker the garment is washed and dried, the less likely is the color to be seriously affected. Very loose colors may be "set" by allowing the clothes to stand a few minutes in a solution of salt and water (about two cupfuls of salt to one gallon of water). Vinegar is best for different shades of blue—one cupful to a gallon of water. As a rule, however, low temperature, with thorough rinsing in water of about the same degree of temperature, and speed in cleansing and dying are all the precautions necessary. Until you are sure the dye is fast, colored garments should be washed alone, for every housekeeper knows what havoc may be wrought by a dark piece of clothing if the color runs into white or colored materials of a lighter shade.

SILKS and woolens also require very careful handling. The directions outlined for colored materials should be followed in washing these fabrics; hot water, harsh soaps and strong water softeners if used in the slightest excess, attack the fabric and lessen the life of the garment. Silks and synthetic silks may be washed together. They should be gently agitated to permit the suds to penetrate and cleanse all parts, and if washed by hand, they should be squeezed, not rubbed, as the fibres are easily broken when wet. For this reason, too, it is best not to wring them by hand, but instead to squeeze out the water. They may, however, be put through a wringer with safety.

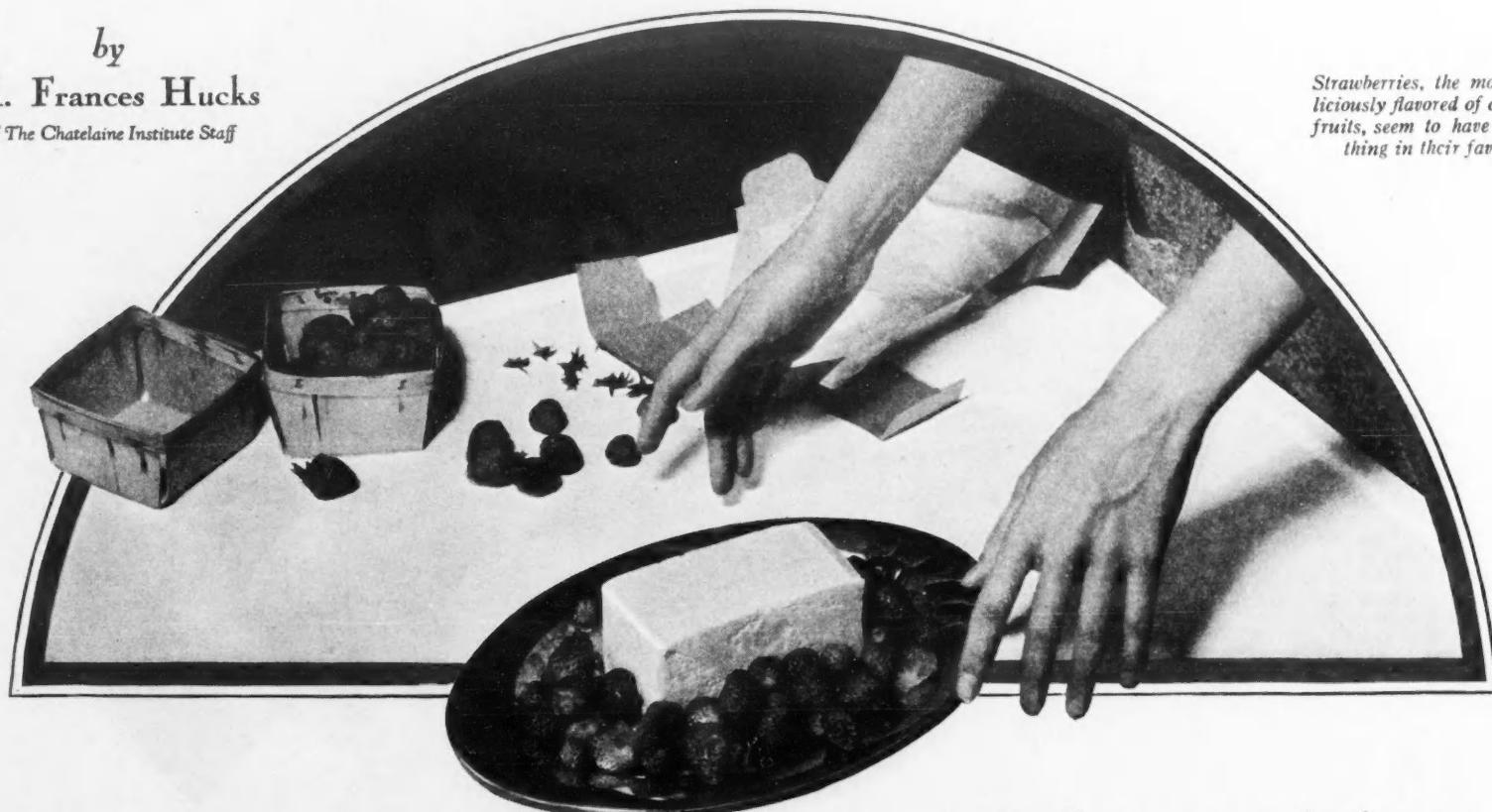
Woolens should be washed alone, and will retain their soft fluffiness if the cleansing is carefully done. Never rub soap on soiled parts, but put the garments in the prepared lukewarm solution of water and mild soap. Avoid rubbing and do not wring them but press out as much water as possible.

Thorough rinsing is important in the cleansing of all materials. It is best to give even cotton and linen a hot rinse, and follow by another rinse in warm water. A further rinse, to which the blueing is added, [Continued on page 50]

THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

Helen G. Campbell, Director

by
M. Frances Hucks
Of The Chatelaine Institute Staff



Strawberries, the most deliciously flavored of all our fruits, seem to have everything in their favor.

Our Delicious Fruits of Early Summer

ISN'T it lucky that fresh fruits taste so good, when they are so necessary in our diets? And are we not fortunate to live in a land where our own gardens supply us with an abundance of delicious foods as the season advances? Even if we have not a garden of our own, someone near by has, and we are assured of fresh sun-ripened fruits. If we want to go on counting our blessings we might add—isn't it great to live in an age when products of another clime can be brought so speedily and in such excellent condition to our very doors? And just one more question mark—wouldn't we be foolish and unappreciative if we didn't take advantage of these numerous blessings that Nature has wrapped up in such attractive parcels?

If we confined ourselves strictly to a discussion of early summer fruits, we could not even mention rhubarb, because, strange as it may seem, rhubarb is a vegetable. But it is so popular in pies—it goes by the name of pie-plant in many localities—in puddings and in fruit combinations, that we naturally include it with our dessert possibilities. The early spring rhubarb, tender, delicately flavored and colored, is more generally preferred than the coarser, garden variety which is more prevalent now. The former can be washed and cut in pieces without peeling, but the tough, stringy skin must be removed from the latter. And the delicacy of the early rhubarb makes it more appetizing served alone, whereas the coarser product is most frequently served in combination with other foods.

Rhubarb is a popular ingredient in preserved fruit combinations as jams, marmalades and conserves, or it may be canned alone for winter use and retains its fresh flavor to a surprising extent.

But enough about this vegetable-fruit, whose annual early flare of popularity is almost over. We have the luscious strawberry to consider—and we have nothing but praise to offer. Of course, there are a few unfortunates who react unfavorably toward strawberries, and for them we have nothing but pity, for who does not agree with the words quoted by Izaak Walton—"Doubtless God could have made a better berry but he never did." The most deliciously flavored of all our fruits, with a gorgeous color, of a shape and size that makes the simplest dish look dressed up, the strawberry seems to have everything in its favor. And then we learn that it carries valuable minerals in appreciable amounts and even contains vitamins. We said we had nothing but praise to offer but we will have to contradict it. There is one great fault. The season is too short.

Strawberries and cream come first in popularity as a method of serving this fruit, and strawberry shortcake is a close second, but let us have real shortcake—not a generous serving of cake, completely covered with whipped cream and garnished with an occasional strawberry. What we want is a rich biscuit mixture, warm and light, generous quantities of crushed strawberries, a little whipped cream if you like, then whole berries for garnishing. Can't you picture it? M-m-m!

Fresh strawberry tarts need no words to describe their popularity which is rivalled only by that of their big brother—the pie. Then again, we can freeze strawberries, we can "jell" them, we can preserve them, we make them into sauce and salad; we use them in fruit cups and in drinks; we offer them at breakfast, luncheon and dinner and any time between. At breakfast they are delicious if served unheated around a mound of fruit sugar, or, perhaps, dipped in orange juice, then in sugar. Strawberries combine perfectly with many other fruits and one, in season still, is pineapple.

Strawberries, pineapple, cherries and raspberries offer endless novel ideas in serving; as shown in these popular recipes from The Chatelaine Institute

Here again, no method of serving is as delicious as the cubed fruit, sugared and served alone, well chilled. Decorative effects are obtained if the fruit is removed carefully, leaving the shell intact, and a chilled mixture served in the shell, or the little trick of cutting around the small sections to obtain wedges which we can pick up in our fingers and dip in sugar is still quite novel. Pineapple is a tasty accompaniment to many meat dishes and is used for novel and varied salads. Dessert dishes made with pineapple are as numerous as they are delicious and offer great opportunity for originality.

IT WON'T be long until cherries and raspberries appear in generous quantities to tempt us. The big black, juicy cherries, or the sweet white ones, lend a distinct air to a fruit salad and find a most enthusiastic welcome when used in a fruit cup or cocktail. The less sweet variety attains its topmost peak of popularity in a deep, luscious cherry pie, and where is popularity more deserved? But cherries are also delicious with cereal puddings such as rice or tapioca, or in combination with blanc mange and other bland foods.

Raspberries and cream make another simple favorite, but here again we can glorify other plainer foods by adding this colorful fruit. The family heartily approves of the practice of using ripe berries with the prepared breakfast cereal, and if they demand a heartier dessert than the fresh fruit, delicious baked or steamed puddings can be made by simply pouring a plain batter over the sweetened fruit placed in the bottom of a mold. This is sure to please the most particular member of the family when it is served with cream or sauce made by thickening the juice that you have drained from the fruit. Refreshing drinks make use of raspberry juice which gives a rosy color to the paler juices used and raspberry vinegar is an old favorite.

One could write pages about the fruits of early summer and then not say all that could be said. And it is unnecessary to say "Use these fruits as [Continued on page 51]

The Bride Stocks Her Cupboard

What to choose and how to buy wisely—These and other problems are discussed

by

HELEN G.
CAMPBELL

Director of
The Chatelaine Institute

HOUSEKEEPERS of a generation or so took pride in displaying their pantry shelves laden with quantities of food sufficient for many weeks and months. Nowadays the average

months. Nowadays, the average housekeeper has much less storage space, and food supplies are purchased in small amounts. Perishable food is bought for immediate use, and in smaller quantities which can be accommodated in the household refrigerator. Certain staples, however, are necessary in the preparation of meals, and the wise young housekeeper will lay in a supply for use as the occasion arises. In this her ability to spend wisely will be displayed. She will want on hand sufficient variety to flavor and season to a nicety, but will not make too great a demand on her shelves for articles which are infrequently used.

The bride who is cooking for two people has a somewhat different problem from the woman whose family comprises a larger number. Quantities required are smaller and, as a rule, less variety is essential. The list of spices, for instance, may be more limited. If neither the bride nor her husband likes nutmeg, there is no wisdom in buying it simply because it is found on her mother's shelves.

There are many commodities which are essential for good cooking. Sugar, for instance; what quantity shall the young housekeeper buy? Her grandmother probably bought a sack of one hundred pounds. Probably her mother bought fifty pounds. Today's bride will likely be satisfied with about five pounds of granulated sugar and she may need the same amount divided among the other forms now in common use; two pounds of brown sugar, a pound of lump sugar, and one pound each of confectionery and powdered sugar.

A GUIDE		
SUGAR		F
granulated	7 pounds	
brown	3 pounds	
loaf	1 pound	
confectioner's	1 pound	
powdered	1 pound	
FLOUR		
pastry	7 pounds	
cake	1 package	
bread	3½ pounds	
BAKING POWDER	1 tin (12 oz.)	
BAKING SODA	1 package (8 oz.)	S
CREAM OF TARTAR	1 package (2 oz.)	P



The wise young housekeeper will lay in supplies for use as the occasion arises. In this, her ability to spend wisely will be displayed.

prepared for lightness and fineness of texture may be bought in packages.

Baking powder is an essential ingredient in many batters and doughs, and it is economy to buy it in fairly large tins. Smaller packages of soda and cream of tartar are advisable as they are not used so frequently in baking and less is required. Flavorings and spices give variety, but they must be of high quality to be most appetizing. A two-ounce bottle of vanilla and other extracts is a good size and a two-ounce package of each of your favorite spices will be adequate.

Salt and pepper are used at almost every meal, but in such small amounts that a little goes a long way. White and black pepper may be bought in bulk or in packages, and salt in bags or cartons. The latter form costs a few cents more, but it is convenient, and the salt is prevented from lumping in damp weather. Mustard, powdered or prepared, vinegar of different kinds, and a variety of other condiments, will be needed, the amount of each depending upon the frequency of their use in cooking. Such staples as macaroni, spaghetti or noodles form the basis of many supper dishes, and the bride will find it advisable to have a package of each among her supplies.

Rice, tapioca and sago are popular for quickly made and inexpensive desserts. Reference to desserts brings to mind the sweetened and flavored jelly powders which require only the addition of hot water and may be served plain or used to mold cubes of fruit, nuts and other additions. Unflavored gelatin in granulated or powdered form may be used to

"set" fruit juices or other dessert mixtures. It is required also for jellied consommé, jellied meats and salads, so popular at any season and particularly in the warmer months. These dishes may be prepared in advance—and an advantage which the housekeeper appreciates on a busy morning. Raisins, dates, cocoanut, cocoa, chocolate, may be used to vary desserts of all kinds, and often give character and interest to a plain dish. Seedless and seeded raisins may be purchased and stoned dates are now on the market. Maple syrup, honey, molasses, corn syrup, are among the ingredients useful in dessert making. With this final course or as an accompaniment to the afternoon cup of tea, the bride may serve those delicious dainty biscuits sold by the pound or in attractive packages. Other types available are excellent with the soup or salad. In fact, there is a biscuit for almost all purposes and one to suit every taste.

In most cities and towns, the daily delivery of fresh milk is one of the most dependable services, but canned milk—evaporated, condensed and powdered—may save the day if extra demand is made on the amount ordered. These forms of milk may be used in many recipes, and their presence on the shelf of staples gives a feeling of security. Tea and coffee may be bought in bulk or packages. The former will be satisfactory if the food is stored in covered jars as soon as received. A cover must be kept on the container if the fragrance and flavor of the tea or coffee is to be retained.

For salads, the bride has a wide choice of fresh fruits and vegetables with which she may serve a dressing made in her own kitchen, or one of the prepared dressings available in

sings available in jars and bottles of various sizes. These keep well and the larger sizes are a better "buy," as the cost is relatively less. Canned vegetables for salads and canned fruits for salad are a convenience which it would be well to consider in [Continued on page 50]

A GUIDE FOR THE FIRST ORDER OF STAPLES

SUGAR		FLAVORINGS		MUSTARD		TEA	
granulated	1 pounds	vanilla	1 1/2 oz. bottle	1/2 pound	1 pint	COFFEE	1 pound
brown	3 pounds	lemon	1 1/2 oz. bottle	VINEGAR	1 pint	SHORTENING	1 pound
loaf	1 pound	almond	1 1/2 oz. bottle	RICE	1 pound	SALAD OIL	1 pint
conffectioner's	1 pound			TAPIOCA	1 pound	CORNSTARCH	1 package
powdered	1 pound			GLATINATE (unflavored)	1 package	MACARONI	1 package
FLOUR		SPICES		JELLY POWDERS	2 packages	CRACKERS	1 package
pastry	7 pounds	cloves	1 oz. package	RAISINS	1 package		
cake	1 package	cinnamon	1 oz. package	DATES	1 package		
bread	3 1/2 pounds	nutmeg	2 oz. package	COCOA	1 tin (1 or 1/2 pounds)		
BAKING POWDER	1 tin (1 oz.)	ginger	2 oz. package	CHOCOLATE	1 cake (1 pound)		
BAKING SODA	1 package (8 oz.)	allspice	2 oz. package	MILK—powdered evaporated or con- densed			
CREAM OF TARTAR	1 package (2 oz.)	poultry seasoning					
		SALT	2 pounds				
		PEPPER	1/2 pound				

New Furniture in the Old Tradition

The dining room suggests stability and constancy—Its furnishing should be above reproach

by Mary Agnes Pease

A LECTURER on interior decoration recently made the statement that there was a strong tendency at the present time to return to the Anglo-Saxon house-for-each-family idea as opposed to multiple living. Many people, he found, had become tired of making one room do duty for two, and were responding to the drift of fashion which is toward individuality and elegance, and which, of course, affects our houses as well as our clothes.

Our Canadian manufacturers are turning out some of the most attractive furniture for dining rooms that appears in our shops today. This, while derived from some of the old forms, carries the modern note of utility, lightness and decorative quality, so that the result really suggests a twentieth-century design. An example of this is given in the accompanying illustration which shows a dining room suite fashioned on the lovely lines established by Hepplewhite in the eighteenth century. Hepplewhite's favorite maxim was: "Unite elegance with utility and blend the useful with the agreeable." His work, like that of his contemporaries, Chippendale and Sheraton, was considered very revolutionary and "modern" in his time, but in spite of his desire to bring new ideas in line and construction to his age, he did not ignore the best elements of the older designers' art. He suited them to his own ideas and added to them his personal contribution of a lighter and more graceful style. This system of combining the traditional with the modern is one which has always been followed by the best designers of every age.

The interior decorator referred to at the beginning of this article, says that men take more interest in the furnishing of the dining room than of any other room in the house. This, he claims, is because of the formality and unchanging quality of its arrangement which suggest stability and constancy. Men like to feel that they can enter a room in the dark and be sure of the position of each article of furniture. In a dining room, the table is always in the centre of the floor, the sideboard has its own fixed position against the wall as have also the side table, the chairs and other pieces. Because of this conservative attitude in placement, it is important that the pieces chosen for the dining room should be above reproach in wood, design, upholstery and general finish. Of course such fine furniture cannot be obtained for a song, but suites similar to that illustrated can be purchased for prices that are not prohibitive for the average citizen.

THE important difference in present-day dining rooms from those of say ten years ago is to be found in the background, the lighting, the fabrics, the color, the linen and the china, all of which provide opportunity for introducing much variety if we are courageous enough to forget habit and convention. In the room pictured, the color scheme is charming. The walls are golden beige with flecks of pale green, the draperies against the casement windows are of copper-colored damask with a pattern in deeper tones touched with gold, and the chairs are covered with damask in a mixture of deep orange and green. The rug is particularly effective and combines beauty of texture with rare loveliness of color which suits the general tone. It is also a Canadian production and

for it the manufacturers have employed motifs from China and Persia. It is comparatively easy for them to obtain very fine results for they have all the centuries of Eastern rug-making to guide them, perfect facilities for obtaining the requisite material for the purpose, and the finest of machinery and workmen to aid them. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that their productions are silky, pliable and beautiful.

You will notice that a shield-shaped mirror hangs over the sideboard. This is in accordance with eighteenth-century design but the absence of a frame is a distinctly modern idea. This carries on the combination of the traditional and the new. It is interesting to realize that mirrors have never been out-moded as a decorative surface. They are of course tremendously in vogue at the present time for both practical and decorative purposes. One finds mirrors let into walls, as table tops, as backgrounds for lighting and for numerous other purposes, in all of which they are most enhancing. More care should be exercised in the selection of other wall decoration, however, for the dining room.

OUR friend the interior decorator tells of having his appetite completely taken away when he entered a certain dining room because the two most prominent things in the room were the embalmed head of an antique deer and a collection of stuffed birds, which were hardly suggestive of enjoyment of food. He says: "When I enter a dining room I expect to see a table of such size, proportion, scale and arrangement as will not only attract my aesthetic sense but will also bid me sit and eat in comfort. The same quality should be felt in whatever is on the table; also in the chairs, the sideboard and other accessories essential to this room. A common and glaring failure to realize this functional idea is seen in the inordinate display of silverware, cut glass, dishes and other indiscriminate acquisitions of family life displayed upon sideboard and serving table, or even hung upon the walls as decorative objects. This is not only in bad taste but it exposes objects designed for use to unnecessary

association with dust. They are neither decorative nor related to the scheme of furnishing a dining room."

The furniture illustrated on this page, we feel, answers completely the requirements laid down in the foregoing as does also the absence of undue decoration. Certainly the furnishings of a dining room should invite one to linger for a time after the real business of the meal is completed. In our room we have comfortable chairs—six of them—a table of generous width capable of even greater expansion, a sideboard and a china cabinet that are most satisfying to the eye from both a utility and a beauty standpoint. If "that which wins the eye, wins all" then furniture which maintains the best traditions and at the same time follows the spirit of the new modernism as exemplified in this room, is the ideal. The modern manufacturer is no longer scornful of the old forms but is molding them to fit our present-day ideas and adding flavor and spice to them with new fabrics and color, just as the designers of clothes are using certain lines of the Victorian scheme of dress and fashioning them to suit the modern figure and face. One finds in the furniture shops beautiful modern copies of Tudor, of Jacobean, of Chippendale and Sheraton suites as well as those of Hepplewhite. Even the furniture for the tiny dining room includes a suggestion of the furniture of an older day in the refectory table, the corner cupboard and the Dutch sideboard of reduced scale.

Is your dining room attractive? Remember it is the room in which you do most of your entertaining. Many people have never quite realized the importance of planning a really attractive dining room. A clever hostess does not lose sight of the part that this room plays in her entertaining, for she knows that it is here that her success is made. Whatever may be her culinary triumphs, she realizes that the room itself provides the setting, and must be above reproach.

Quality is most important in furnishing a home for future years, and when one furnishes in period spirit with pieces of good design there is no likelihood of regret for the purchase of furniture which is serene and dignified in appearance. When Hepplewhite and his contemporaries brought furniture-designing into flower, they used as their medium that beautiful red wood of the tropics—mahogany—which is still one of the most prized materials of cabinet-makers, and its popularity at the present time is broadening the prestige it won in the eighteenth century. The gleam of mahogany is particularly well suited to a dining room where sparkle and sheen hold sway in silver, glass and damask as well as in wood.

For furniture of the type pictured, the accessories may be exceedingly sophisticated and still be in perfect harmony. These Georgian pieces are wholly in accord with present-day demands and can be successfully associated with modern ideas in color, fabrics and the like. The beautiful lighting fixtures of today are particularly well suited to this furniture as are also the new designs in glass.

In our room with its background of golden beige, green and copper colors, a pale bronze table cloth of damask would tone perfectly. A smart touch for the centre of the table would be a low black bowl with orange-colored flowers. The table glass [Continued on page 49]



The color scheme in this room is charming. The walls are a golden beige with flecks of pale green and the chairs are covered with damask in a mixture of deep orange and green. This suite is a "No-Mar" grouping by Malcolm and Hill, Ltd., in a beautifully grained mahogany.

MISS ANNE MORGAN

daughter of the late J. Pierpont Morgan

discusses modern women... their success, the importance of attractive appearance, the wise care of the skin

WOmen's success . . . the very words kindled enthusiasm in Miss Morgan's fine dark eyes, so like her famous father's. "I am deeply interested," she agreed, "in what women have made of themselves—fully developed personalities."

We were sitting in Miss Morgan's charming boudoir, she gracious and very handsome in her favorite chair of crimson brocade before the open fire. Sunlight from wide windows overlooking the East River fell on her lovely Chéruit gown of golden beige lace, her superb pearls, her wise, kind face, her clear skin and fresh wholesome coloring.

Miss Morgan is so famous as president of the American Woman's Association that I had come to ask her opinion about the care of the skin and its importance to women. Unhesitatingly, she answered,

"Modern women desire that their complexions shall be always clear and vigorous," she said. "A high standard of personality demands physical as well as moral and mental development and care.

"I myself have used Pond's for years," she added. "I felt a little thrill of pride that these simple, whole-



MISS ANNE MORGAN IN HER BOUDOIR IN HER HOME IN SUTTON PLACE, NEW YORK CITY

some beauty aids had, by sheer merit, won the distinguished approval of one familiar with every luxury wealth can buy.

"Through providing such excellent products so inexpensively, Pond's helps women achieve an attractive appearance . . . I am sure they all are grateful," Miss Morgan concluded, with her unforgettable sincere and charming smile.

Pond's four famous products are all you need to keep your skin enchantingly fresh and clear by the four simple steps of the Pond's Method:

to the surface all the clogged dirt, dust, make-up and powder.

2. To wipe away the cream, use Pond's Cleansing Tissues, better because *softer*, more absorbent . . . peach or white.

3. To tone and firm, close and reduce pores, pat cleansed skin briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener. It banishes oiliness, keeps texture smooth as satin, brings fresh roses to your cheeks.

4. For powder base, protection and peach-bloom finish, smooth on a dainty film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Not only on your face but on your neck and arms, too—wherever you powder. Marvelous, too, to keep your hands soft and white.

Tune in on Pond's Program every Friday at 9:30 P.M., D.S.T. Reisman's Orchestra. WEAF and N.B.C. network.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S FOUR PREPARATIONS

MADE IN CANADA

POND'S EXTRACT CO. OF CANADA, Ltd., Dept. T, 167 Brock Ave., Toronto, Ont.

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"Women are grateful," Miss Morgan says, for Pond's four exquisite preparations for the care of the skin.

SAFETY FROM MOTHS

by DORA M. CLAREMONT

Killing the moth larva is the best way to combat its liking for your clothes. The modern cedar chest, properly used, is a sure ally

ANYONE who has watched with wonder the appetites of little children can understand how the moth larvae, in approximately the same stage of development, make such havoc in our woollens and furs in a comparatively short time.

The moth lives its life in four stages—egg, larva, pupa and moth, and during the larva period does nothing but eat. The kind moth mother has already arranged that there shall be nothing else to do. She laid her eggs in the darkest, quietest spot she could find, so that no sight or sound should disturb her offspring in the one big meal of its life.

As soon as it emerges from its microscopic egg, the little moth larva begins to eat. What it can digest is excreted from the diminutive kidneys in the form of tiny pellets. Into the growing mound of these pellets the larva continually burrows, forming from them a protective covering which is practically invisible.

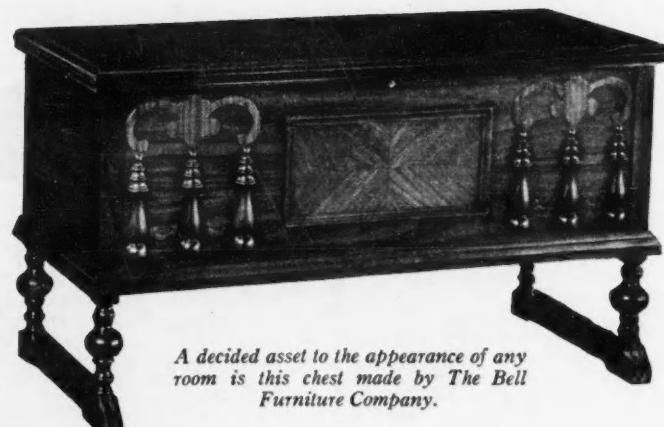
One thread severed in the warp or woof of a fabric can cause a nasty hole. Two threads eaten through scarcely satisfy the hungry moth youngster for an hour. The average moth family totals several hundreds, so that even one moth laying one batch of eggs, hatching successfully to one day of life, can cause a great deal of damage.

In guarding our belongings from the ravages of the moth it is natural that we turn to chests. For centuries chests have been the stronghold of men against their enemies. Before anyone thought of beds or tables, there were treasure chests. They were the only furnishings of the early homes, and because people found them so

convenient to sit on they were given backs and arms and so became benches, and eventually chairs. Ancient barons carried their chests about with them slung on tasseled ropes between two mules. What strange treasures were hidden in them long ago! What manner of apparel did ladies, even at the beginning of this millennium, fold away beneath those heavy lids?



The newest cedar chests stress distinctive qualities of design. The McLagan Furniture Company.



A decided asset to the appearance of any room is this chest made by The Bell Furniture Company.



Simplicity of design distinguishes this "Heirloom" chest made by The Chesley Chair Company.

But there was one ruthless robber that even the chests could not forestall. Somehow, no matter how thick the iron bindings, how stout the wood, how fast the lock, in between the openings and shuttings of the lid or through the tiny crevices in joint and hinge the moth crept in. There in darkness and secrecy it took its cruel toll and thousands of dollars worth of rich tapestries and priceless fabrics were lost to the world.

The red cedar wood from which our chests of today are made, possesses a strong fragrance that is fatal to the young

moth larva and most distasteful to the adult. The red cedar is one of the Juniper family and native to the eastern mountains of the United States. In appearance it is very like our northern cedars but, instead of a cone, bears a small, blue berrylike fruit. The wood is red with a white sap wood, and particularly rich in heavy, pungent oil.

It is this oil which holds the fragrance that "moth-proofs" the cedar chest. You will sometimes see it oozing from the wood—"bleeding," those in the trade call it. This is not a bad sign. Rather is it first-rate evidence that the chest has an abundant store of the fateful aroma that will last for many years.

A certain amount of this oil must be present in every chest, and in order to prevent it from being transferred to the clothing stored for safe keeping, it is best to use several layers of tissue paper next to the wood. Newspaper, or printed matter of any kind, should never be used. The action of the cedar aroma on the printer's ink tends to make it disintegrate and grow sticky.

It is fairly safe to assume that any eggs hatched in the fragrant confines of the cedar chest will be killed before they are able to do any harm. As a few extra ounces of prevention, however, chest manufacturers today are making sure that the construction features designed to keep the aroma in, also keep the egg-laden dust out. Lids are made to fit snugly over dust-proof strips of bronze which automatically seal the openings. One maker uses a mitred triple lock corner construction to prevent any possibility of egg-laden dust gathering in the corners. Hinges are specially designed to be all within in some of [Continued on page 54]



Turned legs and graceful lacewood overlay are attractive features of this chest by The Honderich Furniture Company.



The Jacobean design in this Honderich chest is well suited to dining room use.

In over 1600 cities . . . all over the world . . . beauty experts agree on olive and palm oil beauty cleansing

Madame BERTHA JACOBSON of London tells how to retain the complexion of Youth

THAT ruddy, out-of-doors English complexion. It defies weather. It defies time. And beauty experts in Britain's capital believe that one particular facial soap does much to guard that youthful, wholesome beauty. They advise Palmolive. Their clients use it.

Madame Bertha Jacobson speaks for thousands of her colleagues in beauty culture when she warns against "the harsh effects of soaps not made exclusively of olive and palm oils."

In over 1600 cities — do consider the tremendous reaches of Europe and America that must cover! — beauty specialists advise Palmolive Soap as a safeguard to skin loveliness. And in England, Mme. Jacobson, as a pre-eminent leader in her field, is quite emphatic in her reasons for suggesting its use.

"When women come to me for advice on the care of the skin," she says, "I always impress on them the need for soap and water, as cleanliness of the skin is the first step to beauty.

"By using Palmolive you can always be sure your skin will retain its natural loveliness."

A word about Palmolive

To appreciate the peculiar value of olive and palm oils for beauty cleansing, you must realize how the skin acts. It is made up of millions of tiny pores. These pores open and close, they actually "breathe."

When you clog the pores with powder and cream, when dust and dirt gather in them, these impurities solidify. Unless they are removed, by the use of gentle, soothing soap lather, they form blackheads, pimples, blemishes of all sorts.

Now, because of its olive and palm oil content, Palmolive has been found to be most efficient in cleansing the skin . . . gentler, easier on the youth of the skin. That is why Madame Jacobson and over 20,000 other beauty experts advise it. Why you should use it—to keep that schoolgirl complexion.



YOUTH! Wholesomeness! The captivating freshness of that schoolgirl complexion! You see it in English beauties as well as in our own lovely American types.

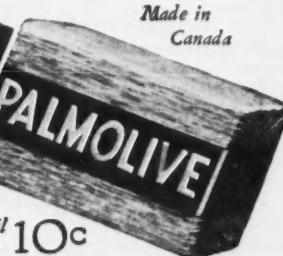
PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR — Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p.m., Eastern Standard time; 7:30 to 8:30 p.m., Central Standard time; 6:30 to 7:30 p.m., Mountain Standard time; 5:30 to 6:30 p.m., Pacific Coast Standard time—over WEAF, CKGW and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.



TEJERO, of Barcelona, helps the olive-skinned Spanish beauties to keep complexions lovely by advertising Palmolive



DAHLSTRAND of Stockholm
Beauty adviser to the loveliest women in Sweden, places "Palmolive first among soaps, because it keeps the skin soft and supple."



6320A
Retail Price 10c



"Palmolive leaves the skin delightfully smooth. It is refreshing, pure, safe. Your skin needs its gentle lather, for true cleanliness, twice daily".

Bertha Jacobson

OF MAISON DE BEAUTÉ POMPADOUR, LTD.
11/12 DOVER STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W. I.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion



It is satisfying to have even your luggage complete the finished ensemble.



by
J. B. JOHNSON

The new luggage is designed to fit three modern requirements—it is compact, smart and convenient

next trip. It's worth a little investment to possess good luggage, not only because it looks smart, but because the modern luggage is designed to carry modern clothes in an up-to-date, efficient manner. We simply don't travel "bag and baggage" in the old sense of the word. When we go abroad from home we can take, if we like, an entire wardrobe in one single piece of hand luggage, and be sure that it will emerge fresh and unwrinkled at our destination. Nowadays we "travel light."

If you were to go into a luggage shop to buy, you would find a piece for every situation and requirement—for the week-end, the summer vacation, the trip abroad; for train, boat, motor, and (still magical word) the airplane. There is a size and type to fit every purse. The trend of the times lists very decidedly toward compactness, and one of the most practical results of this trend is the all-purpose bag which has been developed recently.

"A wardrobe in a suitcase" seems to be the best way to describe the newest hand luggage. It is designed to give wardrobe comfort in a compact area. The lid of the case is made sufficiently deep to hold several dresses—from six to ten if you like. They are so placed that when the case is shut and carried in the hand your frocks will all be hanging in a normal right-side-up position. Nor need they be folded down the centre length, for the cases are wisely constructed in just the right sizes to take the width of your frocks unfolded. Dresses are simply folded over the rod placed in the lid, and secured in place usually by elastic straps. Some cases thoughtfully provide lodging for the longer draperies of one's evening dresses by means of an extra rod intended for this purpose. In the roomy base of this infant trunk is space for all your underwear, your hats and your toilet accessories, with a separate compartment for your shoes. A place for everything and everything in its place!

A similar type of wardrobe-suitcase is made to suit masculine needs. For the travelling man or for the man who must pack dress clothes for a distant affair, there is no greater convenience.

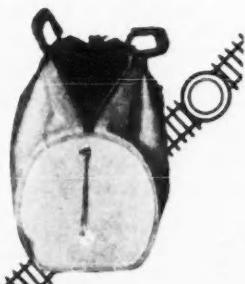
Somewhat larger is the piece which combines the capacity of several suitcases with the convenience of a wardrobe trunk. It is designed to hold four suits or a dozen dresses with accompanying accessories, and it, too, guarantees wrinkleless clothes at the end of the journey. There is a size to fit conveniently under the Pullman seat, where it is ready for instant use when needed; or if you are motoring, it will lock in a special carrier on the running-board. This same model has a special dust-proof feature which renders it particularly suited to motor travel.

One of the newest models contains in the lid, beside the usual dress rack, a removable toilet case. The body is divided by a removable partition into two sections for shoes and lingerie. Most of the new hand luggage includes special fabric shoe bags with their accessories.

Both these modern pieces are equally suited to a week-end visit or a month's holiday. For the casual overnight jaunt, or the weekend spent in a sports dress and a bathing suit, there is the ever popular dressing case which

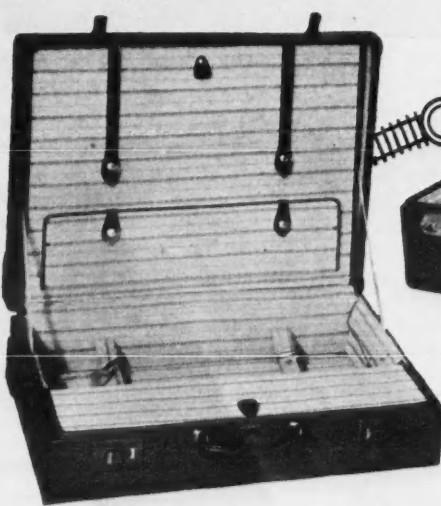
[Continued on page 52]

The Duffel bag (McBrine) can tuck away a surprising number of articles.

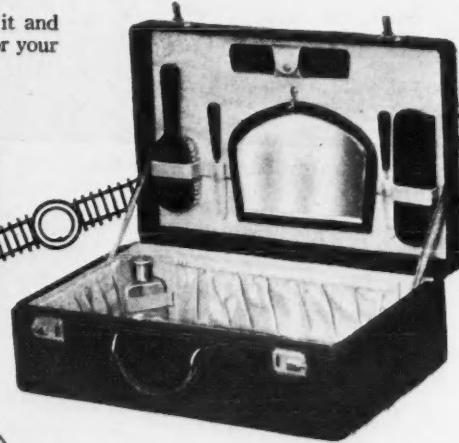


IT'S a strange thing, but though you may plan months ahead for the glorious adventure of "going away," the question of luggage never seems to enter your head until the last minute when the bugbear of where to put things, and how, looks you straight in the face. Of course, you could drag out the old, battered hold-all from the attic, but you know that if you do you will be casting envious eyes upon other people's luggage—so self-contained, somehow, in comparison with your own. "Never again," you will mutter to yourself, as the porter casts a disrespectful glance over your bulging bags. And "Never again," you will sigh when you unstrap the suitcase that hasn't locked these past three years, and lift out the crumpled silk you'd intended wearing for dinner.

One of these days, you'll really mean it and will go out and buy up-to-date baggage for your



The McBrine Aeropack for men has been carefully designed to suit masculine needs. Garments are packed in a similar position as when worn.



A beautifully fitted dressing case by Eveleigh includes a good-sized mirror in the lid.



Dresses hang creaselessly in the lid of the Carson "Migrator."

Shoes in the back compartment, underwear in the large section, dresses hanging neatly on rods, and accessories in the pockets of this Langmuir "Avatrix."



› › › That Subtle Flavour
[*that means Perfection in Sandwiches*]

YOU can't mistake it—when the first sandwich says to your appetite—"Another"—and the second, "still more"—these zestful feelings are but answers to your natural craving for real flavour—the kind that Keen's Mustard adds to cold meat or fowl—that it imparts to salad dressings for egg or vegetable sandwiches.

Pure English Mustard, as made by Keen's brings out and intensifies the natural flavours—adds

a piquancy all its own—is indispensable to successful tea sandwiches, evening refreshments and picnic lunches—never be without a tin of *Keen's Mustard*!



WRITE for the new booklet which will add many new delicacies to your menu—it's free. Colman-Keen (Canada) Limited, 998 Amherst St., Montreal



KEEN'S MUSTARD
COLMAN-KEEN (CANADA) LIMITED
MONTREAL — TORONTO — VANCOUVER

That Outdoor Appetite

Woodsy odors and keen fresh air
lends a tang to even the simplest
gipsy meals



by

HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Director, The Chatelaine Institute

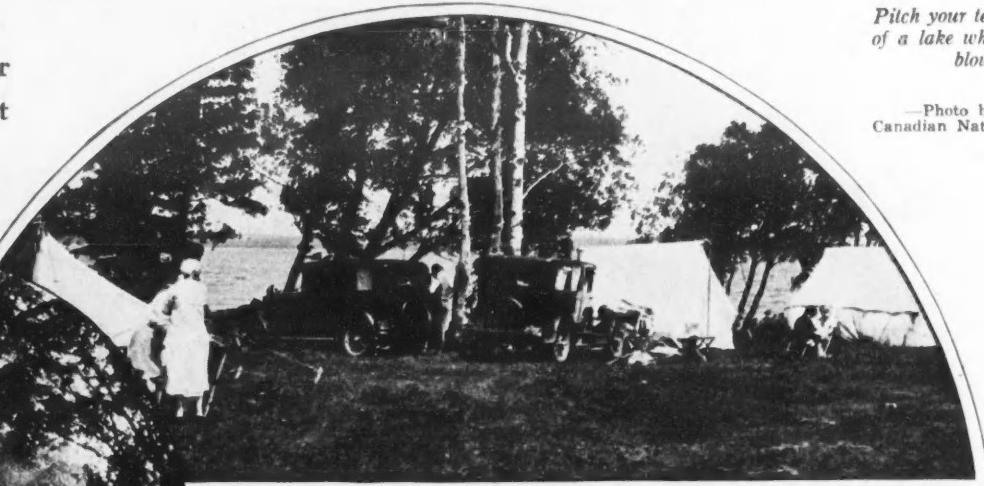
THERE is something of the gipsy in us all. For who does not feel the call of the open, the urge to follow the long, white ribbon of road which stretches before and "leads away beyond the purple hills?"

The caravan may be anything from a flivver to one of those purring, powerful possessions of the plutocrat. And if we haven't either, or one of the "in-betweens," we long for a motor car as poignantly as King Richard longed for a horse.

You probably own one—there is one for every two Canadian homes—and in comfort you travel the trail to your chosen camping ground. If you set out in true vagabond spirit, your car well packed, your hampers full, congenial company by your side, then gipsylike I'll tell your fortune—good cheer and happiness, a gay light heart and glowing health. And money in the bank! For such a holiday costs little and gives a rich return.

But make no mistake: the carefree, gipsy journey requires planning. There is the matter of proper clothes to be considered, lists of equipment to be made, menus to be decided and the wherewithal purchased and packed. Only the novice sets out with haphazard hampers. The seasoned camper takes to the road with all necessities but without one superfluous article to take up space and to try the temper each time it must be moved. He does not forget, however, that emergencies arise, and he slips in a warm coat for chilly evenings, a few simple remedies for insect bites or a touch of sunburn, some extra, easily carried rations for the day when meal-time finds him far away from a grocery and with an appetite which will brook no delay.

Your requirements depend a good deal upon your destination and the time you take to reach it, the facilities by the way, and when you arrive. If you have a definite objective—a cottage or a permanent camp, consider how near or how far it may be from the source of food supply and plan your larder accordingly. If you decide to be a real nomad, sleeping and eating where you will, there are all sorts of aids to help you make your wanderings in luxury. A visit to a camper's supply store heightens one's respect for the ingenuity of man, and fans the desire to adventure in the open. There you will find efficient and compact conveniences—



Pitch your tent by the side of a lake where the winds blow free.

—Photo by courtesy Canadian National Railways

If you plan to stop at motor camps, the problem of satisfactory meals is usually simple.

folding beds, chairs and tables with spiked legs to hold them steady, light waterproof tents, collapsible stoves (even those with ovens), little refrigerators to set on the running-board or fasten on the back of your car, all kinds of pots and pans and kettles which fit together and take a minimum of space, grids and racks for broiling, long-handled forks, fireless cookers, vacuum bottles, and a variety of serving equipment of suitable material and attractive design. Hampers range in price from a few

cents to many dollars to suit all requirements.

But though you may be tempted to spend a lot, you may outfit your caravan for very little. An old suitcase can be transformed into an excellent hamper. Line it with oilcloth pasted neatly in place, attach tape or strips of webbing on the cover, and divide into sections to hold forks, spoons, knives and small utensils. Around the sides arrange a place to secure cups, saucers, plates and little jars. Small tin boxes, or packages can be fitted into the remaining space and you will be surprised at the amount your hampers will hold.

Then, too, you may take along certain of your kitchen utensils instead of a nested set. They will do duty equally well but require more space, which is often at a premium in the car. Paper plates, cups, spoons and table napkins are cheap enough to throw away after using, and enamel or aluminum dishes of a reasonable price can be taken along for hot food. Small tin cans are best for carrying such

staples as cereals, flour, sugar, salt. Paper or cardboard containers are apt to break and the contents spill.

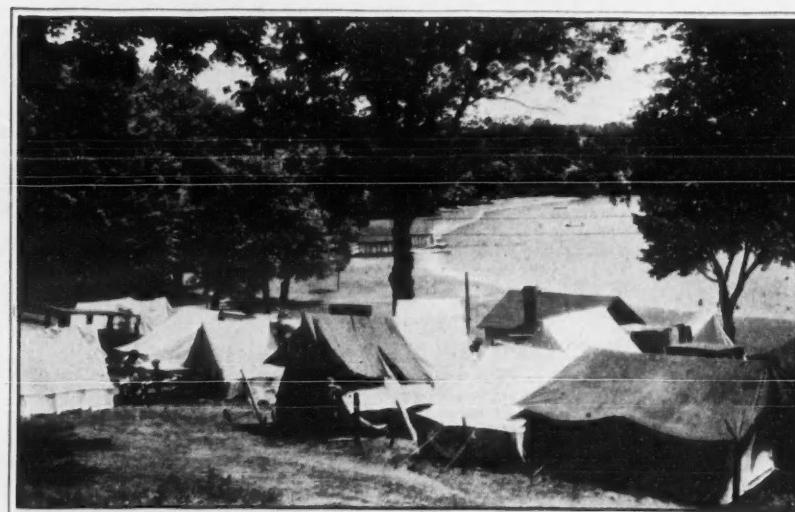
Instead of purchasing a stove, you may prefer to build camp fires over which to do your cooking. Learn the art of doing this, and it will be a pleasure instead of a chore. The place for your fire is important: it must be a clear, open space where there is no danger of setting grass and trees afame, but with kindling and heavier wood not too far away. It is sometimes advisable to bring along some firewood or a bag of charcoal which can often be bought at low cost. And don't forget the matches and a few newspapers to light the fire. Charcoal is splendid for the purpose as it heats quickly and makes a bed of coals without smoke. Before starting the fire, build a shallow well of stones to serve as your fireplace. Do not make it too big, as a large fire is harder to handle and unnecessary unless there is a large number of people. Begin the fire in good time, and do not try to cook your food until a thick bed of coals is formed; flames will blacken your pots and pans, smoke your food and may burn your hands as you try to manipulate the utensils.

A strong wire rack may be laid across the stones to hold the kettle or frying-pan and a coffee pot; your oven grate will be splendid for this purpose, or you may buy a grate with folding wire legs which may be planted in the ground. This is steady and strong enough to support considerable weight. With it the stone fireplace may be unnecessary. Of course, if a fire is impossible, there are small alcohol or gasoline stoves which may be taken.

More mistakes are made in the assembling of food supplies than in any other detail of preparation for the outdoor holiday. Yet it should be comparatively simple; certainly there is unlimited choice of suitable foods and no danger of flagging, finicky appetites. If you are staying at a cottage located near a town, village or farm, you will need only enough food to serve for your journey. If, instead, you will make camp far from a supply store, you must carry staples and other foods to assure satisfactory meals. It is a good plan to prepare your menus in advance, and from these compile your market order according to the number in the party and the length of your stay. The menus suggested below might be cut from the page and hung in a prominent place to serve as a guide for the week's meals.

Nowadays, there need be no monotony in camp fare, for the list of wholesome and delicious canned foods provides such wide variety. Fruits, vegetables, soups, meats and fish of all kinds and flavors can be purchased at any grocery. Dry evaporated and condensed milk, relishes, salad dressings, bottled beverages, jellies, marmalades and jams are also available everywhere and keep exceedingly well. Canned tomato juice is a newer product which is convenient and useful, particularly if young children are along. Packages of ready-to-serve or easily prepared foods are limitless in number; cereals, macaroni, spaghetti, rice, tapioca, cheese, prepared cake and pancake flour, crackers, biscuits of every kind, chocolate, custard and jelly powders

are among those which the camper will find invaluable. Dried fruits and vegetables keep well, but do not forget to serve the fresh variety as often as possible. Fresh fish may be easily procured, and fresh meats [Continued on page 47]



Canada is the camper's paradise where broad highways, shady woodlands, and pleasant beaches beckon for holidays of any length.

—Photo by courtesy Canadian National Railways

STYLE

PENMANS NEW
SILK HOISIERY offers you
a quiet distinction that is
the hallmark of supreme good
taste.

The elegance and perfect fitting
quality of Penmans New Silk Hosiery
have earned for it the approbation
of fashionable women.

And just as they are styled to
lead the mode, so are these
stockings fashioned to pro-
vide maximum endurance
and wear.

PENMANS
Limited
PARIS
Ont.

PENMANS
NEW SILK HOISIERY

**THIS
TOOTHPASTE
KEEPS MORE
PEOPLE'S TEETH CLEAN THAN
ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE IN THE
WORLD—AND HAS FOR OVER
30 YEARS . . .**

yet sells for **25c**



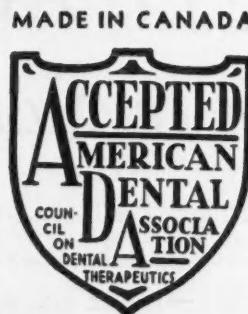
COLGATE'S has healthfully and completely cleansed more people's teeth than any other toothpaste the world has ever known.

Colgate's has been more universally recommended by dentists through the years than any other dentifrice ever made.

And now—climaxing 30 years of leadership—Colgate's has been accepted by the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics. The seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.

Colgate's sells for 25 cents because more people use it than any other make. The price is important—but the quality, not the price, has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.

**COLGATE'S RIBBON
DENTAL CREAM**



This shield is the seal of acceptance.

Previous Installments

TANIA ARDWYN has been ensnared into a secret marriage with Rodney Blakiston when she was too young to realize his duplicity. However, she leaves him immediately after the ceremony. She meets Larry Cardross and falls deeply in love with him, but before she can tell him of her marriage he hears it from Blakiston, who is insisting that it be made public. In a fury he marries Mae, a selfish, pleasure-loving girl interested only in his money.

Blakiston, in order to threaten Tania and compel her to acknowledge the marriage, makes love to Tania's sister Judy.

Tania's parents, Emily and Ross, who have been separated for two years, but who are trying to bring their home together again, suspect that something is wrong, but feel helpless to do anything, and blame themselves for the chaos in their children's lives.

Larry begs Tania to run away with him, but she refuses. He determines to get a divorce, and insist on Blakiston allowing a divorce from Tania, but Mae tells him she is going to become a mother, and he realizes that he must stay with her.

Next month this serial will conclude.

nurse. The baby need not worry you."

He did not wait for her reply but closed the door after him with an odd gentleness, went down the corridor, spoke to his man, and then, with no particular aim or reason, went on down the wide red-carpeted staircase into the hall below.

IT WAS nearly three months before Larry left Paris or the Ritz Hotel for more than a few hours at a time—three months of mental torture such as he had never guessed could be borne, months wherein he tried with all the strength at his command to stand loyally by Mae, to help her endure what had to be endured, to drive the memory of Tania out of his heart.

Since that scene on the day of his meeting with Blakiston he had never resumed intimate relations with his wife. Mae had been ill and wretched, and after the first shock of rage had worn off, she had been a little more like her old self and treated him at least with courtesy, even at times almost with a gleam of gratitude. For he was very patient and perhaps because of, rather than in spite of, his misery, unfailingly gentle and considerate with her.

The second specialist called in by Dr. André had cautioned against travel, and Mae had been too listless and sick to rebel. The trouble and responsibility of an *appartement* were not now to be thought of, so they stayed on at the Ritz, and Larry endeavored by endless correspondence to get affairs at Dodsworth and the Leicestershire place into something like decent shape. It was however imperative that he should at least spend a week or two in Canada since the place badly needed attention and only he could make the necessary decisions; so, shortly after, he arranged to go to New York for a month and left Paris one icy morning in the last week of January.

THE incredible thing happened as it sometimes does in spite of the ninety-nine examples to the contrary, and Tania coming out of a shop in 49th Street, the day after he landed, almost ran into a tall broad figure who began a quick apology and stopped short with a stifled exclamation.

"Tania!"

"Larry!" the word was a cry and for almost a minute the two stood there, eyes searching eyes, reading in each other's faces all the hunger and heartache of the past months. Then Tania, recovering first, drew away, smiling through a mist of tears.

"You're always surprising me like this!" she said. "Oh, Larry, I didn't know you were in New York! My dear, how wonderful to see you again. Tell me all your news—quickly!"

"I landed Saturday. Mae's in Paris. I'm only over on business."

"It's too early for tea—and we can talk. Larry, is it really you? I can't believe it!"

"I daren't believe it is you," Larry said huskily. "Oh, Tania, my dear, my darling—"

"Don't, Larry! I'm not strong enough. I can't pretend with you. Let's talk—hard—then later we can have tea and behave like reasonable people."

So he told her of his encounter with Blakiston in Paris, of Mae's health, at which she winced inwardly in spite of herself, then of his business in America, and she listened, trying to take comfort from his presence.

"So long as Judy is happy I can bear it. And anyhow daddy has put his foot down and they are not to be married till next summer," Tania said in a low voice. "The rest is our own doing: we've got to remember that."

But Larry's hand, slipped within her arm, made her will play traitor to her nerves, and she broke off in the midst of the brave words she had meant to say.

"Can you? But I can't," Larry said. "I can't reconcile myself to doing without you much longer, Tania. I'm nearly at the end of my endurance."

His avowal was so nearly her own that in sudden nervous despair she turned on him.

"Oh, why do you talk as if all the suffering was on your side, Larry? Don't you know that I am nearly desperate when I think that I've got to spend all the rest of my life away from you? Don't you know that it takes all my resolution and all my courage not to throw everything to the winds and come away with you? What have I got to live for? At least you can go where you wish, give account of your actions to no one—and—and there is the other thing you've told me. Your child. You'll have your child to live for."

"The child? How can I live for the child? It is Mae's, not yours. Don't talk to me about the child!"

His tone was harsh, but Tania hardly heeded his words, since for the moment her self-control had gone.

"That is so easy for you to say—now! But you'd have it all the same, and I—I have nothing! Do you think I find it easy to think of Mae with a baby of yours in her arms? Don't you know I'd give everything in the world to be in her place now? You talk of being at the end of your endurance. What about mine? I shall have to smile, to pretend I am interested—perhaps even to see her—and—and the baby as well. What of that? And then you think it is easy for me to refuse to go away with you! Why should it be easy? What have I got to lose? Nothing, and everything to gain that's worth having. Oh, Larry, I can't bear it! I can't! I can't!"

The room was quiet and colorless in the deepening winter dusk; and, regardless of the risk that anyone might come in, he took her in his arms, heedless of everything but the necessity to comfort her. Yet what could he say? How could words be anything but empty and useless? How, loving her as he did, could he be cool or wise. What did anything in the world matter beside her?

He held her and kissed her, fighting the desire to give way to the temptation that had seized her as well as himself to take her away, to disappear from this life that had brought little but misery to them both, to go to the home and the land he had made his own. When at last he spoke, his voice was low and thick.

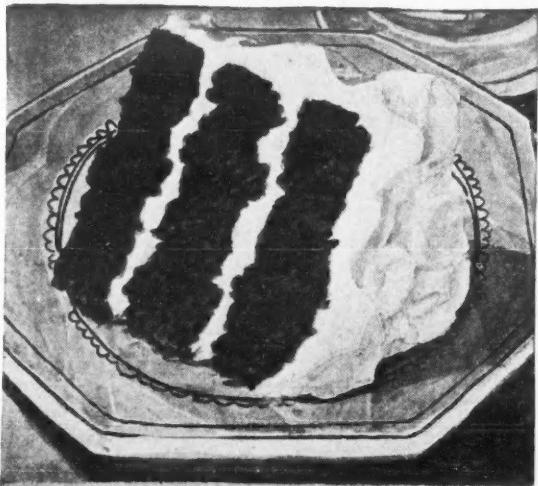
"Tania, I love you with all my body and soul. I can't believe we are going to lose everything. I won't believe it. Sooner or later things will come right, dearest. Lift your head up. I love you. I love you!"

Continued on page 32

Cross Currents

Continued from page 17

• FEWER EGGS • LESS SHORTENING • BETTER CAKE!



RED DEVIL'S FOOD

No ordinary
flour
can promise
you that!



ORANGE TEA CAKES

HERE are three wonderful kinds of cake—all made with Swans Down Cake Flour. When you make them yourself—following the Swans Down recipes exactly—you'll find that each cake is *superlatively* good. Extra light. Extra fine in texture. Extra delicious in taste. They'll be better cakes than you've ever made before!

Now, note this important fact: these cakes are *not* extra expensive. In fact, all three are economical.

How can they be so economical—and still be such wonderful cakes? The answer is—*Swans Down!* In order to get anywhere near as good cakes with *ordinary* flour, you'd have to use *more eggs—more shortening!*

You'll wonder how flour—and flour, alone—can make such a difference . . .

Why SWANS DOWN permits you to economize, and still gives you better cake

All flours contain gluten. In ordinary flours which are milled primarily for yeast bread, the gluten is tough, elastic. Though excellent for the slow action of yeast, this gluten is altogether too resistant to the "quick" leavens—egg whites, baking powder, such things—used in cake.

Swans Down is a *cake* flour. It is made of soft winter wheat because only in this wheat can you get the most delicate of glutens—gluten which is quickly, perfectly responsive to the leavens used in cake. And the difference in Swans Down doesn't stop there. Swans Down is sifted through silk, until it is 27 times as fine as ordinary flour!

Now you can see why a Swans Down economy cake is finer than a more expen-



PLANTATION MARBLE

sive cake made with ordinary flour! Now you can see how Swans Down can improve every kind of cake you make—angel foods, butter cakes, sponge cakes!

Prize winners rely on SWANS DOWN

Ask the prize winners at the county fairs. They know the importance of using Swans Down. In cake contests throughout the country, it is just about a foregone conclusion that Swans Down cakes will win more prizes than all the other cakes put together.

SWANS DOWN
CAKE FLOUR



ORANGE TEA CAKES (Cup Cakes)

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour	1 egg, unbeaten
2 teaspoons baking powder	1 tablespoon grated orange rind
2 tablespoons butter or other shortening	1/4 cup milk
1 cup sugar	1/2 cup orange juice

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, and sift together three times. Cream butter, add sugar, and cream together thoroughly. Add egg and beat until light and fluffy. Add orange rind. Add flour, alternately with milk and orange juice, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Pour into muffin pans, filling them 3/4 full. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 25 minutes. Makes 12 large or 18 small cup cakes.

RED DEVIL'S FOOD (2 eggs)

1 1/2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour	2 eggs, well beaten
1 teaspoon baking powder	1/2 cup thick sour milk
1/2 teaspoon salt	1/2 cup boiling water
4 tablespoons butter or other shortening	2 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted
1 cup sugar	1 teaspoon soda
	1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, and salt, and sift together three times. Cream shortening thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs. Beat mixture vigorously. Add flour and sour milk alternately, a small amount at a time. Pour the boiling water into the melted chocolate; mix quickly. Add soda to chocolate and stir until thick. Cool slightly before adding to cake batter. Mix thoroughly. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (350° F.) 25 minutes. To make three 10-inch layers, double recipe. Put Marshmallow Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake.

PLANTATION MARBLE CAKE (2 eggs)

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour	2 eggs, well beaten
2 teaspoons baking powder	1/2 cup milk
1/2 teaspoon salt	1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 cup butter or other shortening	1/2 teaspoon each cloves and nutmeg
1 cup sugar	2 tablespoons molasses

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs; then flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Divide batter in two parts. To one part, add spices and molasses. Place light and dark mixtures alternately, a tablespoon at a time, in greased pan, 8 x 8 x 2 inches. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 50 minutes, or until done. Frost with boiled frosting. Decorate with raisins and halves of walnut meats. (All measurements are level.)

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE

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Sterling Tower, Toronto 2.

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Please send me free trial package and free booklet,
"The Swans Down Way to Perfect Cakes".

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Address.....

33

DO THESE TWO THINGS... AND USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY



1. Follow this diet daily:

One or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery, ½ lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk, and other food to suit the appetite.

2. See your dentist twice a year (children oftener).

But Tania's moment of weakness was past.

"Dear, I'm sorry. I know. I was nervous and foolish. So long as you love me, Larry dear, I can bear anything. Try to forget those things I said. It's useless saying things to hurt: they hurt oneself so much more. We both say we can't bear it, but we must. There's no other way."

He gripped her hand convulsively for a moment, then let it go and, as if by mutual consent, each began to talk of impersonal matters, exchanging news, asking after mutual friends, discussing social plans.

No one came in to interrupt them, and she walked back with him to his hotel through the lamplit streets, but they did not again speak of intimate matters. All he said when he left her was a brief: "Good-by, Tania," as if they might meet again in a few hours although each guessed it was a long farewell. And Tania, her head held high, her lips set, turned away and walked up the long lamplit avenue.

The others applauded and he waited, half expecting an outburst but to his amazement Mae got up at once, holding the edge of the table.

"All right," she said, "get my coat. Here's the ticket," and when they had climbed the staircase to the street she suddenly caught his arm.

"Where's the car? Where's the car? Tell Jean to drive quickly—I—I'm ill."

WITH frightful suddenness the crisis was upon them; he carried her into the hotel and rang frantically for a doctor, putting her to bed with the deft gentleness of a man who has had to do everything for himself in a wild country. When the stout, bearded Frenchman had arrived, he answered his questions as clearly as could be wished, and aided him with hands that did not falter.

"I should like a surgeon, monsieur Cardross," he said, sitting heavily down by the table whereon the telephone directory lay. "The heart's action is giving me some anxiety and the continued hemorrhage must be stopped at all costs. You permit me?"

"Anyone you like," Larry said dully.

Larry followed André into Mae's room directly the coffee had been taken, and standing by the bed looked pitifully down at its occupant—but Mae did not raise her half-open lids or by the faintest sign show that she knew of his presence, and the nurse watching her intently signed to him not to try to rouse her.

She was just breathing, as he could see by the rise and fall of the blankets, but in her ashen face there seemed the hue of death itself and the piteousness of such waste brought a lump to his throat. She was so ignorant, so young, so pagan—why must these great forces, these elemental powers, take her for their own, strike her down and throw her helpless and exhausted upon the shores of eternity? Why use a steam hammer to crush a moth? With throat aching, he turned away and went into the salon, and in a very few minutes the surgeon arrived to go straight into the bedroom and come back a few minutes later.

His was a famous name. Larry knew he could be trusted as he listened to the brief semi-technical explanation. An operation immediately but the heart was in such a state that an anaesthetic would be the greatest risk. Leave her as she was? She would not live an hour! Every moment the lifeblood drained away, the danger increased. There was one chance in a hundred. What was to be done?

Larry gave instant consent. Any chance was worth while. It seemed to him a lifetime as he waited, staring down at the Place below, after a little going into the long corridor and tramping up and down, up and down. Then the closing of doors, the entrance of the surgeon . . .

It needed no words and Larry uttered none. Mind and speech alike were stunned by shock, and he moved only to one of the windows and pushed it open with the out-of-doors man's instinct for air. As if from a distance he heard the surgeon's quiet voice, felt a kind hand upon his shoulder in the warm instinctive sympathy of the Latin; then Dr. André came in and the spell was broken, the numbness over.

He listened to the explanation, the sympathy, gave necessary information, was aware they were incredibly kind to him, a foreigner in their midst, and when they had gone, André to interview the manager and arrange the last pitiful details, he went into the next room.

SAVE that the eyes were closed, she looked as much as she had looked a few hours earlier, wan and still. But now the faint breathing had stopped and already the fretful discontent of life was being smoothed out of the face. Death was at work with his majestic touch, erasing the lines of selfishness and pettiness that life had drawn. Very quietly, Larry bent down, touched the bright hair with his lips, dumbly asking her spirit to forgive him for his failure, and went out of the room.

To be concluded.

Baby Teeth are important, mother

Neglect them and your child may pay the penalty in later life. Here is some helpful information.

NO mother needs to be told how easily the first (baby) teeth decay. What many do not know is the trouble these teeth, if neglected, may cause in later years.

To be safe is so simple. Take your child to your dentist every few months — immediately should you notice the slightest sign of decay or other trouble. Between times make sure your child uses Pepsodent tooth paste night and morning — without fail.

Pepsodent is safe

The cleansing agent in Pepsodent was developed after thousands of experiments and many years of research. It polishes enamel to a brilliant lustre. *Pepsodent is supremely safe*, as hundreds of laboratory tests on teeth have proved conclusively.

Remove Film from Teeth

Pepsodent tooth paste is the most effective way of removing the



Amos 'n' Andy brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network.



Film

is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly discoloration on enamel. It must be removed twice daily.

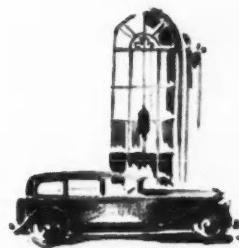


Pepsodent
—the special film-removing tooth paste

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The New De Soto Eight is Chrysler-engineered. It is Chrysler-styled. It is manufactured by Chrysler's precision and efficiency methods. It receives the benefit of Chrysler's volume purchasing power. It therefore partakes of all the qualities that have

enabled Chrysler to establish and hold a lead in the automotive industry. It is an honored member of the great Chrysler family. Built in Canada by Canadians, it supports Canadian labor and thus contributes to the prosperity of the Dominion.

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and up, f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario,
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(freight and taxes extra).
Six wire wheels at slight extra cost.

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Creams
For three vital needs of
your skin*

There is a HARRIET HUBBARD AYER cream scientifically planned for each important need of your skin. With these creams you can give your skin a complete beauty treatment every night. It takes only a few minutes. Cleanse the skin first with LUXURIA of the impurities that collect in the pores, deeper than soap and water can reach. Then massage in the rich SKIN & TISSUE BUILDER with gentle fingertips. You will feel as you do it how the skin gratefully absorbs this balanced nourishment. Tired muscles revive and your whole face glows with health. And lastly, leave on all night a thin film of BEAUTIFYING FACE CREAM. During your sleep it will be clarifying and whitening and refining your skin, giving it a final loveliness of texture and bloom. Do this faithfully every night for a week and see how wonderfully your complexion responds.

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are obtainable everywhere

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BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

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THE FLOWER-GARDEN QUILT



© Ruby Short McKim

THE TIGER LILY

The orange and red flowers add much color to our quilt, just as they do to a bouquet of garden flowers. This one, the tiger lily, may be embroidered with petals of flame color, bud and back of the flower orange leading into green stem and leaves.

The twenty-five flower quilt block patterns which are appearing each month in

The Chatelaine are all needed to complete a beautifully unusual quilt. They are exact size to transfer through carbon paper to seven inch squares of material and then embroider in the naturalistic colors of the flowers, using the simple, well-known stitches such as outline, lazy-daisy, button-hole and French knot.



© Ruby Short McKim

THE COSMOS

Another faithful favorite of the garden is the cosmos which continues to bloom after it gets started in midsummer up until frost comes. The cosmos block is embroidered with orchid tint flowers, pink buds, green leaves and slender stems, with a yellow

French knot centre to each of the blossoms.

The fourteen blocks already shown will be available for readers who have missed them, when the complete twenty-five blocks have been published.



SHOWERING THE BRIDE

New Ideas for the Hostess and Her Friends

by DORA M. SANDERS

AS A matter of fact, I have always felt that the shower bride has a difficult rôle to play. It is so much easier to bring your offering and sit back with a grin, than to undo the ribbons and wrappings of a dozen gifts and find a dozen different ways of saying thank you.

Then, too, there is the situation which must be faced of opening two gifts exactly similar, and the problem of maintaining an air of innocent surprise when the shower secret has already been given away two days before.

The clever hostess recognizes beforehand all these pitfalls she is preparing in the path of her friend, the bride. Her plans are not so much for the entertainment of her guests as the protection of her guest of honor.

She avoids duplication by having her guests let her know the day before what they intend to bring, so that exchanges can be made if necessary. It is sometimes a kindness if she plans their gifts for them, asking three perhaps to join in getting the teapot for the tea table shower, or making sure that nobody forgets the black pepper in the pantry shower.

She plans her evening to make the actual opening of the presents as natural as possible, knowing that the ordeal of picking up the first parcel is enough to give stage fright to anyone. To help this most difficult part of the programme, she insists on each guest supplying limerick, couplet, proverb, or quotation of some sort with her gift, so that all the onus of wit will not rest on the one pair of shoulders.

Of course, she warns her guests individually to secrecy, but is quite prepared to have her bride know all about it when she arrives, and maintains the element of surprise at her end, even though she knows it has leaked out at the other. By making the moment of giving come as unexpectedly as possible, she first disarms the bride of her nervous apprehensions, and secondly allows her no opportunity to lay in a new supply.

A Time Saving Shower

Into the chatter of one quiet gathering of friends, for instance, an alarm clock suddenly shrilled its insistent clamor. "Find it!" cried the hostess. "Find the alarm clock!" echoed the guests. Everybody knew this was going to happen except the bride. Everyone knew where the clock was hidden—behind the chesterfield—except the bride. So nobody found it until she did, and as she stooped to pull it out, and read her name on the card attached, all the other gifts made miraculous appearance on chairs and tables around the room. They were time-saving gifts—an orange reamer, cherry stoner, cabbage shredder, cream whipper, and so on.

An Oriental Shower

As another conclave made merry together, two gypsies staged a sudden, noisy entry, carrying a red cotton bundle, which they dropped in the middle of the floor. Making quick little dives at the guests, who this

time were quite unprepared, they told their fortunes briefly like this:

"You're midway between two passions—passion gone and passion to come. But take heed of the dark horse!"

"Here's one who's lost her heart, though she deny it. Take courage, pretty one, there's good comes by it."

"I see a wide road, fair and prosperous, set about with many interests, and one who treads it to a high place and great honor!"

When everyone has been "read," the gypsies open their bundle at the feet of the bride and press her to buy their wares—this pretty parcel or that—making her open each gift, and asking, "You want that?" She may say yes; she may say no. Whatever happens afterward is quite spontaneous.

The gypsy gifts may be anything at all. When the Oriental idea is elaborated, they are spices, brasses, preserved ginger, a gay striped cushion cover, a pack of cards, swastika ashtrays, or a horseshoe door knocker.

The Booklovers' Shower

Where any group of girls is fond of reading, the booklovers' masquerade is a happy alibi. Everyone comes dressed as a book, and the first game is to guess the book each one represents. Papers and pencils are distributed for the guesses to be written upon, and, after half an hour or so, collected by the hostess to see who wins the prize. Of course, it is the bride, for the "prize" is a box of books brought by the guests—perhaps a set in a good binding, perhaps novels everyone would like to own.

The Wash-day Shower

"Everybody," says the hostess, "must bring something washable—unfadable aprons, kitchen towels, linens, lingerie."

The gifts are not wrapped up. When the guests go into the dining room for supper, they find them all pegged up on an indoor clothes line strung across the room. It is the bride's task to take them down, with the little notes attached, and fold them neatly into a clothes basket, which, with the line and pegs, make up the hostess' gift.

A Kitchenette Shower

When the bride must make her start at housekeeping in a small flat, a kitchenette screen will be a great convenience. It is made of beaver board on a strong wooden frame, in two panels stoutly hinged together. The outside is painted white, the inside papered with a kitchen paper.

Just below the top of each panel are shelves for bread box, meat chopper, mixing bowls and other pieces that are not easily hung up. Mounted at one corner is an indoor clothes line, below it a match box, below that a soap dish. A rack for tea towels centres one panel and under it are the dish pan and set of frying pans.

On the other panel are hooks for the kitchen utensils and aluminum ware with



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so much more at ease
because Kotex is *inconspicuous...shaped to fit*



Then, too, Kotex absorbs scientifically, giving more secure protection

WHEN you realize how individual is your problem of sanitary protection, you appreciate the fact that Kotex is made so that you can adjust it to your changing needs.

That, of course, is only one of the advantages of Kotex. It is shaped to fit inconspicuously under any frock, no matter how close fitting. It is treated to deodorize...it keeps one feeling secure and dainty at times when that is more necessary than usual. It is soft—not only at first, but all the time you wear it.

Kotex filler—Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding—takes up five times its weight in moisture.

The comfort and safety of a sanitary pad are dependent not only upon the quantity of absorption but also—and this to a great degree—upon the method of absorption.

The soft, delicate fibres of which Kotex is made carry moisture rapidly away from the surface, leaving the pad soft and delicate despite

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3. Disposable, instantly, completely.
4. Kotex is soft. Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness, but a delicate, lasting softness.

its amazing efficiency...leaving the sides unpenetrated, which prevents chafing and irritation. Kotex gauze is specially treated for greater softness.

Kotex can be worn on either side. It will serve with equal comfort, with no possibility of embarrassment. Adjust it (you can, you see, because of the layer construction) to meet changing requirements. Dispose of it quickly, easily. Buy it at any drug, dry goods or department store. Kotex Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

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You may send 3 Samples of Kotex and book,
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THE EDITOR OF VOGUE IS ON THE AIR

Every Thursday morning at 11:30 Eastern Daylight Time, over WJZ and associated N.B.C. stations, Mrs. Edna Woolman Chase, the talented Editor-in-Chief of Vogue, will give her advice on what to wear and how to wear it. Tune in on this Instant Odorono broadcast, and, as you think of your clothes, don't forget that Instant Odorono is the best means of protecting your dresses—as well as your charm—from perspiration.

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IS INSTANT AND COMPLETE WITH
THIS MIRACULOUS NEW

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1 With the New Instant Applicator you may apply this amazing new Instant Odorono in a moment. Just pat it on quickly—any time, day or night. No need to use cotton! Nothing messy or greasy! Entirely sanitary! Underarm perspiration is stopped . . . perspiration odor is prevented—instantly!

2 With Its New Quick-Drying Formula Instant Odorono dries almost immediately. Before you have finished with cream, powder and lipstick—it's dry! And you are ready for your frock.

3 It Guards Your Frocks . . . It Guards Your Charm! Instant Odorono saves you money—preventing the costly damage or ruin of your dresses by the acids of perspiration. It eliminates that social handicap, underarm odor . . . so offensive to others. With all the famous Odorono dependability, Instant Odorono keeps the underarms completely dry and odorless from 1 to 3 full days.



FAMILIAR TRAGEDIES NO. 2

AT THE RACES HE SPENT . . . \$30

SHE RUINED HER FROCK . . . \$89

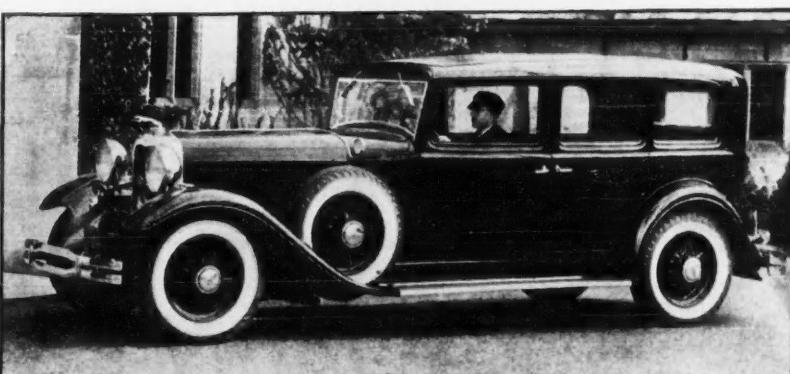
At the races she was charming—in a new French frock. But the day grew warm, and soon she began to perspire, under the arms. She knew the French frock was ruined, for those perspiration stains were sure to fade the color. She thought, too, of underarm odor. So gauche! Why had she trusted an ineffective preparation—when Instant Odorono, so simply and surely, would have saved her frock and her charm.

THE ODORONO COMPANY, INC., MONTREAL

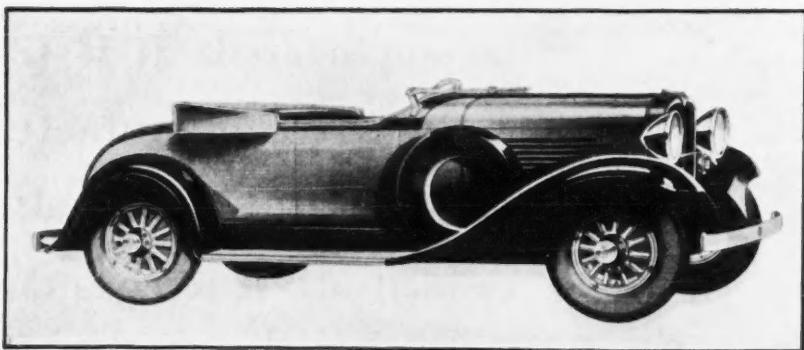
Cars That Go A-Holidaying



The New Dodge Six Sedan



Seven passenger Limousine, on new Lincoln chassis



The new Willys Six Standard Roadster



The New Hudson Coupe

teaching is still the most trustworthy, as it was for long the only, profession. Figures show that about half of those who leave our universities are still entering it. In the nature of things, it will always be a mainstay to the needy graduate, because it expands in such instant ratio to growth of population in a country where we compel our increasing hordes of children to go to school, and must provide an ever-growing force of teachers. The first training does not exceed one year; the salary is reasonably adequate though far from princely; and the profession is not choked, as it once was, with a surplus personnel which cannot be assimilated. None of today's graduates are likely to duplicate my own experience, when I emerged from college with a gilt-edged honors degree to earn a salary of \$400 a year in an Ontario High School. In the West, the number of High Schools is comparatively small, and therefore a great many university-trained women are staffing the public schools, to the great advantage of the children. They are everywhere respected, and contribute much to the development of the country. It is the teacher more than anybody else who makes an impression on the backward settlements of foreign-born, and plenty of young girls are doing valuable work in such places, living in pairs in "teacherages," where boarding-places are not available. In the East, High Schools and Collegiate Institutes absorb most of the supply of graduates, and at the Collegiate the woman instructor virtually reaches her present highest level. Some day there will be more openings for her in the universities than there are now. Within the last ten years her numbers there have slowly increased, but it is still true that the majority of Canadian women Ph. D.'s are working in the United States.

BUT there are plenty of young women who do not like the thought of teaching. To them it is all pettiness and monotony and nervous irritation.

"The pettiness and monotony are not in the profession," exclaims an enthusiastic teacher. "They are in the person who feels them."

Yes, but nevertheless a woman is foolish to knock at the doors of a profession which repels her, if she can find another which does not.

Last summer I had a long talk with a woman representing a well-known training-school for social workers. "We are constantly having calls for trained workers far in excess of what we can supply," she told me. "The conscience of the world is waking up to the world's social sins, and the business sense of the world realizes that the problems involved must be studied scientifically if its efforts are to achieve anything. The consequence is that from the most unexpected quarters we are besieged with demands for workers."

Individual churches in large cities want them. The churches at large want them for their city missions. Municipalities want them to handle relief work. Authorities want them to do case work in connection with juvenile courts and mental hospitals. Governments, as they take on more and more social services in the form of mothers' allowances, widows' pensions, old age pensions, child welfare work, and so on, have to look for workers to administer their Acts. For a good while to come, women of the right sort will be able to find a niche here. At present, the supply does not nearly equal the demand.

Girls who study household economics have a number of lines open to them. They may teach their subject in the larger schools, or they may be housekeepers in such institutions as hospitals, physical or mental. Or they may be dietitians in restaurants and hospitals, in which case they will be concerned only with the food. Or they may be employed by the provincial governments, at least in the West, to work among women's institutes and girls' clubs throughout the sparsely settled districts. Of late, the large stores have shown a tendency to use them. One that I know not only employs such graduates as dietitians in its two or three

restaurants, but also uses them as advisers in china and in furniture, as shopping assistants and as budget experts. Or they may, and some of them do, succeed well with private tearooms.

A wave of interest in physical training has during the last few years crowded every gymnasium in the country. More will soon be built. It will not be long before even modest schools will have to possess one. And every gymnasium postulates an instructress. Moreover, there is plenty of room in the physical field for private enterprise.

Business women are also "comers." Those who mean to make a real lifework of business will begin in the same way as the girl-at-home, but will go farther.

I AM not sure about nursing. The nurse might seem to be almost as necessary a public helper as the teacher. But then she is paid out of private purses, and the high cost of illness is one of the subjects now most discussed. The trained nurse is being called in only under pressure of extreme necessity. I should be inclined to think that the profession is for the time being overstocked, as teaching once was, although it will doubtless imitate the latter by recovering in due time.

The demand for trained librarians, although undoubtedly one that the future will strengthen, has not really become serious in Canada yet. There are openings in our very few large cities, and in our universities wherever they may be situated. But those who do not find work in one of these usually have to go to the United States. Most libraries, even the main ones, engage untrained assistants, and then if they think well of them give them leave of absence for training, and keep their post for them until their return. Any girl who leans to library work would do well, if she wishes to remain in Canada, to see whether she cannot make some such arrangement.

What of journalism, that calling which at one time or another lures us all? Well, on that point I defer to the editor. But my own feeling is that secure and well-paid posts for women are few, and that the rewards of the work lie chiefly in the work itself. Only the few to whom the smell of printers' ink is as the breath of their nostrils, and to whom the thrill of tracking down an occasional story is sufficient compensation for endless dull hours spent in compiling lists of names for the society page, had better join up as reporters. Freelancing, on the other hand, is open to us all as soon as we acquire anything interesting to say.

But whatever you choose to do, girls, train yourselves as well as you can. It is the trained woman who succeeds, unless the untrained one is more of a genius than most of us have the assurance to believe ourselves. If you cannot afford the courses you want, get the best you can, and save the money from your first job to get some more. And when you have done your very best, still remember that you are surrounded by a world containing a store of beauty and goodness and capacity that may well keep you humble; and that you will be working side by side with women who will be watching you to see whether your university education has bred in you conceit. Don't let them find it.

WHAT'S the use of it all?" some sceptical elder will say. "They'll all get married soon, anyway. All they want is something to fill in a few years."

Yes, most of them will. Statistics prove that, and any woman who has watched for a long term of years has only to look into her own memory to illustrate the statistics. Nearly all the girls I have mentioned in this article are now married and living in happy homes of their own. But believe me, those homes are all the happier because in each there is a wife and mother who, in the successful practice of a profession, learned self-control and human nature, and how to apply every bit of her powers to her daily problems, and who knows that if death should break her marriage she can maintain the independence of herself and her children.



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Corrects Wrinkles, Reduces Coarse Pores

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NEVER has a beauty product created such a sensation. The most famous beauty experts of Europe such as Andrellys of Paris, and Emile of London, seized upon it instantly. Through 15 years of research, this perfected Clasmic Pack Facial has been developed. Never before has it been thought that a beauty treatment could so effectually smooth away lines and crows' feet, eradicate puffiness, tighten and freshen the skin—in short, really rejuvenate faces.

Yet these seemingly miraculous results are simple enough once you understand the ingenuity with which Clasmic Pack has been devised. From the corners of the world the most effective elements for beautifying the skin have been collected. Oils and balsams from Asia, a peculiar substance found only in certain parts of North America, a rare oil from Siam, all have been combined into a Clasmic material that clings to the face

until removed. In this way these efficacious substances are held in direct contact with the face for 20 to 30 minutes —are really allowed to do their work.

Scientists say almost every face nowadays is a tired face. Even those scarcely out of their teens show the strain of modern life. Clasmic Pack freshens and rests the face as no cosmetic will do. At the same time it clears the skin, eradicating enlarged pores, blackheads and imperfections, bringing new health and color to the cheeks.

The demand for Clasmic Pack has been so great that it is being distributed by practically every drug and department store. Unless it delights you with its surprising results, it costs you nothing. You will be thrilled with your first treatment — you will be even more amazed at how a series of these treatments remake your complexion. Ask for Clasmic Pack today wherever toiletries are sold.

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The new Aeropack invites comparison

COMPARE the new Aeropack for men with any hand baggage offered. Its outstanding advantages make it the obvious choice. Note these conveniences: Holds 2 suits—without wrinkling or crushing. The patented Aeropack principle retains the suit entirely in the lid, separated by a partition which helps keep suits clean. Accessories packed in the body may be removed without touching suits. No trays. A compact, light case, smart in style and by far the most practical.

You may also obtain a dressing case to match the Aeropack for men. See both these new pieces now. Also the ladies' Aeropack and other McBride Around-the-World Baggage. Write for illustrated booklets on travel. The L. McBride Co., Limited, Kitchener, Ontario.



McBride-Mendel Trunk

The famous McBride-Mendel dust-proof and warp-proof Wardrobe Trunk—one of the many pieces of McBride Baggage.

M C B R I D E
AROUND-THE-WORLD  BAGGAGE

perhaps another little shelf for spices. Set up beside sink or stove this screen looks like the corner of a little kitchen and does away with a great deal of the unsightliness and inconvenience of close-range kitchen quarters.

The Tea Table Shower

This is a variation of the teacup shower and includes a teapot, spoons, caddy, cosy, sugar and cream, brass kettle, sugar tongs and what you will. The little parcels are piled on the tea wagon in the kitchen. Then, at supper time, the bride is asked to "help bring in the tea wagon," and while she is occupied with ribbons and tissue paper, the other guests play around with the sandwiches.

A Pantry Shower

How woeful are the empty shelves of a new pantry compared to the generous crowded cupboards of "home," or the proud bottles that will be ranged upon them, month by month, as the seasons swing around toward winter! A pantry shower is a wonderful tribute to a "home-minded" little bride. Perhaps the gifts are precious preserves from a personal supply, or bought pickles and jams, or such delectable canned stuffs as lobster, figs, asparagus tips, or fruits. The gifts may be piled in a preserving pan centrepiece on the supper table; or appear as the "treasure" in a treasure hunt; or be strung with white ribbons from a central white-frilled umbrella inverted under the chandelier.

The supper table centrepiece is a great help in shower giving. A big bright kettle or bread box containing the gifts of a kitchen shower may sprout white ribbon streamers in the manner of a Christmas pie. A big silver moon or a butterfly guarding the gifts perhaps carries out the decorative scheme on the tally card and favors all evening.

A Flower Garden Shower

For the spring bride who is going to love her garden, a flower garden shower is one of the prettiest and most exciting that can be imagined. Flowers are the theme of all the decorations and games. The gifts are precious roots or special seeds from her friends, and include watering can, shears, basket, gloves or sun hat from those who have no plants to offer. A novel idea, in this case, is for the guests to keep their gifts with them, secreting them on their laps at supper time. The table centre is laid out like a miniature garden, with glass pool, evergreens and little colored pebbles for a rock garden. Like seed packages marking a garden plot, pins are stuck here and there, bearing the names of flowers. The bride must choose one—perhaps it is delphinium. Presto! Someone gives her a delphinium root!

The pins, of course, are all named to cover the gifts arranged.

A Vanity Shower

All in the flower idea, too, is the vanity shower, where the dainty tissue paper parcels contain such glamorous equipment as bath salts, dusting powder, sachets, perfume, soap, manicures, and a silk dressing jacket. The room decorations are all flowers. The central light is a great paper rose. In the centre or one corner of the room is a great cobweb of silver cords. One end of each cord leads to a present hidden somewhere in the room. The other ends are all bunched together in the body of a ferocious paper spider. The spider must be vanquished and the cords untangled before the hidden parcels may be brought to light.

An Anniversary Shower

There is a nice omen for the future in an anniversary shower, staged by a few intimate friends of the bride. The guests make their presentations in turn, "First Anniversary" leading the way with something in cotton. Fifteen minutes later, "Second Anniversary" steps to the front with her gift, of paper. The evening proceeds with cards or games for another fifteen minutes, when "Fifth Anniversary" interrupts to offer her donation—something wooden. So it goes on, in fifteen minute periods, through tenth anniversary—something of tin—twentieth anniversary, in china—twenty-fifth anniversary, which is silver, and finally the fiftieth anniversary, which brings something golden. Of course, there is the diamond anniversary, but this is difficult to handle unless the gentleman who is known to favor the lady with diamonds can be persuaded to make an appearance and take her in to supper.

The Mock Shower

But suppose she is famous for guessing and you would like to have the joke on her?

Then stage a mock shower! Everything happens according to well-recognized routine. Covert hints let out the "secret," but so obviously that she'll guess she is supposed to know. When she comes in, there are the gifts, white wrapped and ribboned, piled on a table in the living room. She is conducted to the chair of honor. She begins to unwrap. The first "gift" is an old shoe, the second a broken-bladed knife, the third, a rusty lantern, the fourth—whatever its ingenious donor has found in attic or cellar and thought suitable. Her face as she opens the first package is a study. Her thanks as she understands, and enters into the spirit of the joke, will provide a merry memory for everyone. And then, of course, the gift proper is presented as a finale—a coffee percolator, muffin dish, or crystal set, which the group as a whole is so happy to give her.

After University What?

Continued from page 14

try to work up a laboratory practice here?"

"Oh, no. I'll get some sort of job up at the hospital that will pay me a salary and let me live at home. That's what all the girls expect to do."

"You'll probably have to go somewhere else to find an opening, won't you?" I asked a student of architecture.

"Oh, I won't go away. Dad's an architect, and I can do drafting in his office. Mother wants me to stay at home."

"I'd like to do library work," said an Arts student. "But there are no positions available in the city, and dad and mother can't bear the thought of me going away."

I could reproduce such conversations indefinitely, and they illustrate an important fact: that there are two great groups of working women in the world. There are those who want to support themselves, and want to make sound provision for doing so. And those who, to please either themselves or their parents, intend to live at home, but wish to find an occupation which will provide them with money enough to meet the expense of clothes, holiday travel, and incidentals, though often not of board and

lodging which their parents refuse to receive from them. Both groups merit respect. It is rather the fashion among professional women to look down upon the latter, but I myself see much in its outlook upon life that is worthy of sympathy and admiration. Nevertheless, while belittling neither, we must for the sake of clearness distinguish between them.

For the girl who wants to live at home, the business world offers more suitable opportunities than any other. Preparation for it is short and correspondingly cheap, and therefore attractive to those who, looking forward to no great rewards, are averse to much preliminary expense.

I know of no other line that can offer her so much of what she wants.

BUT what about the girl who aims at complete, and possibly long, self-support? Which avenue shall she enter? Shall she try teaching, or physical training, or social service, or household economics, or library work, or business, or nursing, or journalism?

For those who do not dislike it, I think



CANADIAN PACIFIC

1881 fiftieth anniversary 1931

Partners

THE Canadian Pacific Railway desires to pay tribute to the pioneer Women of Canada, who, by their unflinching devotion to their men, encouraged them to endure, to win out. Bringer of all the world to her door, by train, telegraph, cable and radio service, the Canadian Pacific knows well the part the Pioneer Woman of Canada has played in its making.

Homes to be made, husbands, fathers and brothers to be heartened and strengthened, children to be reared and equipped for their struggle to maintain Canadian ideals; a whole nation to be uplifted, inspired—who but the Pioneer Women of Canada could have accomplished this work?

Behind officers, engineers, workmen and behind every man employed in this system, is and always will be the fine spirit of Canadian Womanhood.

From 567,480 telegrams from 435 offices in 1887 to 6,420,299 telegrams from 1650 offices 42 years later is the record of growth of Canadian Pacific Telegraphs between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of the Dominion of Canada. On December 31, 1886, the outside plant consisted of 4,525 miles of poles, 14,506 miles of wire and 50 miles of cable, most of the latter being used to connect Vancouver Island with the mainland. Extension of the lines and the

provision for increased traffic was so great that on December 31, 1930, there were 17,718 miles of poles, 172,070 miles of wire, and 324 miles of cable containing 5,505 miles of wire. Cablegrams filed in 1928 numbered 440,539 and cablegrams received were 383,797, totalling 824,336 in all for the year. The broadcast transmission system of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's Telegraphs covers a network of 4,700 miles in Canada.

CANADIAN PACIFIC TODAY

The Canadian Pacific Railway runs from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Its liners sail from Vancouver and Victoria to Japan and China, and from Montreal, Quebec and Saint John to Great Britain and the Continent. It operates winter cruises to the Mediterranean, the West Indies and Round the World; summer cruises to Norway; a winter service to Bermuda, and a coastal service to Alaska. Its chateaux and hotels represent the latest word in comfort and luxury. Its telegraph service employs 225,000 miles of wire. Its express travellers' cheques are current all over the world. Canadian Pacific offices and agents are to be found everywhere.





The Right Way With White Hair

White hair carries with it a distinctive charm—all the more reason that it should be given an especial care

by ANNABELLE LEE

WHITE hair is not a matter of years. We all know men and women in their seventies whose hair has retained the coloring of youth, and others who have grey hair at thirty. Of the two, which do you prefer? The wrinkled, faded skin of an aged face is usually at variance with brown or black hair, so much so as to leave an uneasy feeling in the mind of the beholder. On the other hand, white hair has a tendency to soften the features and freshen the complexion.

Often the question is asked: What causes prematurely grey hair? Mental shock is a frequent cause. Heredity plays a major part in the drama of white hair. A severe sickness is another common cause. The general condition of the health affects the health of the hair. Strange as it may seem, many persons treat the hair as though it had a separate existence. They ignore the fact that the hair draws its nourishment from the blood stream in the same way as do other parts of the body. If your hair is ailing consult your physician as well as your hair specialist.

General good health is essential if we would acquire hair health. Local treatment is necessary if we would keep our hair healthy. Brushing is of first importance. The practice of brushing the hair every day is the surest and cheapest way to healthy, beautiful hair, and it's such a pity that it is so sadly neglected.

For best results brushing should be done by this method: Stretch a piece of muslin or gauze over your brush. The leg of a worn-out silk stocking serves the purpose well. Put the brush inside the stocking and bring the ends up over the back, holding them firmly. As the dust and dandruff are brushed off the hair, the silk keeps them from falling back on to the scalp. Most of these impurities are removed by ordinary brushing, but it is essential that all of them be removed to ensure the complete health and beauty of the hair and scalp. The bristles need to be somewhat stiff to force themselves through the silk. When one part becomes soiled move the brush to another part of the stocking. When you have given the hair a general brushing, part it into small sections

and brush each one thoroughly, always with an upward motion. You will be amazed, first at the amount of dust that is removed, and second at the improved condition of the hair even after only one brushing. If you will plant your fingers firmly on the scalp and move it—not the fingers—in a circular motion, the circulation will be stimulated and the good work carried on. Repeat this process night and morning as the first step toward hair health. Both dry and oily conditions are benefitted by this method.

The second step is to give your hair a special treatment about every ten days. Obtain from a qualified hair specialist the right sort of tonic. Dip a wad of cotton batting into the tonic and apply to the roots of the hair. Rub the tonic into the scalp. Vigorous manipulation will remove the dried cuticle and dandruff and you will find this tonic rub of the greatest benefit.

Next, apply hot oil to the scalp. For blonde or grey hair a light-colored oil is correct; for dark hair use a dark-colored oil. Part your hair every half inch all over the head, and at each parting apply hot oil with a pad of absorbent cotton as in the case of the tonic. After covering every inch of the scalp, apply the oil to the ends of the hair, and to the whole length of the hair. Leave the oil on the hair until the next day. A towel wrapped around the head will protect the pillow, or a damp towel may be spread over the pillow case. A shampoo should be given in the morning.

If at all possible it is best to visit an up-to-date hair specialist for this oil treatment to learn exactly how it should be done. Be sure you select one who understands the scientific methods of caring for the hair. In some "beauty parlors" a shampoo is given immediately after the oil treatment, a practice which is a waste of time, money and effort, as the oil has no chance to benefit the hair, being washed off at once. Leaving the oil on overnight allows it to penetrate the pores of the scalp and nourish the hair roots. If impossible to do this, try to leave it on for an hour at least.

The matter of the shampoo used is also of great importance. Castile soap and water



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It began with the very smart world—this new and charming emphasis on fingertips! Yesterday, it was quite enough that a woman's hands be neatly groomed. Today, nature must be aided and abetted.

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And what a boon is the new Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème! So far in advance of all others! Do try this soft, gentle, white crème—to find out for yourself how even and smooth it leaves the cuticle edges. Glazo Nail White, Glazo Cuticle Massage Cream, Glazo Nicotine Remover—each plays an important part in the perfection of the Glazo manicure.

Just a few minutes a week with Glazo preparations—and your fingers are ten well-mannered little soldiers of charm.

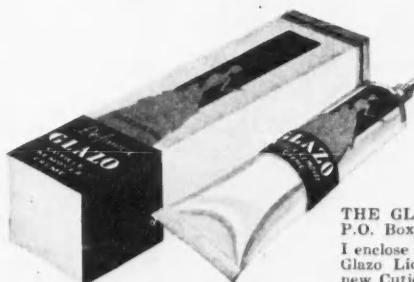
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(Above)—Perfumed Glazo Liquid Polish comes in Natural, Flame, Geranium or Crimson—large bottle, 50c. Perfumed Glazo Polish Remover, 50c.

(Right)—The famous Glazo twin package contains both Liquid Polish and Polish Remover, 50c. Choice of Natural, Colorless, or Deep Shell.

(Left)—Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème presents a new and superior method of removing excess cuticle. In a convenient tube, 50c.



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I enclose ten cents. Please send me samples of Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and the new Cuticle Remover Crème.

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Keeping the Mood of Seventeen.

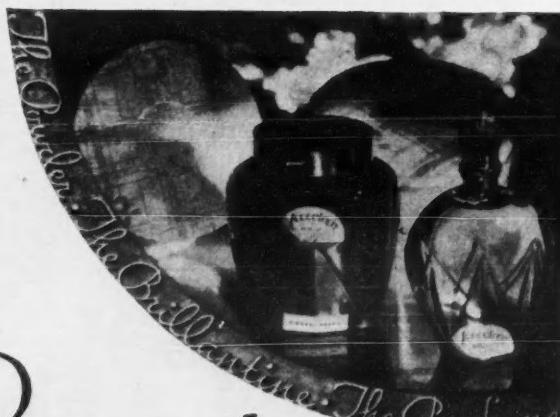
Face Powder...in smart, subtle shades. Dusting Powder...an exhilarating finish for the bath. Compact...in which alert sophistication is combined with Seventeen's naive charm. Brillantines...both solid and liquid; the solid is non-alcoholic and non-drying. Sachet...like a haunting breath of Springtime, to freshen clothes and lingerie. Toilet Water...the characteristic Seventeen scent. Talcum...fresh, clean, fragrant. The Perfume...the mood of Seventeen itself, translated into a perfume.

"I'd heard there were such things . . . perfumes that just fitted certain types . . . but never quite believed it, don't you know."

"Until that day . . . what a find! . . . I discovered Seventeen. Just a little vagrant whiff, straying from a perfume counter . . .

"Why, hello Mel! . . . I gasped. For . . . it's an honest fact . . . that perfume said to me 'I'm young as you are . . . I like thrills . . . and madcap fancies . . . I dance and sing . . .'

"Well, I adopted Seventeen right then and there! Now, we're always together . . . and I hardly know, when I'm gay, how much is me and how much Seventeen!"



Seventeen

1619

The Mastery of Auction and Contract Bridge by XAVIER BAILET

THE old books on Auction used to devote a great many pages to the bidding of two-suited and to give many rules which were generally confusing to the casual reader and hardly helpful to players who "never read a book."

The modern practice is very simple, provided one understands the meaning of the term "two-suiter," so let me give you the definition first:

A "two-suiter" is a hand containing two suits of five or more cards such as 5-5-2-1, 5-6-1-1, 6-6-1-0 or even 5-7-1-0, and, moreover, the hand must be worth at least two to two and a half high-card tricks, and each suit must be biddable.

(1)	(2)	(3)
♦ A Q x x x	♦ A J x x x x	♦ A K x x x
♦ K Q x x x	♦ A x x x x x	♦ J x x x x
♦ x x	♦ x	♦ Q x
♣ x	—	♣ x

(1) is a two-suiter because it fulfills all the requirements: two and a half high-card tricks and two biddable suits.

(2) is also a two-suiter although the hand contains only two high-card tricks, but this is compensated by the length of each suit and the reasonable assurance that there is a game with very little assistance from partner.

(3) is a Spade bid pure and simple because the Heart suit is hardly biddable and should not be shown unless partner is strong enough to deny with two No Trumps.

How to Bid Two-suited

With a two-suiter, bid the higher ranking suit first, regardless of tops, and then bid the other suit on the second round if you have a chance unless your partner has raised you to game.

With (1) and (2), open the bidding with one Spade and wait:

If your partner passes and you are overcalled by your opponents, show your Heart suit at least once, even if you have to go to four Hearts in the case of (2), but it will be safer not to go beyond three in the case of (1).

If your partner bids at all, show the Hearts even if you have to go to four in both cases. What I mean is this, if your partner takes-out with one No Trump or two of a Minor, simply bid two Hearts of course, but if he should bid three No Trumps or even raise you to three Spades, bid four Hearts anyway.

And this leads us to partner's procedure.

Partner's Response When Original Bidder has Shown a Two-suiter

A two-suiter is a powerful hand worth generally from one to three tricks more than an ordinary hand, and good for game, as a rule, when partner of the original bidder is at least strong enough to deny the first suit.

Moreover, the fact that the original has probably two five-card suits enables his partner to raise with a little less than normal trump support. Suppose your partner opens the bidding with one Spade and you have these hands:

(1)	(2)	(3)
♦ x x x	♦ J 10 x	♦ x x x x
♦ x x x x	♦ x x	♦ x x x
♦ K Q x	♦ K Q x x x	♦ A Q x x
♣ A x	♦ A x x	♣ A x

With (1) you have two high-card tricks and you bid one No Trump.

With (2) you bid two Diamonds.

With (3) you raise the bid to three Spades.

Now, assuming that the opponents pass all the time, the original bidder who is your partner, shows his Heart suit.

With (1), if he denies your one No Trump with two Hearts, you should raise him to three Hearts, although your hand is only worth four tricks at Hearts, but the fact that he has a two-suiter will probably enable him to make game, and it is up to him to go to four Hearts after you have shown him

Continued on page 46



THAT SHINY NOSE
completely subdued. No more constant powdering. Just one little touch and you have not only eliminated "Skin Shine" but have given your complexion an appearance of exquisite beauty.

GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM

White, Flesh and Rachel Shades

FRECKLES
Remove The Ugly Mask This Way



Only that freckle-mask keeps you from a lovely complexion. Get rid of those homely spots and your skin will look soft and fine instead of dry and harsh; clear, fresh and young instead of rusty, patchy and old.

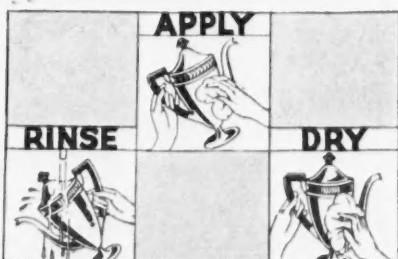
What you need is Othine-double strength. After a few nights' use of this dainty white cream, you should find that even the worst freckles are disappearing while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It seldom takes more than an ounce jar of Othine to fade out those homely blemishes and restore the natural beauty of your skin.

Be sure to ask for Othine-double strength at any drug or department store. Money back if it does not remove even the worst freckles and leave your complexion soft, clear and beautiful.

THE YOUNG CANADA BOOSTERS' CLUB

Invites You to Become a Member
You, like many other Canadian boys, may share in the wonderful privileges of this boys' club, write

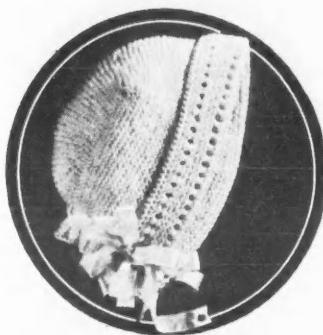
YOUNG CANADA BOOSTERS' CLUB
143-153 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.



THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO DO
TO GIVE YOUR SILVER A GLEAM
THAT LASTS FOR WEEKS WHEN
YOU USE

IDEAL
SILVER  CREAM

ONE OF CAPO WAYS TO BRIGHTEN DAYS



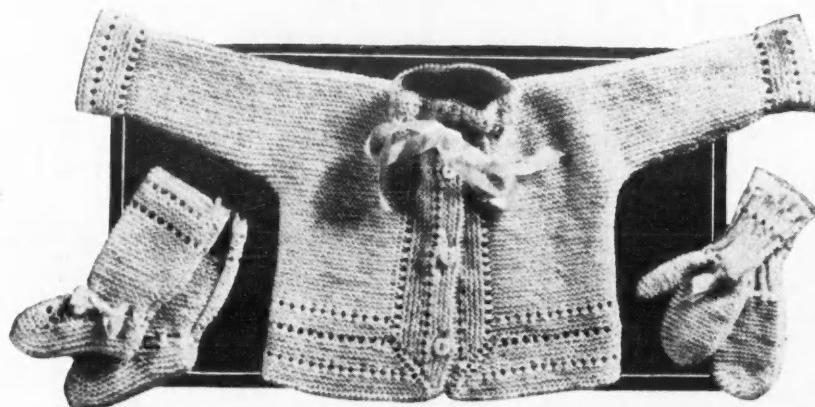
Here are instructions
for knitting the jacket
of this suit.

Next month directions
for bootees, mittens and
bonnet will be given.

By
**ELSIE
GALLOWAY**

FOR BABY BUNTING

A four-piece knitted suit



A KNITTED wool jacket for the baby affords dainty coziness and may be worn at all seasons of the year when a little extra warmth is required.

The jacket illustrated was made of four ply fingering yarn and requires three balls of white, and one ball of pink and a set of number eight celluloid knitting needles. It will fit a child from six months to a year old. The work measures 6 sts, with 7 rows to the inch. Begin at lower edge of back and cast on 59 sts with the white wool. Knit 4 ridges (across and back makes 1 ridge).

Knit across once more, and back as follows: Slip first st, (thread over needle, knit 2 sts together) 28 times to make the row of holes.

Now with the pink wool knit 5 ridges and break off.

Take up white again, holding right side toward you (when changing from one color to the other always work on the right side), and make a row of holes as before. Knit 4 ridges, then another row of holes, then work 22 ridges. The work should then measure 6 inches from beginning.

Now increase 1 st at beginning of each row on next 3 ridges; that will be 3 sts on each side. Then cast on 7 sts at beginning of each row on next 4 ridges for sleeves, and there will be 121 stitches on needle. Knit 20 ridges plain when sleeve should measure 3 inches at wrist.

Knit 52 sts off on an extra needle, and bind off 17 sts for neck, and start the left side of front on remaining 52 sts.

Knit 4 ridges plain for shoulder, then increase 1 st at neck edge of each of next 4 ridges. Cast on 5 sts for front of neck and knit till there are 39 ridges at wrist (measuring 6 inches).

Bind off 7 sts at beginning of row 4 times working up from wrist, then 1 st on sleeve edge of each of the next 3 ridges, leaving 30 sts on front. Knit 22 ridges, then working on right side a row of holes, then 4 ridges, which brings the wool back to front edge. Break wool, and beginning at neck with another needle pick up 1 st on each ridge down front (42 sts). Throw thread over needle and pick up a st of next ridge (1 row of which is still on the needle) for corner st, thread over (this is to make mitred corner) and knit the 30 sts on needle at lower edge.

Now work back to neck thus: Sl 1 st, k 1, (over, k 2 tog) 14 times, knit 3 sts at corner plain, k 1, (over, k 2 tog) 20 times, k 1.

Now take the pink wool and knit 5 ridges, mitring the corner by throwing thread over the needle each side of corner st on right side of work and knitting plain on wrong side. Break pink wool off. Then take up the white wool and work a row of holes on right side and knit 4 ridges (mitring corner), then 1 row on right side without mitring, and bind off loosely on wrong side. Beginning at neck edge knit right front same as left front except that the wool need not be broken off to begin border, but after working the 4 white ridges between rows of holes while working on right side pick up the sts along front edge from lower edge to neck (42 sts and mitred corner as before).

After working 5 ridges of pink and row of holes with white wool work 2 ridges, then on next row, if buttonholes are desired, knit 4 sts from neck and bind off next 4 sts, (k 14 sts and bind off 4 sts) twice, and in next row cast on 4 sts in place of those bound off. Two more ridges, binding off when working back on wrong side of last ridge.

Collar

With white wool pick up sts around neck, holding wrong side of work toward you; knit 1 ridge, then a row of holes on wrong side of work. With pink wool work 3 ridges, then with white wool a row of holes on right side, and 2 ridges binding off on last row on wrong side.

Cuff

Pick up 39 sts across bottom of sleeve with white wool working on right side. Then sl 1 st, k 1, (over, k 2 tog) 18 times, k 1. Now with pink wool knit 5 ridges. Break off, and taking up the white wool work another row of holes (on right side) and 3 ridges binding off on last row on wrong side.

The sides may be either sewn or crocheted together, but care must be taken to match rows of holes.

Finish with ribbon run through lower row of holes in collar, and the edge may be worked over with silk or silkine which gives a lovely finishing touch. Work d c in first st of edge, beginning at left side of front where collar is joined, ch 1, d in next st all around. Finish edge of cuffs in same way. Work this with a steel hook rather tightly just loose enough not to draw.

to
women
with



Doctors prefer liquids for thorough cleansing

blemishes

coarse pores

dry skin

READ WHAT DOCTOR FOUND!

789 skin examinations recently made by a great New York doctor showed these results from use of Ambrosia products: (quoted verbatim from final report of examining doctor):

Blemishes . . . "Ambrosia is a clear, pleasant-smelling liquid which cleanses the skin thoroughly and deeply. It acts as an antiseptic and prevents formation of pimples and surface infections. It is healing, tonic and astringent and constricts patentous pores, thus helping to prevent the formation of blackheads and pimples. It lessens oiliness and is pleasant and invigorating in its action."

Dry Skin . . . "For all types of dry and sensitive skins Ambrosia Cream was found beneficial and softening. The majority of creams are made of a greasy base which makes a smooth, easily perfumed cream, but with very little softening effect. For softening and so-called nourishing, Ambrosia Cream is far superior to such creams. In three cases of Ichthyosis presenting themselves at the clinic it was distinctly beneficial. (Note: Ichthyosis is the most extreme case of dryness known . . . a cracking and scaling of skin due to congenital lack of natural oil.)"

Coarse pores . . . "Ambrosia is astringent and healing and constricts pores. Ambrosia Tightener further constricts large pores and tones skin. It also lessens oiliness, improves muddy complexions, refreshes and stimulates."

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These are not vague words
nor promises, but the findings
of a famous skin specialist
who is consulting dermatologist at 8 metropolitan hospitals.

Benefit now by this great man's research. Secure Ambrosia products from the nearest drug or department store today. Follow directions which come with every bottle. Watch defects disappear . . . skin take on longed-for loveliness old-style beauty methods failed to achieve! Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., 69 York St., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

AMBROSIA
the pore-deep cleanser
\$1.00 • \$1.75 • \$3.00

AMBROSIA

CREAM (NEW)
\$1.00 • \$2.00

AMBROSIA

TIGHTENER
\$1.00 • \$1.50 • \$2.50

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UNMASK YOUR LIPS!

• The ordinary lipstick is a mask. Phantom Red is transparent—reveals all the charm of your smile, the appealing texture of your lips. And its color is the real "life red" that courses beneath the skin... at last captured by science and blended in a lipstick that's utterly different! Harmonizes with every complexion. Use it today for new youth and vital allure. Also Phantom Red Rouge, color twin to the lipstick.

Phantom Red Lipstick, \$1.00; Junior, 50c. Rouge Compact, 75c. Sold at leading toilet goods counters.

SEND 10¢

for vanity size Phantom Red Lipstick. 10¢ each additional brings dainty model Rouge, Eye Shadow (blue, brown or green), Brow Liquid (brown or black). Carlyle Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 263, 67 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

THE REAL "LIFE COLOR"

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...find immediate relief in Resinol Ointment because it soothes as it heals. Used by doctors and nurses for 35 years in treating skin disorders of infants. Resinol Soap for baby's bath tends to prevent skin trouble. At all druggists.

Free sample, Resinol,
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Resinol

is the most satisfactory. We need not go abroad for a pure soap. Right here in Canada is made the best of Castile soap, the purest, the freest from alkali, that dangerous ingredient in all soaps. Shave half a bar of this pure Castile into a saucepan with one cupful of water. Add two drops of a liquid French blueing. Leave the lid off and bring to a boil. When the soap is dissolved and hardened into jelly, store it in jars, and dilute a little of it with hot water when you want to shampoo your hair.

Apply this liquid shampoo to your oiled hair three or four times, and rinse thoroughly until there is not a trace of oil or soap.

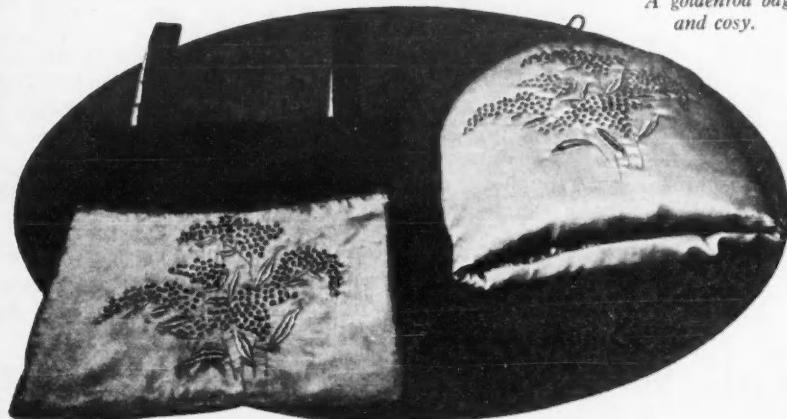
Another point to remember is that ordinary laundry blueing, so commonly used, has no permanent effect in overcoming the tendency to yellowness in white hair. Sunlight fades out this sort of blueing very quickly. The correct kind may be obtained

from any reliable hair-dresser. This French blueing is very strong and only two drops are needed, as has been stated. If after the shampoo your hair is too blue, do not be alarmed. Just wait until the following day and use a plain shampoo of soap and water, after which you will be delighted with the beautiful appearance of your hair.

Housewives are especially troubled with discolored hair as the steam of the kitchen tends to increase yellowness. They should make a pad out of cotton, put one drop of the liquid blueing in a small quantity of water, and apply to the yellow streak.

Women should look upon white hair as a natural endowment which is an asset rather than a liability. It adds distinction and charm. But because attention is called to white hair more than to any other color, it must receive extra care.

A goldenrod bag and cosy.



SUMMER HANDICRAFTS

by MARIE LE CERF

Number C 3. Bow-knot Boudoir Pillow

Now that boudoir pillows are so very much the vogue, we are showing three of our daintiest designs. This lovely bow-knot design comes stamped in a full range of colors—blue, pink, mauve, yellow and green

Price—(Front and back) Stamped on silk taffeta..... 95c.
(Front and back) Stamped on art taffeta..... 50c.
Silks to work..... 20c.
Pillow form..... 35c.

Number C 4. Rainbow Pillow

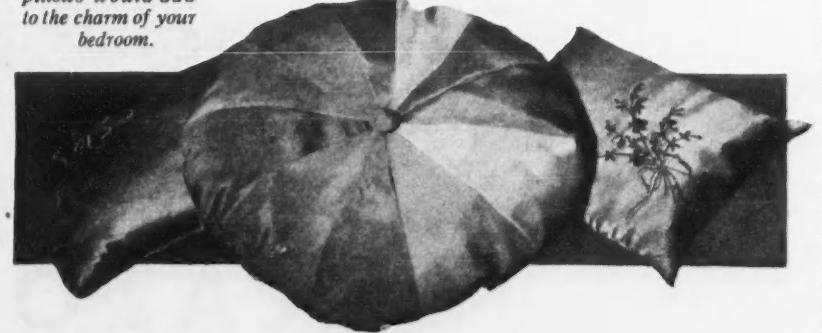
This is quite the loveliest little pillow we have ever seen. As the name suggests, it is made up of all the colors of the rainbow in dainty pastel shades.

Price—(Front sections and solid back)
Stamped on silk taffeta..... \$1.25
Stamped on art taffeta..... 75
Pillow form..... 50

Number C 5. Bunch of Violets

This little bouquet of violets is so very well designed and natural that you will find this little pillow on your bed almost as refreshing as a bunch of real violets in your room. While we recommend this stamped on green, we can also supply it stamped on blue, pink, yellow and mauve.

These three dainty pillows would add to the charm of your bedroom.



Price—(Front and back) Stamped on silk taffeta..... 85c.
Stamped on art taffeta..... 45c.
Pillow form..... 30c.
Silks to work..... 20c.

Number C 6 and 7. Goldenrod Bag or Cosy

This lovely spray of Goldenrod is composed of large French knots in shades of yellow and gold, and looks like a ray of sunshine. The bag may be had in all green, all black or, like the bag in the picture, green with black band and handles.

Price—Stamped on silk taffeta..... \$1.00
Stamped on black art felt..... 75
Stamped on art taffeta..... 55
Silks to work the taffeta bags..... 40
Six-strand cotton for the art felt..... 20
Lining for silk taffeta bag..... 25
Lining for felt or art taffeta..... 15

Cosy prices—(Front and back)

Stamped on silk taffeta, black or green..... \$1.00
Stamped on art taffeta, black or green..... 55
Silks to work..... 40
Lining (to line cosy form)..... 25
Cosy form..... 50

Stamped materials, instructions and thread for working may be procured from Marie Le Cerf. The Chatelaine's Handicraft Department, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ont.



Get the Tan
without the
Burn



A healthy, sun-tanned skin can be yours without painful sunburn. Apply Campana's Italian Balm to back, legs, arms and hands before and after exposure to sun. It protects against blistering and peeling. You will tan gently, comfortably. Get a bottle today. Campana Corporation, Ltd., 36 Caledonia Rd., Toronto.

CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM



Pember leads in making

Hair Goods For Men and Women

In the making of transformations, toupees, wigs, or other hair goods, Pember leads all Canada.

Men's wigs	\$50 up
Toupees	\$35 up
Ladies' wigs	\$40 up
Ladies' transformations	\$40 up
Ladies' semi-transformations	\$35 up

INECTO-RAPID

The High Speed Gray Hair Remedy
We are sole Canadian distributors for INECTO-RAPID, the new improved hair tint. Inecto-Rapid may be applied safely and easily at home. Get it at your hair goods store, drug store or department store, or write to us direct.

Watch for Announcement on Pember Eyelash Dye

W. T. PEMBER STORES
LIMITED
129 Yonge Street, Toronto

That Outdoor Appetite

Continued from page 28

may be taken along for the first few days if a refrigerator is part of your equipment. This useful article will also keep butter, eggs, bacon and other foods successfully for some time. Bread needs careful packing, but if the supply fails, there are prepared flours for a number of real camp breads—flapjacks are only one delicious possibility.

On a motor tour, supplies can be replenished en route. Many motor camps have excellent facilities for cooking, and the problem of satisfactory meals is comparatively simple. Other camps are not so convenient in this respect, and it is well to make inquiries beforehand about the accommodation along the way. In any case, if your emergency larder is ample your peace of mind will be greater. If you plan to tour off the beaten track and pitch your tent where evening overtakes you, pay special heed to your food supplies and equipment. Let the quantity of beverage be generous, for one is thirsty on a summer's day and it is better to beware the lure of the wayside stream as the water is often unsafe for drinking. But before you go next morning, remember that the careless camper is not only a nuisance but also a menace, and no one who has appreciation of his countryside will leave it littered or omit the precautions which prevent the marring of its beauty.

So, good luck to all gypsies! May you have a clear road ahead, a kindly sun, a bright round moon and merry stars a-twinkle!

For the Camper's Note Book

Camping Equipment

Aluminum or paper plates
Paper napkins and tablecloth
Knives, forks and spoons
Cups (to hold hot or cold beverages)
Can opener
Bread knife (bread board)
Bottle opener and corkscrew
Vacuum bottles
Salt and pepper (closed tops)
Covered metal boxes
(The foregoing may be contained in a compact hamper.)
Sharp knife, long-handled fork and spoon
Frying-pan (folding handle)
Wire broiler (long handle)
Broiler rack (for open fire) or

Small folding stove
Coffee pot
Long-handled saucepan
Container for cold things (special vacuum container) or tin pail—ice and newspaper or home-made refrigerator.
Folding table and chairs
Matches and newspapers
Small hatchet
Soap and towel
Straws (for cold drinks)
Waxed paper for packing lunches
Rubber bands or string

Staples to Keep on Hand
(Any kind of camping trip where in touch with fresh supply).
Salt and pepper
Sugar
Flour
Baking powder
Canned milk
Coffee
Crackers and biscuits
Cocoa
Canned soup
Canned fish and meats
Pickles
Salad dressing
Jam

To Buy Each Day or as Needed

Eggs
Bacon
Milk and cream
Butter
Fresh fruit, vegetables and potatoes
Canned goods as needed for planned menus
Bread or rolls
Fresh meat or fish
Cookies or cakes
Cheese
Cereals

Menus for a Motor Tour (first three days)

Lunch (prepared at home)
Egg and Potato Salad (in paper cartons)
Ham Sandwiches
Radishes
Lemon Tarts
Fruit
Ginger Ale (carried in special container) or Tea or Milk (carried in vacuum bottle)

Dinner (purchased en route and prepared at camp)

Frankfurters
Canned Spaghetti and Tomatoes
Rolls
Lettuce and Cucumbers
Fresh Berries
Cookies
Coffee

Second Day

Breakfast
Oranges
Bacon and Eggs
Toast
Lunch
Lettuce Sandwiches (prepared at breakfast time)
Small whole Tomatoes
Crackers
Cheese
Peaches or Ice Cream Cones
Tea or Coffee (in vacuum bottles from breakfast time)

Dinner

Broiled Steak
Baked Potatoes
Carrots
Toasted Rolls
Fresh Peas or Bananas
Fruit Bread
Coffee

Third Day

Breakfast
Melon
Scrambled Eggs and Tomatoes
Toast
Coffee
Lunch
Hard-cooked Eggs (cooked at breakfast)
Green Onion Sandwiches (made at breakfast)
Rolls
Apples
Coffee and Milk (in vacuum bottle)

Dinner

Vegetable Soup (canned)
Broiled Cheese and Bacon Sandwiches
Baked Beans
Sweet Pickles
Watermelon
Coffee

Week's Menus at a Permanent Camp (From Saturday p.m. to Sunday p.m.)

Saturday
Dinner
Bacon and Eggs
Mashed Potatoes
(Cook enough for Sunday's meal)
Sliced Tomatoes
Rolls
Canned Fruit Salad
Date Loaf (made at home)
Coffee

Continued on page 52

Sunday	Breakfast Oranges Shredded Wheat Pancakes (made from prepared flour) Maple Syrup Coffee	Lunch Tomato Soup Crackers Corn on the Cob Fresh Applesauce Molasses Cookies Iced Cocoa
	Dinner Cold Sliced Ham (a whole cooked ham brought from home) Potato Salad Canned Peas Lettuce and Cucumbers Canned Fruit Rock Cookies (from home) Tea Coffee	Dinner Fried Fresh Fish Tartare Sauce Mashed Potatoes Beet Greens Cantaloupe and Ice Cream Tea or Coffee

Saturday	Supper Corn on the Cob Brown Bread and Cream Cheese Sandwiches Sliced Bananas and Cream Cookies or Date Loaf (left over) Milk or Iced Tea	Lunch
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Monday	Breakfast Canned Tomato Juice Cornflakes Scrambled Eggs Toast Cocoa	Lunch
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	Dinner Toasted Ham and Pickle Sandwiches Head Lettuce with Dressing Bran Muffins Jam Orangeade or Milk	Dinner
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Sunday	Breakfast Hot Meat Loaf with Gravy Scalped Potatoes Baked Squash Fresh Fruit (in season) Coffee or Tea	Lunch
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	Dinner (oven-dinner)	Lunch
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Tuesday	Breakfast Stewed Prunes (cook enough for dinner dessert) Cornmeal Mash Bacon Toast Coffee	Lunch
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	Dinner (packed for a fishing trip)	Lunch
--	--	--------------

Wednesday	Breakfast Bran Flakes with Fresh Berries French Toast with Syrup Coffee	Lunch
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	Dinner Ring Tum Tiddy 3 Small sliced onions 6 Slices of bacon (chopped) 1 Can of tomatoes 1 Can of corn Salt and pepper 1/4 Pound of cheese (cubed)	Lunch
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Thursday	Breakfast Ring Tum Tiddy Stewed Rhubarb Hot Biscuits Lemonade	Lunch
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	Dinner Pan-broiled Fish (from Tuesday's trip) Boiled Potatoes Green Beans Cold Chocolate Blanc Mange (made in morning) Coffee or Tea	Lunch
--	--	--------------

Friday	Breakfast Oatmeal Porridge Poached Eggs Toast Coffee	Lunch
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	Dinner (cooked outdoors on a hike) Kabob Chopped Tomatoes and Cucumbers (in cardboard container) Fresh Fruit Doughnuts Coffee	Lunch
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Saturday	Breakfast Bacon and Eggs Mashed Potatoes (Cook enough for Sunday's meal) Sliced Tomatoes Rolls Canned Fruit Salad Date Loaf (made at home) Coffee	Lunch
----------	--	--------------

	Dinner Breakfast Fresh Fruit Grapes Omelet Toast Coffee	Lunch
--	--	--------------

Friday	Breakfast pancake flour ready mixed cake ready mixed pie-crust	Lunch
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"I never thought I could get so much Insurance for so little money"

TO men who want the most insurance for the least money, who balk at paying heavy premiums, who imagine the cost of insurance to be beyond their means—to all such men ATTENTION!

The Great-West Life now offers a plan that provides complete family protection at a rate that will not strain the smallest of incomes. It is called the Minimum Cost Policy . . . a policy which safeguards your dependents from every financial care. Yet the cost to you is only a few cents a day.

The Great-West MINIMUM COST POLICY

enables you to carry more insurance than would be possible with any other form of life plan. A man, age 35, for example, may obtain \$10,000 of insurance by investing less than 51c. a day.

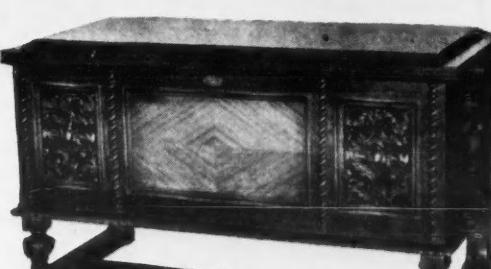
Premium Rates Per \$1,000 of Insurance

Age	Premium	Age	Premium
25	\$13.80	40	\$22.35
30	15.80	45	27.50
35	18.55	50	34.40



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Winnipeg, Manitoba. Without obligation please mail complete details of your Minimum Cost Policy Name _____ Address _____

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Smart, decorative, useful—an ideal gift for the June bride—and a delightful piece of furniture. An Heirloom Chest, with many new features, is on sale at your favorite dealer's.

Write to us for new folder describing the advantages of Heirloom construction, and showing the latest styles and advancements of Heirloom Chests.

HEIRLOOM CHESTS
The Chesley Chair Co., Limited
Chesley, Canada

To the Holders of WAR LOAN AND VICTORY BONDS

A Statement by the Minister of Finance

» «

IN THE dark days of the War, Canadians loaned to the Government of the Dominion many hundred millions of dollars to enable the operations of the Allies to be carried to a successful conclusion.

When Canadians loaned their money to the Government, they received bonds which were promises to repay them the sum loaned with interest at the rate of 5% or 5½% per annum. On the 1st of October next, \$53,000,000 of these bonds become due; on the 1st of November, 1932, the maturity will be \$73,000,000; on the 1st of November, 1933, \$446,000,000; and, in 1934, \$511,000,000 must be provided for.

It would not be prudent, either in the interest of the security holders or the country itself, to wait until these loans become due before providing for their payment or conversion. Action must be taken well in advance of the due dates to protect the credit of the country. The Government believes this an opportune time to afford Canadians the opportunity to exchange the bonds, which they own maturing in the next few years, for new bonds of the Dominion of Canada carrying interest at the rate of 4½% per annum, which is a very attractive return. Prior to the maturity date of the present bonds, those who accept this offer will, of course, continue to be paid interest at the rate as provided by the bonds they exchange.

Canadians who have always shown confidence in their country are earnestly invited to exchange the bonds they now own for bonds of the new issue. By so doing, they will render less difficult the task of providing for the future finances of the country, will enhance its credit and will greatly assist the Government in the present period of worldwide readjustments.

No money will be asked for and no new bonds will be sold at this time. It is proposed to limit the present conversion to \$250,000,000, but the Government has the right at its discretion to increase the amount if Canadians indicate a general desire to continue their investments in the securities of their Dominion. The subscription books will close on the 23rd of May.

I earnestly seek the active support of my fellow Canadians in making this conversion, which is one of the largest financial operations our country has undertaken in recent years, creditable alike to Canada and its citizens.



Minister of Finance.

The Mastery of Auction and Contract Bridge

Continued from page 42

you have normal trump support in Hearts.

With (2), if he denies your two Diamonds with two Hearts, it is a close call between three No Trumps and two or three Spades and all depends on his bidding ability. If he has a genuine two-suiter, there is a sure game at Spades, but if by any chance he has only two suits of four cards, the hand will play better at No Trumps.

With (3), if he bids four Hearts over your three Spades, you simply go back to four Spades. In doing so, you are not raising him and you are not rebidding your hand. You simply show your preference for the Spades.

In any case, when your partner shows a two-suiter, you must always put him back in his first suit when you have no preference for either suit. For instance, with three little Spades and three little Hearts in your hand, if your partner opens the bidding with one Spade and then bids two Hearts, you must bid two Spades on the second round, not because you like the Spades better, but because he does.

Semi Two-suiters

A semi two-suiter is a hand containing a suit of five or more cards and another one of only four cards, both suits biddable of course. For instance:

(1)	(2)	(3)
♠ A K x x	♠ A Q x x	♠ A Q x x
♥ x x	♥ A x x x x	♥ x
♦ K J x x x	♦ x	♦ x x
♣ x x	♣ x x x	♣ A K x x x

With (1), bid one Diamond first although the other suit is a Major and also stronger. But it is important to let your partner know that one of your suits has five cards and the other only four.

With (2), start with one Heart for the same reason. In both cases, the hand will play better at the longer suit, although there is very little chance for game unless your partner has a very good hand beside normal trump support.

With (3) bid one Club first and, if your partner denies or your opponents give you the chance, rebid the Clubs before showing the Spades. Your partner will then understand that your Club suit is of at least six cards and offers a better chance for game than the Spades because you may have to ruff one of the other suits. In fact, he should support you in Clubs with three little Clubs or Q x instead of raising you in Spades with K x x.

Inferences from the Bidding

Whenever the original bidder shows a higher ranking suit on the second round of the bidding, you can be certain that he has only nine cards in the two suits, but when he bids the two suits in their normal order, he has either a genuine two-suiter like 5-5, 5-6, 6-6, etc., or . . . two suits of four cards each.

This distinction is very important to you if you are the partner of the original bidder, because a genuine two-suiter holds a definite promise of game while two suits of four cards are not nearly as good. In fact, the difference between the two is about two tricks.

But, it is even more important to follow the bidding closely when you are one of the opponents, even when you can say nothing. You will agree that many contracts could be defeated if all the four hands were exposed and you knew exactly the position of the high cards and the distribution of each suit.

The bidding of two-suiters and semi two-suiters gives you precisely this valuable information. The Declarer bids Diamonds first, then Spades! Evidently he has five Diamonds and only four Spades and his hand contains at least two and a half high-card tricks most likely distributed in the two suits. As soon as you have ascertained that he has only two Hearts, you know the contents of his hand and, consequently, of the hand of your partner. If the contract can possibly be defeated you have no excuse for letting the Declarer get away with it!

Foundation Fund, that of \$50,000 from Mr. MacNichol of Winnipeg.

Ontario with Mrs. J. W. Bundy as provincial president has for years been working for more care for the mentally deficient, and as in other provinces a very definite amount of work has been accomplished. From Toronto's committee on education some years ago came the Home and School Clubs, and the Mothers' Allowance Board was also urged by a member of the Toronto council. The work of the council is brought before the women of Canada, under the direction of the Ontario council, at the Canadian National Exhibition through demonstrations and exhibits from all the provinces.

Quebec, with Mrs. J. A. Henderson as president, is interested in enforcing the Minimum Wage Act, one of the acts sponsored by the national committee on trades and labor, and is putting up a strong fight to gain for its women the political rights enjoyed by their sisters in other provinces.

New Brunswick, where Mrs. Atherton Smith is president, is of particular interest this year, since the annual meeting of the council is being held in Moncton in June. The idea of using home-grown commodities is strongly favored in this province. A home for the 800 blind of the province is being urged and worked for.

Mrs. L. G. Ferguson, of Westville, Nova Scotia, is now the provincial president.

Miss C. E. Carmichael, the beloved honorary-president who has done so much to bring the aims and work of the councils before the public, is also of Nova Scotia. East and west seem to be of one mind, for Nova Scotia wants women on the boards of management in matters concerning women and children as they do in British Columbia, and the "Where From" slogan is also being stressed as it is in the West.

It was recently announced that at the annual meeting to be held in Moncton in June with Mrs. G. O. Spencer as president of the Local Council there, that Miss Winnifred Kydd, M.A., of Montreal, was the acclamation choice for the new president to be elected then. Miss Kydd, who has worked for many years with the National Council of Women, was previously a national vice-president. Her election will be extremely popular all through Canada, and it is expected that under her guidance many ambitions will be realized.

Mrs. J. A. Wilson, who was elected national president in 1926, has had a most successful five-year presidency, and has won the love and admiration of the women with whom she has worked. She has proved a brilliant speaker and a wise counsellor. As president of the Canadian Parks Association she has urged on many occasions the preservation of Canada's beautiful scenery and the setting aside of park areas where the wild life of our country can be protected.



New Furniture in the Old Tradition

Continued from page 22

might be amber with black bases and the china a deep cream with flowered decoration carrying a strong note of green.

Both china and glass of all types are having a renaissance somewhat similar to that of furniture. The potters are digging up patterns that flourished in past epochs and are reproducing them—patterns with a decorative simplicity in keeping with modern ideas.

It is rather interesting to work out other color schemes for a room of this type. Blue is beautiful with mahogany and so is Burgundy and other rich shades. Old rose, be it remembered, is less attractive with this wood than other colors. The size of the room and its lighting would of course have to be considered in deciding the key color. A very sunny room could use blue with its complementary tones; a northern room needs a warmer, softer tone such as yellow

to conserve the light. To such colors should, of course be added lighter and deeper harmonizing tints as well as contrast to bring piquancy.

There is no doubt that people in general understand better than ever before what constitutes good taste in furnishing. We have got rid of non-essential ornamentation and have been learning something about the doctrine of simplicity. The vogue for the antique has helped to supply a sound criterion of taste, and has lessened the desire to follow the false gods of novelty which sometimes lead away from the well-established principles of good taste. We are learning that good design in furniture is a question of proper proportion. From the long past until today only the good styles in history have lived, only those which "unite elegance with utility." We are recovering a sense of the value of elegance and of the beauty of old designs.

The Chatelaine's EXERCISE A MONTH

The twelfth and last in a series of particularly good exercises to be mastered one by one each month.

Posed for *The Chatelaine* by the Margaret Eaton School.

Balance and Lateral Trunk Movement
Take a squatting position, with knees bent out and hands on the floor, shoulder width apart, inside the knees. Spring feet back so that you are resting, with a perfectly straight back, on your toes and on your hands (prone fall position). Turn sideways on to one hand; lift top arm and leg, lower and return to prone fall position. Spring feet forward and stand. Be sure that the hip near the floor is well lifted when performing this exercise.



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In this way we propose to offer our thanks to the hundreds of thousands of women from Victoria to Halifax who have shown their appreciation of the superior quality of Modess by purchasing it regularly.

For a limited time, every purchaser of a package of Modess (containing 12 towels), will get a Free Gift Package containing three towels—or a total of Fifteen Towels—for the price of twelve!

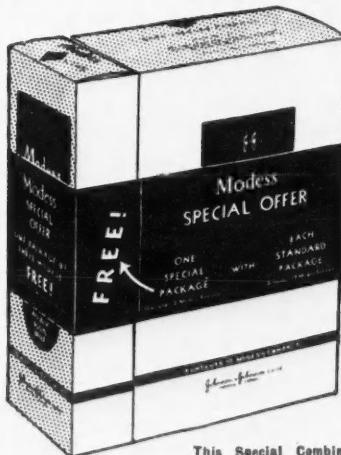


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Miss Winnifred Kydd, M.A., of Montreal, is the acclamation choice for election as president of the National Council, at the annual meeting to be held in June.

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EDDY'S STERILIZED TISSUES

Fund of the National Council of Women, dent of British Columbia, Mrs. D. J. one of the most important undertakings, MacLachlan, told us at the last annual received its first subscription. For some time previous the work of the council had been growing apace, and the convenor of finance, Mrs. J. W. Bundy, once more brought before the council the question of a yearly budget, placing the sum required at \$10,000, for which the local councils were to be assessed above their usual fee. After much discussion the budget was accepted. Then Mrs. Frederick Etherington, president of the Kingston Council, suggested that a Foundation Fund of \$200,000 be raised, the interest of which would finance the work of the national council. Mrs. Charles Thorburn, of Ottawa, seconded the motion, which was passed with enthusiasm. Mrs. Etherington subscribed the first \$10,000 on the spot.

Although this seemed a great undertaking, \$123,000 has been subscribed already, in spite of the financial depression, the local councils throughout Canada paying their allocations in a way which showed what women can do when they try.

The Fund is growing steadily, and the estimated interest for the ensuing year is \$3,000. The trustees are Messrs. James A. Richardson, Winnipeg, J. N. McDonnell, Montreal and J. H. Gundy, Toronto. A provision is made that in the event of the dissolution of the national council the moneys subscribed go back to the municipalities to be used for welfare work.

PROVINCIAL councils are especially designed to bring the women of each province together to study conditions there, and to bring before the provincial government questions that are under provincial laws. At every annual meeting the reports of the provincial council presidents are heard with a thrill, for here one has, in a nutshell, the report of the year's work.

From far out beyond the great mountains, where the Pacific Ocean beats upon the shore of Vancouver Island, come women who tell us that the work of making the world a better place in which to rear their children is going on. The Provincial Presi-

dent of British Columbia, Mrs. D. J. MacLachlan, told us at the last annual meeting that the women of British Columbia outnumber the men on the voters lists of the larger centres, such as Vancouver. They ask that as much provision be made for the women out of work as there is for the men. That on all boards or commissions appointed to consider the necessary work of adjustment in the question of relief and unemployment, women as well as men be included.

From Vancouver, too, the "Where From" campaign has swept across Canada, stimulating the purchase of Canadian or British goods. Here, in the city over which "The Lions" keep guard, a new feature has been added to the police department known as the "Women's Protective Division," eight women being at work.

Mrs. O. C. Edwards, one of the five western women who succeeded in winning the battle which declared that women were "persons," has been provincial president of Alberta for many years. Alberta is one of the councils formed in 1894, in the first flush of enthusiasm. Mrs. Edwards, who as the wife of Dr. Edwards, has driven over the prairie trails with him on a buckboard to the homes of the settlers, is one of the notable figures at the annual meetings. She has a legal mind, has for years been national convener of laws for women and children, and is quite an authority on the subject. So Alberta takes a particular interest in improving and strengthening the administration of the laws of the province.

A wonderful work in the Canadianization of foreigners is being undertaken in the West. At Moose Jaw, for instance, where Mrs. A. A. Graham is provincial president, national teas are given in which the hostesses wear the costumes of their guests' homeland, and by arousing a definite sense of good fellowship and understanding, help to solve one of Canada's major problems.

At Winnipeg Mrs. Dunbar Hudson presides over Manitoba. She is a vice-president of the national council and a keen worker. The councils are very active and Mrs. Hudson was, I am sure, instrumental in getting the largest contribution to the

Our Delicious Fruits of Early Summer

Continued from page 20

often as possible when they are in season," because you will do that anyway, and then wish the season were longer. You will find it economical to buy your fruit according to the use to be made of it; when the fruit is to be eaten fresh it should be just the right degree of ripeness, firm and unspotted; if a cooked mixture is to be made, slightly overripe fruit will prove equally satisfactory and can often be obtained at a lower cost. But do not mistake spoiled fruit for over-ripe. Another point—let your refrigerator add the final touch of perfection to the summer fruit desserts, by thoroughly chilling the fruits themselves, by setting the gelatine desserts made with them, by freezing various combinations of them. The refrigerator will also crisp the greens that you use in fruit salads, it will keep your pastry in good condition until you want to use it, it will keep the shortcake mixture ready for the final touch, it will provide you with frosty drinks at a moment's notice. In short, it keeps you prepared for anything and saves you hours of work.

A few simple recipes are given here. These have invariably been enthusiastically received when served in The Chatelaine Institute.

Delicious Rhubarb Pudding

- 4 Cupfuls of rhubarb cut in small pieces
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of white sugar
- 1 Cupful of pastry flour
- 1 Cupful of brown sugar
- 6 Tablespoonfuls of butter

Mix the rhubarb and white sugar and place in a greased baking dish. Mix the flour and brown sugar, add the melted butter and rub together until a crumbly mixture results. Sprinkle this over the rhubarb and bake at 350 degrees F., for one-half hour. Serve hot or cold. Eight servings.

Fresh Strawberry Mousse

- 1 Quart of fresh strawberries
- 1 Cupful of sugar
- 1 Tablespoonful of gelatine
- 1 Tablespoonful of cold water
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of boiling water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of lemon juice
- 2 Cupfuls of whipping cream

Crush the berries, add the sugar and let stand for one hour. Force through a coarse strainer. Soak the gelatine in the cold water, dissolve in the hot water and add to the strawberries. Add the lemon juice and chill. When partly set, fold in the whipped cream. Freeze in the tray of a refrigerator or place in tightly-covered molds and pack in ice and salt (four parts of ice to one part of salt) for three to four hours.

Molded Strawberry Cream

- 1 Package of strawberry jelly powder
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of boiling water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of sugar
- 2 Cupfuls of crushed strawberries
- 1 Cupful of whipping cream
- 10 to 12 marshmallows, cut in quarters

Dissolve the jelly powder in the boiling water. Add the sugar and stir until dissolved. When partly thickened, add the strawberries and fold in the whipped cream and the quartered marshmallows. Mold and serve well chilled. Six to eight servings.

Pineapple Meat Loaf

- $\frac{1}{2}$ Pound of chopped pork
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Pound of chopped beef
- 1 Cupful of chopped pineapple
- 2 Cupfuls of cracker crumbs
- 1 Egg
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of pepper

Mix thoroughly the pork, beef, pineapple and cracker crumbs. Add the unbeaten egg and the seasonings. Pack into a greased loaf pan and bake for three-quarters of an hour at 375 degrees to 400 degrees. May be served hot or cold. (Drained canned pineapple may be used if desired.) Six to eight servings.

Pineapple Fritters

- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of pastry flour
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{2}{3}$ Cupful of pineapple syrup (or milk)
- 1 Egg
- 3 Slices of pineapple

Mix and sift the flour, baking powder and salt. Add the liquid gradually and the well-beaten egg. Cut the pineapple slices in halves, drop into the batter and drop by spoonfuls into hot fat 360 degrees F. Cook until browned on both sides. Drain on brown paper and roll in powdered sugar. Six servings.

Cherry Cocktail

- 1 Cupful of stoned black cherries
- 1 Cupful of seeded white grapes
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of orange juice
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of fruit sugar

Mix all together and chill thoroughly. Six cocktails.

Steamed Fresh Cherry Pudding

- 2 Cupfuls of pastry flour
- 4 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of milk
- 6 Cupfuls of fresh cherries
- 2 Cupfuls of sugar

Pit the cherries, cover with the sugar and let stand for at least one hour. Drain. Mix and sift the flour, baking powder and salt, work in the butter and add the milk to make a soft dough. Place the drained cherries in the bottom of a buttered baking dish. Cover with the dough, patting it out to fit the dish. Cover the dish with waxed paper, place in a steamer and steam for forty-five to sixty minutes. Serve with sauce made by thickening the juice with cornstarch (one tablespoonful of cornstarch to one cupful of liquid). Eight servings.

Raspberry Charlotte

- 1 Cupful of fresh raspberries
- 1 Cupful of fruit sugar
- Pinch of salt
- 1 Tablespoonful of gelatine
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of cold milk
- 1 Cupful of whipping cream
- Stale cake

Crush the raspberries, add the sugar and salt. Soak the gelatine in the cold milk and dissolve over hot water. Add to the fruit and fold in the stiffly-whipped cream. Arrange strips of stale cake in serving dishes and pile the fruit mixture in the centre. Garnish with fresh raspberries and serve well chilled. Six servings.

Raspberry Mint Drink

- 2 Cupfuls of raspberries
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of sugar
- Few sprigs of mint
- Juice of 2 lemons
- Juice of 2 oranges
- Water

Crush the berries and heat slowly to extract the juice. Strain through cheese-cloth and add the sugar and the crushed mint. Cool and add the lemon and orange juice. Measure and add twice the amount of water. Serve very cold.



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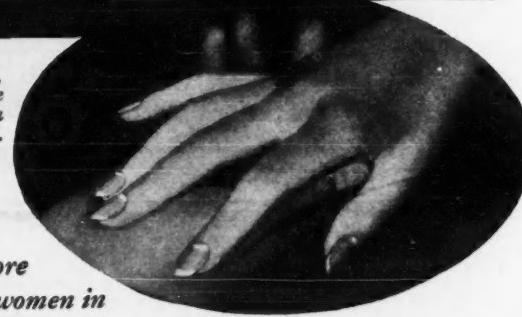
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Eva Nagel Wolf, Beauty Editor of the "Canadian Home Journal," declares that "slim fingers tipped with this new nail make-up are infinitely alluring."

"And Cutex Liquid Polish goes on so easily, quickly . . . lasts so long . . . that it saves many precious minutes! In 30 seconds it is hard and dry. For days its brilliant lustre lasts . . . and it does not crack, peel or discolor."

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Tips the fingers with romance

Laundry Methods

Continued from page 21

should be quite cold. The rinse waters for silk, synthetic silk and woolens should always be lukewarm. This is most important and a disregard for this rule is one of the most common mistakes made in home laundering. Fabrics should go through at least two rinse waters to remove the soap thoroughly, as if any remains in the materials, it tends to make them yellow, scorch more easily and wear out more quickly.

Blueing overcomes the tendency of white clothes to acquire a yellow tint. It is important that a good quality be used and a proper procedure followed. The most common type of blue which is purchased in block form does not dissolve but breaks down into small particles which are held in suspension. To prevent settling, the blueing water should be agitated while being used. The clothes should be shaken out before immersion and should not be allowed to stand in the water for any length of time. Use cold water, add enough blue to make the desired tint and dip the clothes quickly, a few at a time, into it. Do not use blueing for colored materials, other than those of this shade. If the washing machine is used for the purpose, operate it for about two minutes.

Colored clothes which have become faded may be freshened and brightened by the use of one of the convenient soap dyes or other preparations for the purpose. These are available in a variety of colors but directions must be carefully followed for good results.

Nowadays, very few clothes are starched, though sometimes a little stiffening improves the appearance. Starch should be used sparingly and it should be carefully prepared. Mix the required amount with cold water, stir into this the boiling and boil the mixture for five minutes. It should be used while hot.

The clothes wringer is a device which saves time and energy. Care should be taken to straighten out all articles before putting them through. Fold in all buttons to prevent tearing them off or marring the

rubber rollers, and adjust the machine to suit the material and size of the pieces. Have the rollers close enough to remove excess water but not tight enough to strain the mechanism. Table linen creases very easily and for this reason, the rollers should be rather looser than for other fabrics. If your machine has a water extractor basket instead of a wringer, the clothes should be evenly distributed in it.

To complete the drying, clothes may be hung outdoors. This is not always possible if one lives in an apartment or if the home is located in a smoky or dusty area. Inclement weather sometimes makes indoor drying desirable. To meet this need, electric and gas-heated dryers are on the market. The heat should be adjusted according to the weight of the clothes and the type of material. In placing the garments on the rods or in hanging them on the lines, care should be taken to arrange them in such a way that they will keep their shape. Knitted garments are best spread on a flat surface, shaping them to the original form. Many synthetic silk garments are best when treated in this way, especially those which are loosely woven. Colored clothes should be dried in the shade and woolens should be dried quickly. Silks should be only partially dried, then rolled in a towel; when enough of the moisture has been absorbed, but while still damp, they should be ironed with a moderately hot iron.

Proper temperature is most important in ironing all materials. Electric ironing machines and many electric irons are equipped with heat control devices. These can be set and held at the low temperature required for silks, synthetic silks and woolen materials or for the higher heat suitable for cottons and linens.

The removal of common stains will be the subject of the next article in the series on home laundering, and suggestions for the washing of specific pieces—blankets, curtains, and others—will follow in a later issue.



The Bride Stocks Her Cupboard

Continued from page 23

making out the list of staples. They are to be had in small tins containing only enough for two servings. In fact, many fruits and vegetables are now packed in cans of this size, which makes repetition unnecessary and each menu more interesting on this account. The number and variety ordered for the shelf of staples will depend upon individual choice, but every modern housekeeper recognizes the value and excellent quality of the canned foods now on the market. She may buy in suitably sized tins, not only fruits and vegetables, but jams, jellies, marmalades, tomato juice, fruit juice, meats, fish, soup and an endless variety of relishes, sauces and pickles.

In the preparation of the week's menu, other foods such as shortening, cooking oil, cornstarch, cheese and many others may be required, and it might be well also to have on hand such things as maraschino cherries for garnishing. It is a good plan to map out each meal for the first week or two, check over the recipes for the dishes you decide upon and order your supplies accordingly. This list may be added to as occasion varies, giving thought of course to the brand, the size of package, comparative prices and flavor preferences. Familiarity with available products, knowledge of grades and standards and an understanding of the characteristics and value of the products are essential to wise buying.

always welcome, and a little variety in this first meal of the day does much to tempt the appetite. Moreover, the convenience and fuel-saving of prepared cereal are not to be overlooked, and because of their many distinct advantages these crisp flavorful products are increasingly popular.

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Breakfast cereals offer a wide range of choice, and it is well to have several types represented on your shelves. The old reliable rolled oats, cream of wheat and cornmeal are excellent for hot cereals, but equally important is a vast number of packaged varieties partially prepared or ready to serve. A change in the menu is

THE PANTRY SHELF

A Directory of Food Products and Their Place
On The Menu.



A NEW FEATURE

The Pantry Shelf is a new department of service to Canadian housekeepers. On this page, the Chatelaine Institute will discuss from month to month, those interesting foods which come to us in jars and bottles, cans and other packages.

The convenience of these products has won them a distinct place in menu making. They may be used in almost any course of the meal, as an ingredient of the dish or as an accessory to add the desired final touch of delicious flavor.

The cleverest housekeeper nowadays is not the one who creates everything she serves, but the one who takes advantage of the food manufacturer's skill, and uses wisely what has been produced for her.

The Pantry Shelf will offer suggestions in selecting, preparing and serving the wide variety available and tell of new products as they appear on the market.

IN THIS era, no one neglects the possibilities of commercially prepared products as labor and time savers, and no one appreciates their value more than the one who prepares meals—whether her task is to feed one or one hundred.

What makes one salad different from another? True, there are seemingly endless combinations of foods served as salads, but the distinctive touch invariably comes from the dressing.

Delightfully blended delicately seasoned dressings can be purchased at reasonable cost and used plain or as the basis for many variations. They have a smoothness which is at once the aim and despair of many housekeepers as it is practically impossible to duplicate without the aid of mechanical mixers. Dressings suitable for various types of salads are procurable at the grocer's; Russian dressing acquires savor and color from the chili sauce blended with it. Thousand Island dressing is made tart and tasty by chopped pickles, pimento and other materials. Many other piquant flavors may be achieved by additions to the plain base. French dressing, particularly suited to green salads, may be varied like mayonnaise, by the addition of spices, seasonings and other materials.

To some, however, the oil in a dressing is distasteful, and if desired the salad may be accompanied by a boiled mixture or an uncooked dressing varied as suggested above.

Whether you choose to buy or make your salad dressings, there are certain products which you will want to keep on your pantry shelf; pickles, capers, chili sauce, tomato catsup, pimento, olives, sauces and packaged cheese all have their places and are used from time to time.

In the preparation of the dressings, certain ingredients are necessary; a salad oil or a variety of oils, vinegar of different kinds and numerous seasonings. Unusual flavors can be obtained by the clever blending of these ingredients. A dressing for meat, fish or vegetable combinations would not attain perfection without mustard; usually the dry mustard is used but prepared mustard might be tried with excellent results. Salt, pepper and sugar are other necessities and don't forget the dash of cayenne and paprika that gives the "pep" to the dressing.

Directions for preparing some popular salad dressings follow. The seasonings as given please the average taste, but may be varied according to personal preference.

Cooked Dressing (without oil)
2 Tablespoonfuls of butter 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour

Uncooked Dressing (very easily made)

1 Tablespoonful of sugar
Few grains of cayenne
¾ Teaspoonful of salt
1½ Teaspoonfuls of mustard
1 Cupful of milk
2 Egg yolks
½ Cupful of vinegar

Melt the butter. Mix the flour, sugar, salt, mustard and cayenne and blend thoroughly with the melted butter. Add the milk and cook over hot water until thickened, stirring constantly. Pour on to the slightly beaten egg yolks, cook for three minutes longer. Then, slowly add the vinegar, cool and bottle.

Cooked Mayonnaise (with oil)
4 Tablespoonfuls of flour
1 Teaspoonful of mustard
2 Teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar
1¼ Teaspoonfuls of salt

Mix the dry ingredients, add two tablespoonfuls of oil, the lemon juice and the boiling water. Cook until thickened, stirring frequently. Cool, beat in the two egg yolks, using a Dover beater, then add the cupful of salad oil slowly, while continuing to beat.

Vinaigrette Dressing
(Exceptionally delicious with a salad of greens)

1 Teaspoonful of salt
¼ Teaspoonful of paprika
White pepper
3 Tablespoonfuls of cider vinegar
1½ Tablespoonfuls of tarragon or malt vinegar
½ Cupful of salad oil

1 Tablespoonful of chopped sour pickles
1 Tablespoonful of chopped green pepper
1 Tablespoonful of chopped parsley
1 Tablespoonful of chopped onion

Mix the seasonings, vinegars and oil and beat or shake until the ingredients are thoroughly mixed. Add the remaining ingredients and serve with crisp greens. (Delicious flavors may be achieved by the blending of vinegars and the use of olive oil with another salad oil).

Uncooked Dressing (very easily made)

1 Egg yolk
½ Cupful of sweetened condensed milk
1 Teaspoonful of mustard

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Mix cream cheese and
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volume of cheese to Bovril.
Spread thinly on bread and
butter.

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½ Teaspoonful of salt
Few grains of cayenne
¼ Cupful of vinegar or lemon juice
¼ Cupful of salad oil
or
4 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter

Beat the egg yolk, and add the condensed milk and remaining ingredients. Beat all together until blended. Pour into a jar and place in the refrigerator to chill. The chilling makes the dressing of a somewhat thicker consistency.

Fruit Salad Dressing

¼ Cupful of pineapple juice
¼ Cupful of orange juice
¼ Cupful of grapefruit juice
2 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
½ Teaspoonful of salt
3 Eggs
½ Cupful of sugar

Beat the egg yolks until thick, add one half of the sugar and the salt. Pour the fruit juices which have been heated, over the egg mixture and cook over hot water until thickened, stirring constantly. Beat the eggwhites, add the remaining sugar and fold into the hot mixture. Chill and serve with fruit salads.

The End

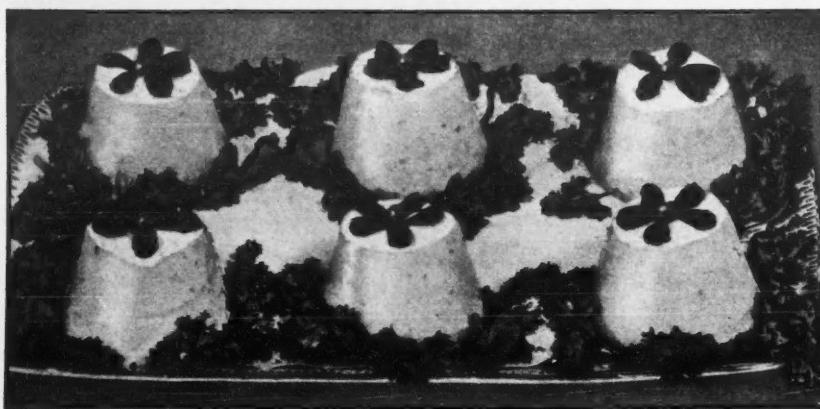
Mrs. Higgins' Mapleine Freeze

Whip half a pint of whipping cream, beating into it 3 level tablespoons of granulated sugar and ¼ teaspoon Mapleine, and whip until stiff. Put in WAXED PAPER in refrigerator tray and freeze. After cream has been whipped stiff, nuts or fruit may be added. As you enjoy this delicious Mapleine Freeze remember that many other delicacies (as well as staple dishes) are wonderfully improved by a little Mapleine. "Mapleine Cookery" (over 200 recipes) FREE on request. In the meantime there are 16 recipes with every bottle of Mapleine, at your grocer's.

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MAPLEINE
Flavoring : Syrup Maker : Meat Savor

Serve delicious EGG TIMBALES when entertaining



RECIPE FOR EGG TIMBALES

1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
3 eggs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Magic Baking Powder
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
Salt and pepper
A few grains of celery salt.

Make a sauce of butter, flour and milk. Beat yolks of eggs until thick, then add to sauce. Add parsley, salt, pepper and celery salt. Beat all together, then add the beaten whites to which has been added $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Magic Baking Powder. Turn the mixture into buttered moulds, place in a pan of water and bake until firm. Serve at once.

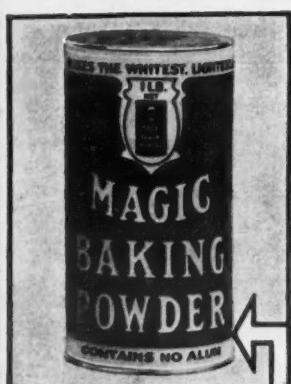
NO need to burden yourself with unnecessary worry over menus for your afternoon teas, bridges or luncheons . . .

The Magic Cook Book can solve many of such problems for you. It contains 337 recipes, each one tested by an expert dietitian.

Simply follow the Magic Cook Book's *tested* recipes and they're bound to turn out right.

And remember! No matter what you are baking, to get the best results, use *MAGIC BAKING POWDER*, the kind that 3 out of every 4* Canadian housewives say they use because it gives consistently better baking results.

*This fact was revealed in a recent Dominion-wide investigation.



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Please send me -FREE- the New Magic Cook Book.

C-6

Name
Address
City Prov.

That Outdoor Appetite

Continued from page 47

Canned Meats

corned beef
corned beef hash
chicken
pressed veal
tongue
ham
sausage
meat loaf
smoked beef
Irish stew
boiled dinner
roast beef

Canned Fish

salmon
sardines
tuna fish
kippered herring
lobster
shrimps
crab
finnan haddie

Canned Vegetables

tomatoes
peas
corn
pork and beans
string beans
baby beets
carrots
asparagus
spinach
mixed cubed vegetables
mushrooms

Canned Fruits

soda biscuits
peaches
pears
pineapple
plums
apricots
cherries
grapefruit
apple sauce
fruit salad
figs
raspberries
strawberries

Boxes and Packages

fancy mixed cakes
macaroni and noodles
lou sugar
jelly powders and gelatine
prepared puddings
junket
tapioca, rice, sago
dates, raisins, prunes
chocolate, coconut
bouillon cubes
cheese (variety)

Holidays Ahead!

Continued from page 26

in its smaller sizes is almost as handy to carry as one of the larger purses. The newest fitted dressing cases carry trays or lids fitted with complete sets of toilet articles in a variety of beautiful colors. And there is plenty of room in the base of the cases for other articles. Some are fitted with a good-sized mirror in the lid, and in the base two glass bottles sitting comfortably in especially designed holders. Then there is the little Duffel bag which can pack a surprising amount away into its snug interior.

Of course, should you be planning to conquer the Old World or follow the trail of romance across the Pacific, you would probably feel that you need something more spacious than hand luggage. Right here, though, you would run up against two separate and distinct factions, each equally sincere in the belief that travelling with trunks (or in opposition, with hand luggage) is the only way to go abroad in comfort. The truth of the matter probably is that you fare as well either way. It is simply a matter of individual preference. Certainly, the new wardrobe trunks are marvels of compact convenience, and to pack them is a joy. It is for all the world like having a portable closet along with you. Dresses, suits and coats fold over hangers in one section, while another section is divided off into drawers of varying size, ranging from a small affair for toilet articles and knick-knacks at the top, intermediate drawers for undergarments, and a deep bottom drawer designed to carry hats. Instructions for packing accompany all the new types of luggage, and they are a tremendous help if you are not an experienced packer.

Apart from the comfort and convenience of the new luggage, a by-no-means negligible feature is their smart appearance. No need now to be tied to tan bags when you habitually dress in greys, blues and blacks. There is a leather finish and a covering to harmonize with any favorite color scheme. Isn't it satisfying to have even your luggage complete the finished ensemble?

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Paste or Liquid
BE SURE IT'S HAWES'

WASHING MACHINES



ELECTRIC UTENSILS



CLEANERS

Scouring Made Easy

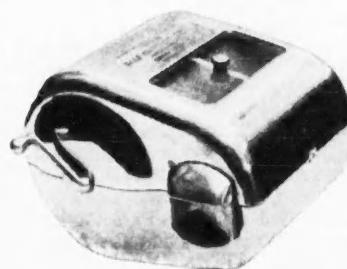
HEMSTITCHER



A Department Which Seeks Out and Investigates What is New and Good in Housekeeping Helps

Conducted by VERA E. WELCH

DID you know that you could make ice cream at home in only thirty seconds? It sounds like a story invented by the amateur fisherman's wife, but in this case it's quite true. It is done by means of a very simple little device called the Gardner Half-Minute Freezer, which operates on a new principle of "external freezing." Home-made ice cream is delicious but from the maker's point of view, its pleasure is confined simply to the tasting. For nobody likes the job of chipping the ice, packing it with wads of salt into the freezer, and then cranking the handle endlessly until the



The Gardner Half-Minute Freezer will make a full pint of delicious ice cream in just thirty seconds.

cream has "iced." So home-made ice cream is usually a rare treat for the family. If you use this remarkable little machine, though, you can have four servings of smooth, creamy ice cream ready in a jiffy, and if you require more servings, in under four minutes. The machine consists of an outer casing and a hollow freezer-roller. This roller is filled with ice cubes or cracked ice and rock salt and sealed tightly. Then you simply mix your cream, following any good ice cream recipe, pour the mixture into the outside casing, turn the roller slowly around a few times, and in a few moments ice cream forms in a smooth film on the surface of the roller. As you turn the handle a few more times this coating of ice cream is scraped from the roller and pushed down into a receiving tray. In thirty seconds you have a pint of delicious ice cream all ready to serve or to keep in the refrigerator until it is needed.

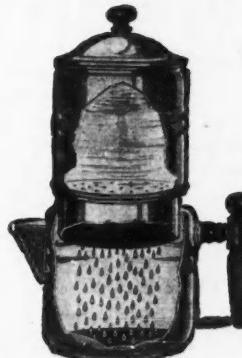


The new Dowswell washer combines a smart appearance with a thoroughly efficient organism

The Canadian General Electric Company, who handle the Gardner Freezer, recommend packing the ice cream in molds and transferring it to the freezing compartment of the electric refrigerator, where it will keep hard and fresh for any length of time, ready to welcome unexpected visitors.

ONE of the most recent entrants in the lists of housekeeping equipment is the new Dowswell electric washer. Into its design have gone the results of long experience. Five points of working routine have been given careful attention: The gyrorator stops or starts at the lightest touch; the cover may be removed while the washer is in operation, in order that you may inspect the clothes or put in an extra piece; the tub may be cleaned very easily; it washes anything and everything from fine lingerie to grease-stained overalls; and the wringer locks in six different positions.

It is a good looking machine. The tub is an apple green, porcelain enamelled. The legs and wringer are finished in the same



By the clear drip process of making coffee, a very delicious flavor is extracted

color, and the cover of the tub is bright aluminum—light, and easy to lift. The motor itself is one quarter horsepower, and while giving ample power to drive both washer and wringer at the same time, uses very little current.

THERE are as many ways of making coffee as there are ways of doing a woman's hair, and whoever is successful in her method is perfectly certain that hers is the only possible way of doing it. To attack a woman's coffee is to attack her hospitality. And yet there are quite a number of us who would like to be sure of always serving a coffee as perfect in taste as its delicious aroma. The new and highly successful method of making it is by the French drip process, and for this there is an excellent aluminum coffee maker on the market called the "Duro" Drip Coffee Maker.

Coffee should never be boiled, but instead it should be brewed at slightly below the boiling temperature, which is the exact heat of a kettle of boiling water at the instant it is removed from the stove. This is the principle followed when making French drip coffee. You measure one tablespoonful to each cup of coffee into the perforated container. Then you place the upper vessel on the stand for about eight minutes, or until the water has all dripped through, remove the coffee container and upper water vessel, and serve. It is all very simple, and has the advantage of being always the same in its results.

ELECTRIC UTENSILS



COOKING UTENSILS



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CLOTHES DRYERS





Beauty of the Skin

EVERYBODY envies baby his soft, velvety skin, and yet baby, too, has his troubles from chafing, skin irritations and eczema. It is a positive fact proven in many thousands of cases that Dr. Chase's Ointment is the most effective means of relieving chafing, skin irritations and eczema. When mothers witness the almost magical effect of Dr. Chase's Ointment in relieving baby's skin troubles, they learn to use it for themselves as a beautifier of the skin. With its use the skin acquires a delightful softness and fineness of texture, which gives it peculiar charm. Dr. Chase's Ointment is an ideal base for powder, for it imparts a smoother finish than ordinary cold cream, retains the powder better and keeps the skin clear, soft and free of irritations.

Dr. Chase's Ointment Keeps the Skin Young, Soft, Velvety



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Cut your cost of living. Wrap "left overs" in the new low priced "Para Sani." Keeps them fresh and tasty. Try it on baked goods, pastry, meats and vegetables.

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paper

GARBAGE

Appleford PAPER PRODUCTS
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FACTORIES AT
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A Canadian Product Through & Through

Safety from Moths

Continued from page 24

the newer models the hinges serve as lid rests, too.

Whatever you fancy in outside appearance, it is worth considering these details in buying your cedar chest. The more airtight the chest, the safer it is. The more you hoard the odor of the wood, the longer the chest will serve its useful purpose. Open the lid as seldom as possible, and close it again as soon as you can. Always be sure it is properly shut. In this you will find an automatic lid construction now on the market particularly helpful. The lock catches instantly the minute the lid is closed, opens again at the touch of a finger, and may also be locked with a key when necessary.

The very attribute, however, that makes red cedar wood so effective against moths—the presence of so much oil—spoils it for cabinet work. It is too soft to stand up satisfactorily under present-day conditions for the many years of service its fragrance lasts. For this reason, manufacturers use walnut, mahogany or other cabinet woods for the chest proper, lining it with a sufficiently thick layer of red cedar. Government tests have established seventy per cent red cedar as a dependable standard, and many furniture makers use even more.

They are designing chests for every room in the house. Some are period-fashioned and finished in various shades and kinds of polish to match with almost any bedroom suite. There are very good-looking styles for

bachelors who want a dependable place to keep their tuxedos, flannels and winter sports togs in summer time; and there are equally good-looking, but very different types, to stand in the nursery and hoard babies' woollens and small boys' jerseys. A great many models are planned to go in living rooms where modern apartment space allows no room elsewhere. With book shelves or magazine racks at the ends, these make handsome additions either to the room itself or to the little entrance hall that is sometimes so difficult to furnish properly.

With a little careful searching it should not be hard to match your furniture with a cedar chest in exactly the size your room requires.

Before packing away your woollens and furs, air them, sun them, brush them well, particularly the seams, pleats, folds and pockets, to remove any eggs or larvae that may already be in them. It is really wisest to have them cleaned. Then put them immediately into a chest that has been kept shut for a few days and is filled with fragrance. Shut down the lid again as soon as you can, and open it henceforth as seldom as possible. Soon the aroma will impregnate every thread and corner of the fabric. Wise adult moths will not come near, and any young ones hatching from eggs already hidden in the fabric, or afterward blown there while the chest is open, will prematurely pass away before their eager appetites have time to cause any serious damage.

Marshall Saunders and Her Friends

Continued from page 13

of today. She has written twenty-five books and is now planning her memoirs.

She is one of the busiest people in the world. She lectures frequently. She is always ready to answer a call to help in any work in which she is interested, and the scope of her interests is indicated by the fact that she is a member of over fifteen organizations.

She has always been interested in people, since the days when her father took her with him on his rounds through the parish. Dr. Saunders was particularly interested in work among jails, asylums and poorhouses, and this experience has probably enabled her to develop her gift of understanding people up to the point where, as one friend said, "Everyone loves Marshall." Few people know that shortly after winning the prize for *Beautiful Joe*, Marshall Saunders won another prize of two hundred dollars for an article on the prevention of crime. It is interesting, in reading this forty-year-old article, to see how many of the ideas, expressed as ideals then, have become realities today.

WHILE we were talking, the door opened and Miss Grace Saunders, the younger sister, came into the room. Over her head flew a pigeon, its pink feet tucked into its grey breast. "That," said Marshall Saunders "is Millie. She follows us about as a dog would. She's supposed to live in the cellar, but she haunts the top stairs, and slips into the house if we give her the chance. Her pal died a few weeks ago and since then she follows us whenever she gets a chance!"

As Miss Grace moved to the door, to the kitchen, and finally to the telephone, Millie fluttered gently after her, until a firmly closing door suggested that she had been banished to the cellar again.

"Your birds are down there?" I questioned, eager to solve the mystery of the joyous bird-song.

"In the winter they are," explained Marshall Saunders. "In a week or so, they'll be in the aviary running up the back of the house to the very top, past the wide windows of the study where I work in the summer."

IT WAS a fascinating thing to open the cellar door. Millie's wings threw a long shadow on the white wall as she flew down before us into the whitewashed cellar. The woodwork was a fresh green. There was the soft whirring of wings, and the trills of happy birds. In the corners, canaries fluttered and sang on tree boughs, stuck in neat mounds of earth. On top of a furnace pipe, two Java finches put their heads together and eyed us solemnly. The coal cellar was full of birds, singing and fluttering in exquisite harmony. Millie followed us with persistency, to watch the tour of inspection. Round the walls, on nails in the woodwork, were stuck square strawberry baskets and flower baskets of all sorts and sizes. Yellow canary mothers were sitting on eggs, or flying to and fro in search of food to take to their nests. I peered into a strawberry basket to find two gangling-mouthed little creatures—baby canaries. Marshall Saunders stepped on to a stool and lifted down a basket that had once held a dozen American beauty roses. "My goodness!" she exclaimed. "Three of them!"—more baby canaries.

I REALIZED afresh how deep and vital her love for animals has always been, when I turned over the huge pile of photographs in a big box. For instead of the photos of men and women, schoolmates and friends, were portraits of dogs, cats, goats, birds, horses—four-footed and feathered friends who have filled Marshall Saunders' life. And if you don't believe that a Boston bull, or an Irish terrier can sit on a chair and be photographed with all the smirking self-satisfaction of one's relatives—take a peek into Miss Saunders' photographs!

As I left the little white house, I saw the door in a house directly opposite the way, wide open, and three little girls, watching eagerly and excitedly for the strange lady to go. The moment I was in my car, they dashed across the street, three red-frocked little girls with tumbling brown hair, each clutching a copy of *Beautiful Joe*. And so I left Marshall Saunders with three more devotees, begging her to sign her name in her famous book.

Domestic Problems in Old Times

Continued from page 12

Kalm thought the girls of Quebec too pleasure-loving, especially those of the higher classes, and he tells how they spent hours in dressing, and flirting with any young fellow who chanced to come in, while their mothers did all the business of the house. The young ladies of Montreal were, in the staid professor's opinion, both handsomer, less volatile, and more industrious. Here, "the daughters of people of all ranks, without exception, go to market and carry home what they have bought. They rise as soon, and go to bed as late as any of the people of the house."

In these little domestic pictures, servants are very seldom mentioned. It seems to have been largely a question whether mother or daughters should do the work, but no doubt the wealthiest people did employ both male and female servants, for in the latter years of the French régime their habits were luxurious to a degree. Even in ordinary times, the well-to-do had a great variety of dishes upon their tables, and on occasions of festivity, such as the gorgeous feasts given by the unscrupulous Bigot to his accomplices, when the table groaned with silver plate, a troop of servants must have been required.

Under French rule servants were not in a very enviable position. Parkman quotes a Police Regulation of 1676 ordaining that "Servants who deserted their masters were to be set in the pillory for the first offense and whipped and branded for the second; while any person harboring them was to pay a fine of twenty francs. On the other hand, nobody was allowed to employ a servant without a license."

As to wages, Kalm in 1749 said that "They commonly give 150 livres a year for a faithful and diligent footman, and to a maid-servant of the same character 100 livres. At the same time a journeyman to an artist gets three or four livres a day, and a common laboring man gets thirty or forty sols a day. The scarcity of working people occasions the wages to be so high, for almost everybody finds it so easy to set up as a farmer in this uncultivated country . . . that he does not care to serve and work for others."

And there, I think, Kalm touched the crux of the servant question as it always has been, and is, in ordinarily good times in Canada. White servants and laborers were so scarce that the paternal rulers of the country, and guides of immigration casting about for a solution, determined late in the seventeenth century to try slavery!

The doubt which caused hesitation was not any conscientious scruple, but the fear that the heat-loving negroes might not stand the climate, and, though permission to import negroes was given, the inhabitants were slow to take advantage of it. The colonists at Detroit bought from the neighboring Indians, Panis or Pawnee captives, whom they kept in slavery, and some of these found their way as far east as Quebec. Their propensity to run off into the woods lessened their value, and caused much heart-searching on the part of the officials lest they should take advantage of their accurate knowledge of the settlements and lead hostile Indians to attack them.

Among the numerous articles of the capitulation of Canada in 1760 is a stipulation that the French shall not be dispossessed of their negro or Panis slaves, for it was not then the proud boast of our Empire that a slave could not set foot upon British soil. Indeed, the trade in slaves from Africa was carefully guarded by the Crown as one of the valuable privileges of free-born British merchants.

In those years, slaves were owned also in Nova Scotia, though the members of this unfortunate class were not numerous until after the Loyalists had brought in with them a vast amount of valuable property in the shape of "servants for life." Rev. T. Watson Smith, in his study of *The Slave in Canada*, published a few years ago by the Nova Scotia Historical Society, states that over 1,200

slaves were brought into the Maritime Provinces alone, previous to the summer of 1784. Many of these proved most faithful and useful to their exiled owners in the days of stress when housekeeping combined all kinds of handicrafts, from the making of soap and candles to the fashioning of shoes. Probably many an old-time mistress, if she could have foreseen these days of constant change in kitchen and household, would have congratulated herself that her domestic treasure of a black beturbaned Sue or Sal could never be enticed away by offers of higher wages or more evenings out.

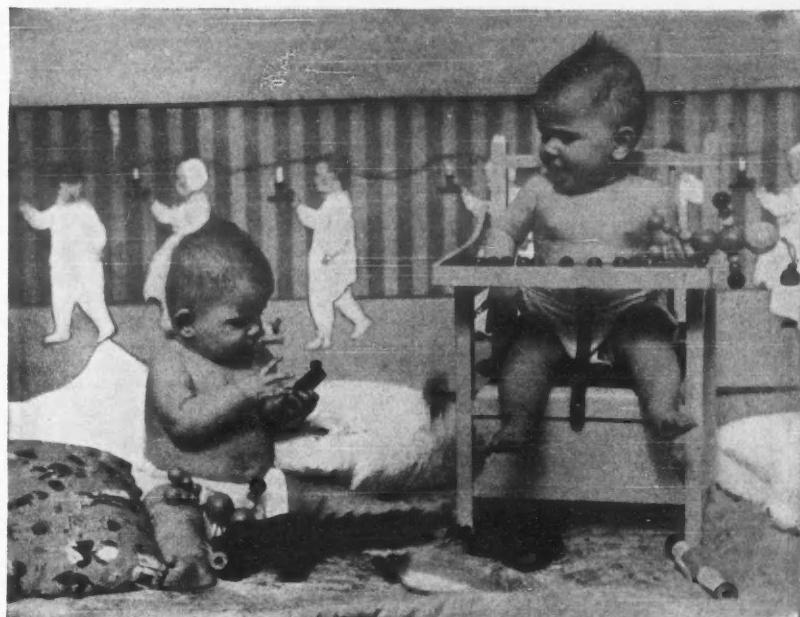
Judging from old-time advertisements, however, there was a good deal of running away on the part of the slaves. Sometimes, on the other hand, it must have been difficult to dispose of a refractory slave, and some clauses in the will of a certain Benjamin Belcher, of Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, are suggestive as to the possible troubles of the slaveholder. Belcher bequeathed seven slaves to his sons and daughters on condition that they were never to "sell, barter or exchange them" except for "such bad and heinous offenses as will not render them safe to be kept in the family." Nor would he trust his heirs to judge of the seriousness of such offenses. Before the slave could be disposed of, three justices of the peace had to be satisfied that his conduct was of such a nature as to imperil the family.

But in 1801, when this will was dated, the era of slavery in Canada was drawing to its close. Already in Upper Canada had been passed the famous Act forbidding the importation of slaves, and providing for the freeing of the children of slaves at the age of twenty-five. In Lower Canada, Chief Justice Sir James Monk had not only decided several cases in favor of escaped slaves, but had given it as his opinion that slavery was ended. Finally, the Imperial Act of 1833 destroyed the last vestiges of this system of dealing with the perennial domestic problem.

No more could one friend bestow on another the highly useful and barbarically ornamental present of an ebony-hued waiting-woman, gorgeous in a red turban. No more could newcomers trust to having the hardships of the pioneer days softened by the constant ministrations of beings who, if treated with any reasonable consideration, accepted philosophically the stigma of inferiority.

Not so, white servants brought out by colonists of gentle birth, who attempted the painful and hazardous experiment of "roughing it in the bush" or elsewhere. It was Mrs. Moodie's experience that "of all follies that of taking out servants from the Old Country is one of the greatest . . . sure to end in disappointment." She had suffered in person from the ill-results of the blunder, but was wise enough to see that "the happy independence enjoyed in this highly favored land is nowhere better illustrated than in the fact that no domestic can be treated with cruelty or insolence by an unbenevolent or arrogant master." And the real solution of the domestic problem—which is, in fact, nothing less than the problem of attaining sufficient power to keep up certain standards of comfort and refinement in household management—will never be reached in Canada except upon a basis which recognizes fully the spirit of sturdy independence animating the women as well as the men, and the workers more than the idle of this free country.

One class of colonists, the bachelors, have always had their own peculiar domestic difficulties. It is said that that veteran founder of settlements, grim old Colonel Talbot would have no women in his household. Another equally eccentric colonizer, Dr. Dunlop, found it impossible to manage his establishment at "Gairbraid," overlooking Lake Huron, without a woman. Of the many fascinating stories in the Misses Lizards' *In the Days of the Canada Company*, none are more full of vivid human interest than the story of Louisa McColl, the Highland



"Say Bill, that's a wonderful new powder mother's 'scoved. I noticed the difference right away, didn't you? It's so cool and soft—no more chafing and soreness for us. I guess we WERE pretty awful at times, Bill. But what could you expect of babies as uncomfortable as we were. I imagine they won't have to complain any more the way I feel. We ought to be happy all the time."

BABY POWDERS ARE DIFFERENT—largely because of the difference in talcs. The costly Italian talc used in Johnson's Baby Powder is made up of soft, tiny flakes—but the cheaper talc used for some baby powders contains sharp, needle-like particles! The trained observer readily sees this difference under a microscope, and you can feel it yourself by rubbing a little Johnson's Baby Powder between your thumb and finger and then trying another powder. You'll know, soon enough, if it's made with inferior talc !

For your baby's sake decide wisely! Use Johnson's Baby Powder. As Baby should have the best of soap, too, there is the specially made Johnson's Baby Soap—and Johnson's Baby Cream for extra comfort. Your dealer has all three.

Johnson's Baby Powder



SOAP



BABY POWDER



CREAM

FREE SAMPLES! In order that you may test Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream, without expense, we will be glad to send you a generous sample of each—free of charge. Write to Johnson & Johnson, Limited, Montreal.

"and one for the pot"

Cross that out!
With Red Rose, use only a
level teaspoonful per person

RED ROSE TEA

"is GOOD Tea"

252



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Try the new Cutieura Shaving Cream.

Chatelaine Patterns may be purchased at these stores

Chatelaine Patterns may now be purchased in the stores listed below. If there is as yet no dealer in your neighborhood, we would be glad to have you give us the name and address of your favorite store, and, in the meantime, you may order Chatelaine Patterns direct from The Chatelaine Pattern Service, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. In ordering by mail, be careful to write the pattern number plainly and be sure to state the size required.

List of Chatelaine Pattern Dealers

ONTARIO		QUEBEC
Amherstburg	Walker's Stores, Limited	Canadian Department Stores, Limited
Arnprior	Walker's Stores, Limited	Walker's Stores, Limited
Aylmer	Walker's Stores, Limited	Orillia
Barrie	Walker's Stores, Limited	Walker's Stores, Limited
Bellefonte	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	Oshawa
Bowmanville	Walker's Stores, Limited	W. A. Dewland, Limited
Brockville	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	Ottawa
Brunswick	Levrette's Store	I. W. Bell, 763-767 Bank Street
Carleton Place	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	Murphy-Gamble, Limited
Collingwood	Walker's Stores, Limited	Canadian Department Stores, Limited
Cornwall	Walker's Stores, Limited	Owner, Sound
Durham	A. Graham	Burns & Limited
Englehart	M. S. Ireland	Parthill
Forest	Forest Farmer's Trading Co.	White & May Co.
Galt	Walker's Stores, Limited	Palmerton
Guelph	G. B. Ryan & Co., Ltd.	F. A. Ashmore
Hamilton	J. T. Eaton Co., Limited	Fambreke
Hanover	MacFarlane's Dry Goods	Canadian Department Stores, Limited
Huntsville	London Dry Goods, Ltd.	Peterborough
Kitchener	N. W. Wigwig	Richard Hall, Limited
London	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	Canadian Department Stores, Limited
Lindsay	R. J. Young & Co., Ltd.	Port Arthur
Midland	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	Renfrew
Napanee	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	St. Catharines
Niagara Falls	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	St. Marys
North Bay	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	Stratford
Orillia	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	St. Thomas
Oshawa	W. A. Dewland, Limited	St. Marys
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If You Were Engaged to the Prince of Wales

Continued from page 9

private life, to be cherished in your memories in the midst of the great cares and responsibilities that would go with your new life.

THE PRINCE, as heir to the throne, would make known his wishes to the king; but father and son would count for little before the considerations of state involved: the law of the constitution as it relates to the marriage of the heir to the throne, and the wishes of the people who would be asked in parliament to give you a yearly grant.

Already, you see, you would have ceased to be mistress of your own actions and arbiter of your own wishes! These would have to be subjected to other considerations: ministers of state would have to be consulted—the privy council. Every objection to your marriage of which you would never have thought would be brought forward and examined; together with all the advantages, to the country, which also you would have overlooked.

NOTHING would be hurried! Your feelings would not exist in the face of all these considerations; and the same discussions would take place if you were a foreign born princess or if, as in the case of Queen Mary and the Duchess of York, you were born in the United Kingdom—save that with a foreign princess it would be through ambassadors that discussions would take place.

And while you were waiting to know the results of all these weighty deliberations that would seem to you grotesquely unreal in comparison with the ardor of your romantic love, you would begin to feel the weight of the two lives that royal persons live: that which belongs to the state; that which belongs to themselves. It would be an odd experience for you—one that persons of royal birth are early broken in to accept.

And the last question of all: how long would your engagement last? Probably about three months.

Consider, if you fret at the delay, the number of things if would be imperative to do before you could be married. Consider it first from the point of view of that gigantic thing, the state. Your wedding would be the great event of the year—the greatest royal event for years. It would have to be worthy of the occasion; it would have to live up to public expectation. Every foreign power would be represented, and you have little idea of what this would mean; it would keep the embassies of Europe busy from the day your engagement was announced.

Then, again, there would be the question of your clothes. Have you ever thought what this alone would involve? Clothes enough to change your frock ten times a day if necessary; and with your change of gown a change of jewellery and adornments to go with it.

You would have to get accustomed to wearing the jewels that would be handed over to you as the future Princess of Wales—jewels that so many princesses have worn before you. And while you were getting accustomed to dressing according to your new position, you would have to learn how to conduct yourself in your new life. "You" would no longer be; and while you learned the joys of your new life you would learn of its labors.

You would lead a busy life, crowded with events, people, things to learn, things that had got to be done—the busiest time you had ever spent in your whole life.

And during your engagement people everywhere in the world would, at some time, be looking at your picture, and at least a thousand times every day someone would be exclaiming: "I wonder what it feels like to be engaged to the Prince of Wales!"

And you alone would know!

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opinion, this should be discussed and a proper course of action decided upon, a compromise if necessary, behind closed doors. Then a solid front can be presented to the child in future. Children soon learn to take chances if there is any possibility of disagreement between the parents.

Another unfortunate condition is where parents are uneven and inconsistent in their own management. If they are not feeling well, or are hurried, the children annoy them and they are impatiently dealt with. What was permitted and even laughed at yesterday is sternly forbidden today. Again, the children learn that for part of the time at least they can take chances and get away with it.

Our third rule may well be: Be even and consistent in your discipline. If you are forbidding a thing, let your "no" be understood as a permanent injunction. If you are giving permission to do something, let it be clear in the child's mind whether that permission extends beyond this time or not. We might give the child permission to get a drink of water whenever it is thirsty, or we might give permission at the moment to eat one ice cream cone.

In a good many households, the coming of a young child is permitted to upset everything. This is poor judgment, for children must learn to "live and to let live." Their rights must be considered and they must learn to consider the rights of others. Failure to do this is an injustice to everyone concerned, and especially to the child.

The younger members of the family may have a good time, but they do not need to produce a condition of bedlam or chaos, and authority should be exercised that those members of the group who need rest and quiet shall be able to have it. This is easily managed by planning nap times, out-of-door exercise, and setting aside a suitable place for play. Older children should be taught not to interrupt until they receive permission to speak if guests are present, or unless there is a lull in the conversation.

Our fourth rule is: Inculcate good manners and self-control on the part of the child.

We cannot expect little children to sit still very long or to be interested in one thing indefinitely, but a little thought on the part of the parent will prevent the child becoming bored and then naughty because it is tired.

As soon as the child can run around and understand a good deal of what is said to it, the time has come to start it on a more independent career. It should be taught little by little how to dress and undress itself; how to feed itself neatly at the table; how to assume small responsibilities which call for a little care; how to think out very simple problems for himself; how to begin to draw safe and right decisions where two courses present themselves; how to finish a thing which has been commenced.

It is no longer a case of saying, "Do this because I think it best for you." The time for that kind of authority is passing, and we are now training the small boy or girl to think for himself. This is the second stage in obedience on the side of the child, and authority on the side of the parent.

A child who is never given an opportunity to make his own decisions, to make some mistakes, and to learn from experience, will be a grown-up weakling, an older individual who will never amount to as much as he ought.

It is important that children's questions be answered truthfully, and that they know that they can depend absolutely upon the information given them by father or mother. This brings us to our fifth rule:

Train the child to think for himself, but do not expect to put old heads on young shoulders. Beware of destroying a child's

confidence, for the instant this is done, one's authority is undermined for all time.

Co-operation in the home—all helping to make it a pleasant place in which to live—and co-operation with outside forces working to make the world a better place to live in, come next. Co-operation of this kind makes for independent self-respect and a sense of discrimination as to what is worth while.

The boy or girl now learns that as a member of society he must obey the laws of the state and the nation made by those in authority; and that he must respect such governing bodies of school and society just as he respects and obeys his parents in the home. Those who defy authority are of necessity jailed as a menace to the public welfare.

Our sixth rule, then, is: Co-operation with, and respect for, home authority naturally leads to respect for the laws of God and man.

We have already said that a young child's attention cannot be held very long, but as the years pass, this attention-time lengthens and we enter a most important stage of sustained action—the starting and carrying on of larger undertakings, the earning and saving of money, the following of courses of study which reach a good way ahead.

Sustained action is important for the young person and for his parents. To be busy in the right way is to crowd out worthless and unworthy activities. Older people are very likely to underestimate what the growing boy and girl can handle, and this either breeds prejudice or an inferiority complex.

Our seventh rule is: Give the young people an opportunity to develop sustained action, and remember that Rome wasn't built in a day.

Adolescence is known as a period of yeastiness. The young person comes into the consciousness of his own selfhood. He seeks expression for his own inclinations. If the reins of parental authority are held too tightly, if the adolescent is not met on a somewhat grown-up basis, there is likely to be friction and even defiance—or deceit.

The modern parent will for years, have been building against this time, and in place of a break developing, the ties of relationship will grow much closer and more congenial. Of course the young people will seek companions of their own age, and to enjoy themselves with their group; but they will be ready to recognize that as long as they live at home and are dependent upon home support, by every right they should expect to comply with home authority. But remember that a velvet glove is more to be desired than an iron hand.

Parents should remember that times have changed, in some ways for the better and in some ways for the worse. We cannot blame our young people for this. Conditions are what we ourselves have made or permitted, and we cannot go backward.

One thing is gratifying. Our young people are amazingly honest. They are mentally alert. They have an ear to the ground as to what is happening. They are older in most cases at fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen than we were at their ages. All of which means that there will be little need for the exercise of authority after middle adolescence if we know we can trust them and they know that we have confidence in them.

The story is told that Abraham Lincoln was once asked how long a man's legs should be. In his typical manner he thought a moment and replied, "Long enough to reach from his body to the ground."

How much authority should parents exercise?

Enough to reach from the period of infant dependence to those maturing years when youth can make fairly safe and sane personal decisions.

TASTE IT SMELL IT



Be convinced of richer chocolate flavour

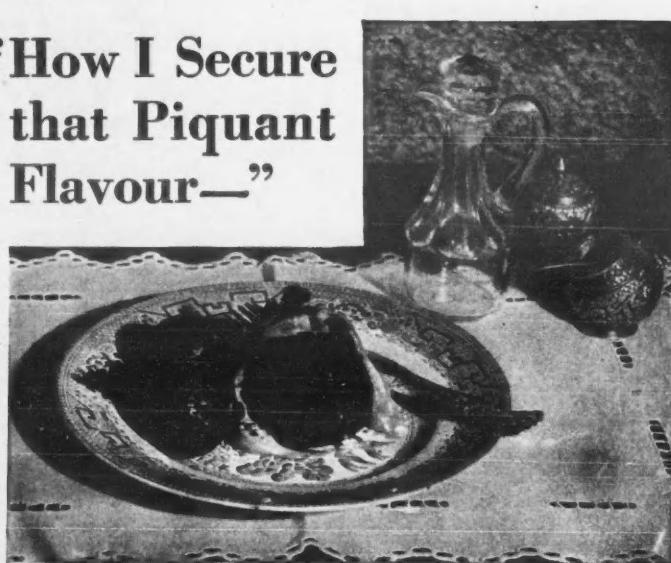
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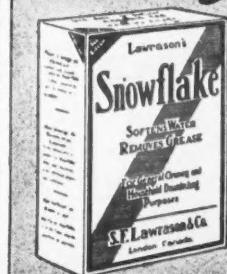
Alabastine

dairymaid, who, emigrating from Scotland to manage the household of Dr. Dunlop and his brother, the captain, ultimately became the "Laird's Lady."

She was devoted to "the deare gentlemen," but gossip started, so the story goes, and both being unwilling to let the girl leave, the doctor told his brother that they would toss up to see which should marry her. The lot fell to the captain; which is not surprising, seeing that the doctor tossed with a double-headed penny. And so "Lou" became Mrs. Dunlop by a marriage in which "Black Jimmy," the butler, officiated.

IT WAS of doubtful legality, so the bride wisely insisted on having the ceremony repeated in more regular form at a later date. In her earlier married life she was troubled because her maids, unimpressed by her trailing satin gown, refused to "pay sufficient respect to her reverence." But she was a forceful woman, and never ceased the effort to keep not only her servants, but her husband and brother-in-law in order. She served both brothers as faithfully after her marriage as before, but failed to check their too convivial habits. The captain died first, and was buried near the River Maitland. Some time later came news that the doctor, then at Lachine, was grievously ill. The faithful "Lou" hurried to his bedside, nursed him to the end, and then in the Indian summer set out to bring his body home. At Hamilton it was given a temporary resting-place in Sir Allan MacNab's plot, but when winter improved the roads Mrs. Dunlop finished her doleful journey with the heavy laden coffin, and at last laid the doctor to rest beside his brother. "Lou," it is said, was always at war with somebody, but, as her tombstone testifies, she was "a good and faithful friend."

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What Price Obedience?

Continued from page 19

To be sure the young child is an imitator naturally and is curious. Older people, brothers and sisters as well, should be careful of the example set.

When it is perfectly safe to gratify the child's curiosity about many things, this should be done. He can be shown that the cookies are soft dough when they go into the oven, and crispy and good to eat when they come out. He can be shown the paring knife he would like to take into his hands, and mother can run her fingers over the edge very cautiously, saying: "Sharp! Sharp! See how it cuts the apple and potato. It would hurt your finger and mine if it cut us, so we'll put it away."

Emphatically the young child should not be given knives, matches, or anything else to handle and play with until of mature age to understand the danger of them and why care must be taken in handling them.

Two courses are open. One is to put such things out of reach as far as practicable. The other is to insist that the child leave such things alone. A gas stove cannot be put away, so baby must be trained not to touch the gas cocks. The bath tub cannot be removed from its moorings, so the child must be taught not to turn the hot water faucets on, but for fear curiosity may lead to experiment, a young child should never be left alone a moment in the bath tub. And this brings us to our second rule:

Remember that grown-ups should by every right use their own best judgment for the children under their care, gratifying curiosity reasonably and only in so far as it is safe to do so.

ONE of the unfortunate conditions often met in the exercise of parental authority is lack of uniform agreement between parents. Where there is any difference of

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His gaze sharpened. "You don't look so good, baby."

"Don't I! I thought I looked pretty hot."

"Not so good. Peaked. Noticed it this noon. Anything bothering you?"

"Something was, but it's all right now!"

"Don't let 'em get you down," said her father. "Keep your chin up. Look 'em straight in the eye and tell 'em where to go."

"What if—what if you don't want 'em to go?" she asked queerly.

"Best way in the world to keep 'em."

"Not always," said Vingie. "Not all people are dogs."

"Speakin' of dogs," said her father. "I wish they'd keep out of here. They seem to think this place a sort of 'dogs' Paradise.'"

SOMEBODY was throwing a party. Stan suggested that they drop in for a drink or two, but Vingie said she'd rather just dance.

His arm was not lax tonight. It was strong and alive. "Been thinking of you all day," he said.

She smiled droopily.

"Think of me—any?"

"Oh, now and then in a lull."

She knew by the way he laughed that his mood was high. Anything could happen when Stan's mood was high. But tonight she was going to spoil it all by telling him something. Sheer treason to her code, but she had to tell it to him.

"Got a surprise for you, Poppy."

"My name's Vingie," she corrected him.

"Not any more."

"Or Virginia—if you care for that."

"I don't. And Vingie doesn't fit you. You're gorgeous, you know. Poppies are gorgeous. Vingies don't appeal to me."

"Did you ever look close at one?" she asked suddenly.

"What, a Vingie?"

"No, a poppy. Close-up?"

"Whole fields of them in Japan!"

"But separately they're ugly, Stan—black inside with sticky stuff and bugs. Roses are much nicer."

"Would you prefer to have me call you 'Rose'?" Stan asked, eyes glinting. "But about that surprise. Aren't you interested?"

"All excited," she drawled.

"We're going to have a party."

"Oh, but I thought we were just going to dance. I'm not keen about seeing anybody else tonight."

"Exactly. It's a private party. Just us. At my house."

"At your father's place, you mean?"

"The family's away for the week-end. It's all ours."

Her heart palpitated, but she gave him a hard-boiled stare: "Not so good," she remarked, coolly.

"Don't be that way, Poppy. We could dance there a lot better—to night club music on the radio. We could have supper together."

"Let's stay here."

"Now, listen, Poppy! I'll take you home the minute you say the word. That's a promise."

"But you don't make promises, Stan."

"I'm making one now. The minute you say so, we'll go."

She thought cannily: "Trusting to luck that I won't say so." She said: "Okay. Let's go."

IT WAS all that a country mansion is supposed to be—on a knoll of its own, completely surrounded by flower terraces. A long, curving private drive, tennis court, swimming pool, stables—all the trimmings of the high-hat newly rich, though the Houstons were not that. The interior of the house was equally pretentious and ornate—Oriental rugs and Spanish shawls, Empire commodes, Italian refectory tables, porcelain, rose quartz, jade. Vingie wanted to gasp and linger, but Stan drew her hurriedly through to a smaller room hung with old Indian blankets of vegetable-dyed wools, a bare floor, a long, low divan with a red and black Navajo flung over it, a few age-dimmed pieces of pottery, an Arapahoe war drum in one corner, a tall graceful olla in another.

"Only decent room in the house," he said, and went out to get some wine.

Vingie drew a deep excited breath. "He's a great guy—if you don't weaken," she thought. Stan returned with two tall frosted glasses. Vingie took a sip and set her glass aside.

"That is nice," she murmured.
"Aren't you going to drink it?"
"No."

Stan eyed her queerly, then set his own glass beside hers on the floor. "All right," he said, and took her in his arms.

"Poppy—"
"Say 'Vingie,'" she whispered.
"Vingie."
"Say it again."

"Vingie—"
"Will you call me that—all the time?"
"All right."

"Let's get supper."

"Not yet."

"But I've got to go soon—"

"Vingie, for goodness' sake, don't tease me!"

"Stan, listen! I've got to tell you something. You'll laugh, but I've got to tell you—"

He shut off her words with his lips.

"Stan, you've got to listen to me. You'll laugh, but I don't care. You'll despise me, but it's true and I'm going to tell you—"

"What is it?"

"Stan—" She stood up, smoothed her hair. She took a deep breath. "Stan, I love you!"

He was very still for an instant. "Why, Poppy—Vingie! What made you think I'd laugh at that?"

"Because you don't believe in love. When you've had enough of people you move on to others. That isn't love. Love stays alive and grows. Even twenty-five years later it's still there, keeping people together—"

His eye hardened. "What do you want me to do about it?"

"Oh, nothing! You can't help being the way you are. It's too bad I had to fall in love with you, that's all. Otherwise we might have gone on having good times together—"

He jerked up. "What do you mean?"

"But I have, so it's up to me. I mean I've got to give you up now, while I can. So I'm going now."

His face looked curiously white. He ran nervous fingers through his hair and across his eyes.

"Will you take me home now, Stan?"

"We were going to have supper," he mumbled.

"I'm not hungry, are you? Please take me now."

SHE would probably do a lot of wondering at herself in days to come, but the thing was done and done right. She was calm now, however much she might suffer later on. Stan drove in silence. The gloomy look of his face from the side made her think of Ronald sulking because he could not go to the beach—something boyish about it that made her want to take him in her arms. She couldn't do that, however. He'd misunderstand. He'd think she was weakening . . . They were almost home. She would try to say good night casually—No gushing farewells for her. She saw the clear welcoming beam of her own porch light.

"Don't think of me as a prude, Stan," she said impulsively. "I'm not that, really."

"I know you're not, Vingie. I know what you are. I know all about you!"

She stared at him, a queer little pulse starting in her throat.

"I've been rotten, Vingie. I knew you were a finer breed than I was used to. Most girls fall easy, you know. I tried to get you—fair means or foul, Vingie, and that's a fact. But I'm glad you didn't let me—glad as anything."

The pulse beat faster. "Stan—"

"No, listen to me! It's got me, too—love. It's had me for some time. Only it's got me more—deeper, because I couldn't stop now as you say you could. I couldn't say good-bye and let you go. What's more, I won't and I won't let you. I'm proposing to you, Vingie. Will you—have me, darling?"

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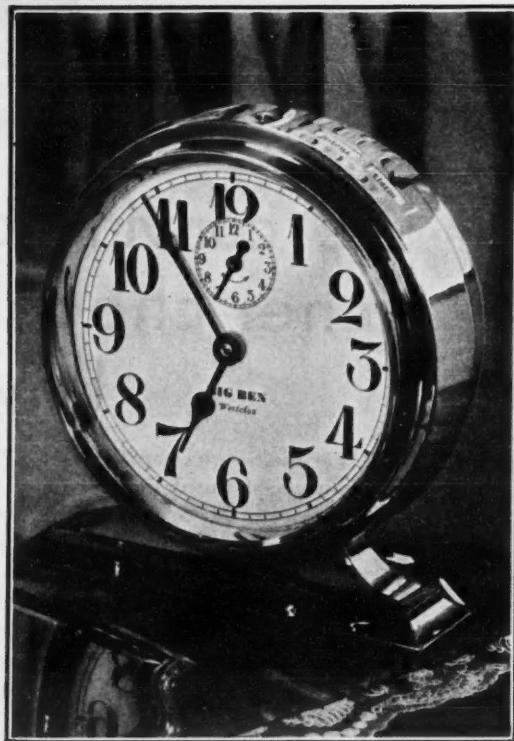
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Red Poppy

Continued from page 5

the orchid counterpane of her bed—arms stretched above her head, one knee lifted. The curtains at her windows were drawn against the afternoon light, admitting only the softest of creamy filters, the room hazily warm. A sensuous lassitude filled her. She was conscious of her own beauty lying there. The woman in the picture had red hair, but her own would be effective enough, she imagined. She arranged it to better advantage on the pillow, fitted her face into the hollow of one arm and dreamed.

Voces broke in upon this wanton mood—her mother and father enjoying themselves in the garden below:

" . . . ever see a longer bud? . . . perfect specimen . . . Kitchener of Khartoum . . . what? . . . fertilizer . . . Pour your dish water and tea leaves on that Lady Hillington for a few days—"

Twenty-five years . . . Where would she be twenty-five years from now? "Real love continues to grow like anything else—like you've grown, and Ronald." Stan. Oh, Stan! An emotion swept her—bigger, more overpowering than anything she had ever felt before. It filled her throat so that she choked. "I can't," she thought. "It would be absolutely fatal. Besides, he'd laugh—"

The emotion passed. There seemed nothing to do but get up and dress. She lingered long before her mirror, fussing with creams, powder, rouge, mascara. Her daintiest underwear, her prettiest dress, her sheerest hose. Yet the lovelier she made herself, the sadder she felt, as if she were dressing for her execution.

HER mother was getting supper when she went down. "Oh," she said queerly, "you're going out again."

"Yes, with Stan Houston. It's Saturday night, you know!"

"But you were up so late last night."

"This will probably be the wind-up," said Vingie, lightly.

"Is he going away or something?"

"I don't know, for sure."

Mrs. Moore was cutting up vegetables for salad. She bent closer over the bowl and said: "I wish you wouldn't go out tonight."

"But, why?"

"We could go to the show, all of us. It would be rather nice."

On a sudden impulse Vingie took her mother in her arms. "You're sweet," she said. "Did you have a nice time in the garden?" she added as if speaking to a child.

"Yes, of course. Why don't you go out and talk to your father for a little while? He hardly ever sees you any more."

"What does he care—so long as he has you?"

"Now don't be silly. Why don't you go and see him now?" Mrs. Moore insisted. "Supper will be ready in no time."

Vingie strolled out into the garden. Her father was hoeing. "Haven't you worked about long enough?" she remarked.

"This is my idea of having fun," he said.

"What do you get out of it?" she asked sceptically.

"Why it's great stuff! It's better'n golf. And look how they answer, will you? This is the finest rose garden in the country. Look at that Kitchener there—blooms all the year round. And that Harriet—"

"Yes, it's great," said Vingie, and then caught her breath in a queer little gasp. Beneath the Harriet, the poppy plant lay wilting, neatly chopped from its root by her father's hoe. She went over and picked it up. "What did you do that for?" she asked.

"That's no good. Just a weed."

"It wasn't a weed! It was a poppy!"

"Well, it's got no place in this company." Her father plucked a long-stemmed Pink Radiance bud and handed it to her. "There! That's better'n all the poppies in the world put together, isn't it?" he insisted, as Vingie did not respond.

"Guess you're right," said the girl, letting her namesake drop to the ground.



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the beaten egg yolks and cook, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens. Allow to cool. Cream the butter and the icing sugar together, add the cooled egg mixture, the drained crushed pineapple and vanilla, and fold in the beaten egg whites. Arrange strips of cake or split lady fingers in a pan and pour the mixture over them. Set in the ice-box for twelve hours. Turn out of the mold or pan and serve with sweetened fresh pineapple garnished with cherries or strawberries.

Curry of Lamb

- 2 Cupfuls of diced lamb
- 1 Cupful of meat stock
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- 2 Slices of onion
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of curry powder
- 1 Cupful of milk

Melt the butter and cook the onion in it until light brown. Add the stock and when hot the diced lamb. Add the salt and curry powder to the milk and combine with the lamb. Serve boiling hot with boiled rice. More curry powder may be used if a very hot dish is desired.

Lost Lover

Continued from page 8

SHE invented feelings to go with the spots. She took to her bed. She lied elaborately. She wouldn't let Robert take her to a doctor—not unless the spots got worse, she said. But she let him hire a woman to do her work for a while.

She drank in rest and his solicitude. She suffered agonies of being ashamed of herself, but she was happier than she had ever been in her life. The thing that she had sometimes feared was dead had not been dead but sleeping; she was sure of that now.

"You are the only doctor I need," she said; and by a miracle the old avenues of tenderness being open again, he saw that it was true.

"How'd I ever get like I was?" he said one night. "How'd you ever let me get that way? This spot business—if you're sure they're going away—"

"Yes, I'm sure. Look at them."

"—and if you're sure you're really feeling better right along—"

She smiled. "I'm sure," she said thankfully.

"Well, then," he heaved a long, troubled, relieved and contrite breath, "this spot business is worth everything in the world to us just to have showed us where we were headed."

He said it sitting close beside her bed, his hand in hers, the book closed from which he had been reading aloud as he used to do, the woman he had hired making peaceful small sounds in the kitchen. He laid the book down and got up and bent over his wife and kissed her; and she didn't have to remember the old magic any more, it was in that room as unmistakably as white moonlight was on the mesa outside.

"Please, God," Sally prayed, "let it stay! However I got it, don't let it go away again!"

She took her happiness thankfully, lying there at unaccustomed ease in bed, but she couldn't get rid of the shame. She had founded the whole thing on a lie. If only she could tell him so! But she knew she couldn't. He'd want to forgive, but he wouldn't be able to. He would think, if she told him, that he had forgiven, but she would know that he had not. It was one thing for life, fate, an unknown disease to show him up, but another for her to do it. He'd be able to forgive her almost, but never quite, she knew her man. No, she was never going to tell him—never. And as long as she lived she would be ashamed.

Sausage and Spaghetti Casserole

- 6 Large sausages
- 3 Cupfuls of cooked spaghetti
- 1 Can of celery soup
- ½ Cupful of boiling water

Prick the sausages. Cover with boiling water in a frying pan and cook for fifteen minutes. Drain and return to the pan to cook until browned. Arrange a layer of cooked spaghetti in a buttered baking dish. Place over it the sausages and cover with the remaining spaghetti. Dilute the soup with the hot water and pour over the mixture in the casserole. Place in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for thirty minutes.

Braised Tongue with Vegetables

Cover the tongue with boiling water and cook slowly for two hours. Remove the skin and roots, place in a baking pan and surround with vegetables:

- 2 Cupfuls of tomatoes
- 1 Cupful of peas
- 1 Cupful of diced carrots
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of finely-chopped onion

Seasonings

Cover closely and bake in a moderate oven for one and a half to two hours, turning once during the cooking.

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Special Dishes for June mentioned in the "Meals of the Month"

by M. FRANCES HUCKS

WE HAVE introduced into the *Meals of the Month* for June some dishes with more or less unfamiliar names. And so we give you in these columns the recipes and directions for preparing them. It is often impossible to tell from the names of some dishes just what they are, because frequently we find the same name used by different people to distinguish dishes which may be quite dissimilar. You may have in your own cook book a recipe under one of these names, which is not the same as ours, but may fit into the day's menu quite as satisfactorily.

The recipes are arranged to serve six people and to use left-overs—if any. In cases where appetites are large and there are no left-overs, some other dishes would be substituted—or to save time you might deliberately cook an excess for the one meal to facilitate the preparation of the next. This represents saving in fuel and in the time that must be spent in the kitchen these warm June days. Many of the desserts and some of the other foods included in this month's menus may be prepared early, kept in the ice-box and served thoroughly chilled without unnecessary work at the last minute. May we also suggest that the beverages in many cases might be iced if the weather demands it, but try to have at least one hot dish at every meal.

Prune Soufflé

1 Cupful of prune pulp
1/4 Cupful of prune juice
1/2 Cupful of cracker crumbs
1/2 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
2 to 3 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
2 Egg whites

Mix the prune juice and pulp with the crumbs. Add the lemon juice and sugar to sweeten, then fold in the beaten egg whites. Turn into a buttered baking dish. Place in a pan of hot water and bake at 325 degrees F., for forty-five minutes or until firm.

Other cooked fruit pulp may be used as a variation, or half a cupful of chopped nuts may be added to the above recipe. The dessert should be served as soon as it is cooked and may be garnished with whipped cream if desired.

Oven-cooked Steak

2 to 2 1/2 Pounds of round steak
about 2 inches thick
1/2 Cupful of flour
1 Teaspoonful of salt
1/2 Teaspoonful of pepper
1 Cupful of water

Wipe the steak. Mix the seasonings with the flour and sprinkle half of the mixture over the steak and pound it in. Turn the meat and treat the other side with the remainder of the flour mixture. Place in a greased baking dish. Add the water (stock may be used) and additional seasonings, clove, bay leaf, celery, salt, if desired. Cover and cook for one and a half to two hours in a moderate oven (325 degrees F.). If necessary, add more water during the cooking. Serve in its own gravy.

Spanish Rice

2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
1/2 Small onion (chopped)
1/2 Cupful of washed rice
3 Tablespoonfuls of green pepper (chopped)
3/4 Teaspoonful of salt
1 1/2 Cupfuls of tomatoes
1/2 Cupful of boiling water

Melt the butter, add the chopped onion and the rice and cook, stirring constantly until the rice is brown. Add the green pepper, salt and tomatoes, cover and

simmer over a low flame until the rice is tender, adding the boiling water when necessary.

Apricot Cream

1 Cupful of apricot pulp
1/2 Cupful of apricot juice
2 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
3/8 Cupful of condensed milk

Soak and cook apricots in the usual way, but add no sugar. When tender, drain, reserving the juice and force the apricots through a sieve. Stir the lemon juice slowly into the condensed milk, and continue stirring until the mixture becomes somewhat thickened. Add the apricot juice and pulp and mix thoroughly. Pile in serving dishes and chill before serving.

Potato Puff

4 Large potatoes
1 1/2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
3 Tablespoonfuls of rich milk
1 Egg yolk
Salt
Pepper
1 Egg white

Boil or bake the potatoes and force through a ricer. Add the butter, the milk and the beaten egg yolk. Season and place over low heat, beating constantly for two or three minutes. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg white. Drop by large tablespoonfuls on to a buttered sheet and place in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) until delicately browned.

Coffee Spanish Cream

1 Tablespoonful of gelatine
2 Tablespoonfuls of cold water
1/2 Cupful of milk
1 1/2 Cupfuls of strong coffee
1/2 Cupful of sugar
Pinch of salt
3 Eggs

Soak the gelatine in the cold water for five minutes. Combine the milk, coffee sugar and salt and heat in a double boiler. Pour over the beaten egg yolks, return to the double boiler and cook until the mixture thickens. Add the soaked gelatine and stir until it is dissolved. Then fold in the beaten egg whites, pour into a cold wet mold and chill. Serve with cream.

Liver Balls

1 Pound of liver
1 Cupful of bread crumbs
1 1/2 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
2 Tablespoonfuls of catsup
2 Tablespoonfuls of finely-chopped onion
1 Beaten egg
1/2 Teaspoonful of salt
Pepper and paprika

Remove the skin from the liver, slice and cook for fifteen minutes in boiling salted water. Drain and put through the food chopper. Add the crumbs, lemon juice and remaining ingredients, mix thoroughly, adding water if the mixture is too dry. Form into balls, wrap each one in a slice of bacon, and bake in a moderate oven, (350 degrees F.) for thirty to forty-five minutes.

Pineapple Ice-box Pudding

4 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
2 Tablespoonfuls of water
2 Eggs
1/2 Cupful of butter
1 Cupful of icing sugar
1/2 Cupful of drained fresh pineapple
1/4 Teaspoonful of vanilla

Dissolve the sugar in the water, in the top part of a double boiler. Gradually add



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Women and Their Work

Month by month, *The Chatelaine* will mirror activities of women working for the development of their communities



Mildred Beatrice McMurray



Miss Elizabeth Styring Nutt

MILDRED BEATRICE McMURRAY. B.A., LL.B., the first woman to plead in the Manitoba Court of Appeal, of Winnipeg, will be remembered for many good works in bettering the community in which she lives, but particularly she will be honored by women and children for the part she has taken in improving laws in Manitoba which concern women and children.

Miss McMurray was called to the Bar in 1922. Since that time she has been keenly interested in bettering those statutes which gave no consideration to the woman or child. Time and again she has been requested to speak on the subject before the Local Council of Women and other organizations. In 1926, at the request of the Provincial Government, she wrote a pamphlet on "Laws Affecting Women and Children." Later she was appointed legal supervisor of the Department of Child Welfare for the Province of Manitoba. In addition to this important work she continues her private practice. Through her there have been important changes made in the laws for women and children.

MISS ELIZABETH STYRING NUTT, principal of the Nova Scotia College of Art, Halifax, has done more to inspire interest in art and to reveal to the city and province the wealth of talent among its youth, than anyone who has ever been associated with the institution which attained its present collegiate status under her leadership.

Miss Nutt, herself an artist of unusual gifts whose pictures have been hung in the National Gallery exhibitions at Ottawa and who has been honored farther afield, is also a writer of distinction. But it is as a teacher that she is pre-eminent. Under her principalship the college has turned out graduates, practically all of whom have won distinction elsewhere—some of them have won very noteworthy recognition on the other side of the Atlantic. The registration of students in the college has grown by leaps and bounds. In the interests of the community, Miss Nutt makes a point of inviting the talent of her pupils to serve any good local cause.



Mrs. Osgood McVean



Mrs. Harold Fleming

THE town of Dresden, Ontario, is fortunate in that it is the home of Mrs. Osgood McVean, whose humanitarian work is a vital force in the community. It was not until her husband had died and her ten children no longer required her attention, that Mrs. McVean turned her attention to the social work she accomplishes through the I. O. D. E. Mrs. McVean has been Regent of the Sydenham Chapter of I. O. D. E., ever since its organization in 1914. She is a National Councillor of the I. O. D. E., and is also convener of the organization's immigration work for Canada.

In addition to her I. O. D. E. work, Mrs. McVean has been honorary president of the Business Girls' Club ever since she founded it in 1922 for philanthropic and social work in the town. She is also a member of the Mothers' Allowance Board of Kent County, of which she has been secretary since it was organized ten years ago.

Mrs. McVean is a woman of wide affairs and deep convictions. She is vice-president of the Women's Conservative Association, and frequently speaks at their meetings.

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car's ready." He took up her bag and went out again.

"I don't want you to go so soon!" Sally said. "You've been so good to me. I wanted to—tell you lots of things."

The old woman sat down on the edge of the bed.

"You've told me more than you know. It's all right between you and me."

She pushed the fair hair back from the

white, soft forehead and kissed it. Then she opened her handbag.

"Here's something I got for you. I thought it might be kind of hard for you to get it for yourself, with that woman always sitting around in the kitchen. Now don't"—there was a twinkle in the faded brown eyes—"don't you get well too soon."

She thrust a little bag of blueing into her daughter-in-law's hand and was gone.

THE HOME BUREAU

Conducted by ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON

I AM moving soon for the first time since I have been married, and am rather anxious about my money budget. Could you help me? My home is planned as in the enclosed sketch. I don't know what to do with the windows which are narrow and do not throw much light. For suggestions concerning the right kind of material for curtains or drapes I should be very much in your debt.

IT IS very hard to "name off" fabrics arbitrarily for rooms. It is so easy to make a choice when you walk among the samples shown in the shops! However, here are some suggestions:

Kitchen—Green or blue checked oilcloth curtains, or coin-dot in blue or green on white voile with tie-back of solid color in oilcloth.

Bathroom—Glazed (waterproof) chintz, any flower design that is small. One set of curtains of this will not be expensive.

Bedroom—I judge this to have a northern exposure, so would advise yellow curtaining. Yellow linen with appliquéd flowers in all pastel colors, blue predominating.

Living room—Hand-blocked linen or chintz, or this effect, with sand background and fulsome flower pattern.

Dining room—Is there no window? If there is, it must be east, so I prescribe something in plain warm color that will be friendly with the living room draperies through the arch. How does mercerized twill or whipcord in taupe or fawn appeal to you?

Nursery—Rose drapes would be pretty with the apple-green furniture and suitable for this type of room.

You can make your windows appear broader or taller by manipulating the overcurtain rods. Have the valance start high, coming down just to the end of the wood frame. Extend the rods out over the woodwork at the sides, and have the overdrapes hanging over the wood instead of the pane.

A Young Girl's Bedroom

MY PROBLEM is the bedroom of my sixteen-year-old daughter. The paper on this room gives the effect of a hard green, with touches of yellow, blue and pinkish mauve. I should like a creamy yellow but we do not wish the expense of papering this spring. There is a bed, dresser and chair not in use, painted grey. This we could paint any color you might suggest. I must use the same rug, furniture, curtains, bedspread, etc., when we repaper. Would you suggest colors and materials to help me?

I HAVE a suggestion to make which may prove useful to you.

I should leave the furniture in your bedroom unpainted or unchanged until you repaper, when I should paint it apple-green. For the time being, apple-green artificial silk curtains with a faint hair stripe will not disagree with the present wall paper: two tones of the same color are always friendly.

Carry out a yellow scheme for the bedspread and chief background of the rug, with a green motif in the latter.

If the furniture really needs repainting, it will not be out of place if it is painted apple-green at the present time, though you may feel a little preponderance of the color until you can get your new creamy yellow wall paper.

Pique is a very original and attractive material for a permanent bedspread.

I AM confronted with the task of furnishing a small bedroom. I have purchased a large walnut dressing table, a small walnut finish steel bed and a walnut chest. The floor is painted a silver grey. Should I paint it another color? I also have a chair of sky-blue color and am wondering if this would fit in. The only window faces northwest. Curtains are white dotted muslin. What colors would you suggest for a spread, lampshade and overcurtains?

IN A northwest room you will, of course, want bright color. Why not get a bright chintz for overcurtains for the windows, taking in rose and some sky blue? Then you can leave your chair its present color, which should be rather gay with a suitable chintz. With some little hooked rugs that will repeat the colors of the chintz with some black for emphasis, you should have a sweet room.

Your lamp and bedspread might reflect the daintiness of the undercurtains. The spread, white dotted Swiss over pink or rose sateen would be fresh and dainty, as would a lampshade made in the same way.

Don't forget to put a chintz cushion in your blue chair, and if you can, stencil a little motif with rose in it, aping the design of the chintz, across its back. You may find someone who can do this freehand, or you can perhaps get a suitable "stick-on" design from an address I am sending you.

Making a Bed Alcove

I AM enclosing a plan of one of the bedrooms which I am thinking of doing over for my daughter. The room is rather odd in shape. Do you think the north end could be converted into an alcove for the bed if I put curtains across where I have drawn a dotted line? The wall paper is white ground with rose sweet peas, touched with black and grey-green stems and leaves. The woodwork is cream. I want to leave the woodwork and walls the way they are. What color and material would you advise for the curtains, also the drapes for the window? I am thinking of enamelling the floor a dark mahogany and having bright rugs. Where would you place them? If I haven't asked too many questions, please tell me whether to have a lamp or candles on the dresser, which is painted ivory; also what color, as the brush and comb set is yellow, trimmed with black and gold?

I THINK your idea of making a bed alcove a very effective one. Bed alcoves have a firm foundation in decorative history; for many years this was their favorite placement, for the most part heavily curtained. The sketch you have made, provided it has a valance on a separate rod so that the undercurtains can be drawn, is excellent. I should suggest rose poplin for the alcove and window curtains, and a little china lamp for the dressing table, something in Dresden suggestive of the floral pattern of the paper.

If I were you, I should place the dresser flush with either the west or south wall, and place the head of the bed against the west wall so that it will face you as you enter the room.

One fairly large rug would be best in the room, I think; an oval, perhaps, of braided effect, with stripes of rose, black and perhaps a little yellow or green.



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banishment, was stilled by some unspoken appeal, and gently carried him away without a word of protest.

The boys stole in shyly, and sat awkwardly on the nearest chairs. Jim tried to talk and tease them lightly, but they were all strangely silent, with wide eyes upon the visitor's face, while her eyes darted back and forth—at the bare walls, the clean, worn curtains, and the scraps of rug upon the floor. "How nice of all these children to look after you so well." She bestowed a dazzling smile on Jimmie, a smile of complete possession. "And this is the big boy who supports them. How wonderful!" Terry grew red and embarrassed, and Dennis, who at first had moved impulsively near Jimmie's side, drew back as she held out a slim white hand. "And this is the darling little boy. Jim, he is sweet!" Dennis scowled, "Aw gosh!" and rudely sought a distant corner.

It was something intangible. Stella was undeniably lovely, undoubtedly interested, and she kept a light stream of conversation flowing. Yet somehow they felt horribly young and defenseless, and felt that Jimmie too, must despise them for the courtesy they could not seem to exercise. Barbara tried valiantly. "Did you have a nice time in Paris, Miss Whelan? From what I've heard it must be most exciting."

"Exciting!" she laughed. "Now, just what do they think Paris is, Jimmie?"

Terry cut in swiftly. "Yes, I should like to visit the Continent some day. Did you have a rough return voyage, Miss Whelan?" His lips were set, and eyes hard. Perhaps she did not even hear for her glance fell on Sheila now. "And you still go to school, my dear?"

"Yes thanks." But Terry cut in once again. "The twins are both fourth book. They're really doing very well."

"Indeed! But they both look so very young. You know Jim's said so much . . . he's so awfully fond of children, and so kind hearted, too. Aren't you darling?" Somehow her glance fell longest on Barbara. And Barbara rose abruptly and excused herself with murmurs of tea. Jimmie found her in the kitchen rattling cups a few minutes later. "Well?" he said, with a queer, grave note of enquiry.

Just for an instant Barbara stared, while a small fury shook her within—savagery against this girl, with all her pose and gracious superiority. Now of course Jim would be furious too—that they should treat his girl like this—with this stupid, defensive silence. But couldn't he realize they were trying . . . couldn't he realize . . . and then a new thought struck her. Surely he would not think that she was . . . jealous! Would, could he ever know those dreadful thoughts surging within. After all, she was seventeen now, and almost grown up. Grown up people never, never let another person see . . . like that. "Why, she's marvellously beautiful, Jim." Her voice was very quiet. "And seems devoted." She even managed a smile. "I'm sorry I can't be very bright and conversational, but it's hard with strangers," and remembered the talkative manner in which they had first greeted Jimmie. "And . . . and baby too, of course."

"Oh, Barbs, you'll have to let me get a doctor." There was a hint of impatience there, and quite surprisingly, her spirit flamed. "This is my house, please." Fury caught her uncontrollably now, remembering Stella's. "Oh! the poor little . . ." and the glances they had interchanged. "You'll kindly not interfere." Jim's eyebrows raised oddly. "Ye gods!" he whistled softly, and without another word, left the kitchen.

TEA, served with nervous unaccustomed fingers in the little-used dining room, was delicious as Barbara's meals generally were. "You dear child!" Stella smiled at the flushed face above the tea pot. "Getting this all ready for me. You must be tired. Such a shame you have to work like this, when both you eldest should be enjoying yourselves in school."

"School!" Barbara's voice was bitter.

"I've learned more than school could teach." "School!" Terry spoke with soft scorn. "What would I have in common with schoolboys—now?"

Somewhat the ensuing silence was rather long and awkward. Even at that, Jimmie laughed pleasantly. "Oh, come off it, Terry," and some sort of normal conversation was restored. Later, the two guests of honor might have left the house in comparative peace, if Barbara, running down from upstairs lightly, had not all by accident, stumbled across a certain conversation in the lower hall. "Jimmie." The girl's clear voice was low, as he helped her with her coat, and for a minute they were all alone. "We must do something for those children. Some organization, or adoption perhaps. I'll talk to dad. That poor baby looks as if it were just dragged around. She's a sweet child of course, that Barbara . . . but hardly old enough . . ."

"I know . . . hush dear." Very quietly too, "I've been thinking myself . . ."

Barbara who had stopped, transfixed, sprang down the four last stairs with wild Irish fury in her eyes. "Indeed!" Her whole being was tense with indignation. "You seem very anxious I shouldn't be old enough for anything." She wheeled upon the startled girl, and in that moment a sudden flash of intuition had caught her—and she knew that Stella Whelan had recognized it too. "Well, you just try and run a house, and see who's oldest in experience. And as for charity." Her nostrils wrinkled disdainfully. "No thanks. Please keep that sort of thing for Jimmie."

His dark brows drew together. "What do you mean?" he said sharply. But Barbara would not even look at him. "I'm old enough to know you wish I weren't so old anyway," she flared out savagely, and without another word, turned round and left them standing there. Whether the twins emerged and paid the honors of farewell, she did not know or care. She only knew that in some hunted sort of desperation, and with hands tight pressed against her ears, she sought the farthest, darkest corner of the basement. Until much later, something urgent caught her reluctant senses. "Barbs . . . Barbs, where are you? Do come quickly . . . Barbs!" There was more than mere worry all at once in those shrill cries.

AT ELEVEN, when Jimmie entered quietly, and with face still set in hard, unyielding lines, Terry flew downstairs to meet him. "Jim, do come to Barbara." The boy's face was ghastly. "We've called a doctor . . . you see the baby took another . . . like before . . . and I'm afraid that . . . that . . ."

"Great Scott!" Jimmie tore upstairs, and through the frightened group of children by the doorway, to the quiet figure sitting on the bed. In one long sickening moment he knew—the thing of which he always had been afraid—and then quite suddenly his hands were steady, his voice very quiet. "Barbara dear." He took that silent little bundle very gently from her arms and laid it down within the cradle, drawing the coverlet up swiftly. At first she only stared dully, seeming not to comprehend, and then, as Jimmie moved to her again, she rose unsteadily, pushing him away. "Oh don't . . . don't!" There was hard, sharp agony there. Eyes burning fiercely in a dead white face. "Go on away . . . go back to her. Tell her about our lack of management now. Tell her we dragged him around until . . ."

"Barbara!" He caught her firmly by the arms, but she struggled desperately. "It's you!" Her voice grew wild. "If you had only known a little more about things, you might have saved . . ." But he did not even momentarily hesitate at the injustice of that. "Barbs, listen, dear." She struck out with all her strength. "I won't. Terry, make him stop." She suddenly collapsed, an inert heap, just as the doctor moved past the staring, terrified group by the doorway.

WHENCE'S everyone?" Barbara sat on the kitchen table, and slowly swung her legs. But there was no animation about her now, and she did not

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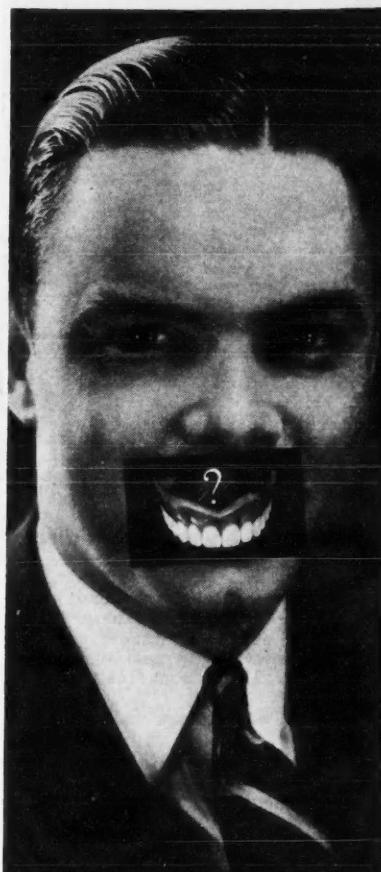
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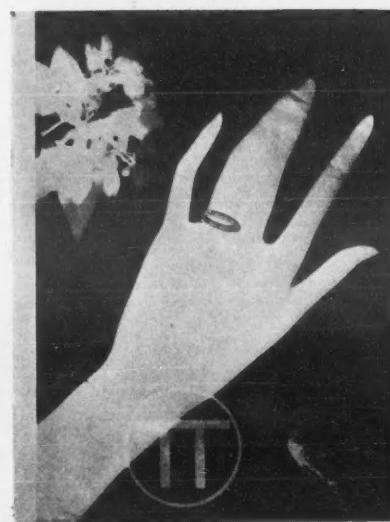
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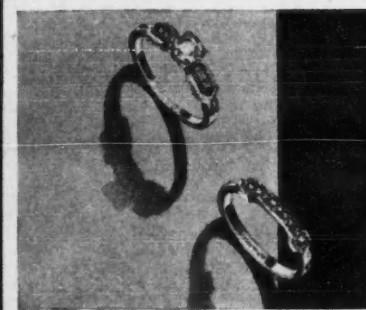
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An Infinite Madness

Continued from page 11

parting. "Jimmie, you are the sweetest thing!" And with that he had to be content.

Remembering—a confusion of past and present. Stella's rare, almost classical beauty, and the wonder of her love. A rough, black head and two thin arms that gripped him in that first reaction. Frail baby hands, and frail white baby legs. Somehow he twisted restlessly through half the night.

But Stella's letter next day restored his soul to buoyant happiness. Stella's affections flowed amazingly on paper, and he travelled through ten pages in a sort of dazed dream. That evening was very gay in the kitchen below. He showed the boys some wrestling tricks and told them yarns about his college days that nearly made them double up with laughter. That, and other days seemed to bring new happiness to them all. Even the baby, for he had made enquiries here and there, and now and then gave Barbara a quiet suggestion, seemed less fretful, and sometimes even smiled with faint, questioning recognition.

He was doing well—promotion, a steady income put aside, knowing perhaps that Stella's father, eager to appease her every whim, liked him for his clean young straightness and reliability. Visions of Stella were always in his mind. "Barbs," he said as he watched her bathe the baby, on a hot, summer's evening. "I'll have to bring my girl to watch you do that sort of thing." Barbara lifted her face above the towel wrapped bundle on her lap. "Jimmie!" with unconscious emphasis. "She's too pretty ever to have babies!" And then she wondered at his laugh. "I mean . . ." she laughed herself, in some confusion, then her face grew oddly grave. "I'd like to see her awfully, I've heard so much. But of course—it means we're going to lose you then."

"What!" And somehow his brows drew sharply together. "Oh rot, I mean, she'll want us all to be the best of friends. She . . ." he frowned again. But Barbara had turned back to the baby. "She must be lovely, Jim." And there was only gentle interest there. "She must be," after an almost imperceptible pause. "If she belongs to you."

THE weeks slipped by, and Stella was almost home. The twins were filled with excited curiosity, and even the boys longed for a glimpse of this fascinating stranger. "You will bring her to see us, Jim." Sheila was persistent. "We want to see if she's as adorable as you."

Barbara seemed pale and tired those hot, June days. No wonder, certainly, with household toil, and all the worry of the baby. Once Jim wanted them to let a friend of his come in and see the child, but Barbara clutched his arm with sheer terror in her face. "Oh Jimmie . . . don't! I know what he'll say. That it's a lack of proper care, and he'll want to send him to a home or something. And Jimmie if . . . I mean I do everything you've said about food and treatment . . . and don't you think he would be happier where we all care for him. If he's . . . I mean he's always quietest when I've got him. You know that."

He did know that, and after all he could not really interfere. Barbara gave him every simple care, and there was never the slightest evidence of neglect. Besides, his days were filled with such glad longing now that there was little room for other worry. Stella's last letter. "I'm quite anxious to see these objects of your philanthropic impulses, Jim. And this child Barbara you speak of . . . well, don't forget you love me best, that's all." She was very delightfully possessive in that letter.

He smiled, thinking of his frank praise of Barbara. A vision of her pale, freckled face, untidy hair and long legs crossed his mind, with her clear eyes, swift voice and gentle hands. His heart warmed oddly, and he

smiled again—to think of Stella even suggesting for one moment . . .

On that last night before she was to return, he sat beside Barbara on the back steps, as she held the sleeping baby in her arms, and was very silent. She glanced up after a time. "Happy, Jim?" He nodded briefly. "Feel queer all over, Barbs. You know how, when it's someone you want to see," and then, more slowly. "Barbs, it's good of you youngsters to put up with all my ravings."

"Nonsense." Her fingers drew the shawl more tightly about the quiet little figure. "You know, Jimmie," reflectively, "I don't wonder she wouldn't wait for you to become a doctor, after all."

He stared out straight ahead over the unkempt greenness of the garden. "I never said she wouldn't, Barbs. I said that I . . ." but the girl interrupted quickly. "Oh I know that, but I bet she didn't want to." And then, after another silence, simply. "But, I think I would have made you if you'd been mine."

"Why Barbs, of all the tyrants!" He laughed, and half turned toward her, and then just as suddenly the light fell from his face, remembering perhaps, other dreams and visions. He was still a very long time now, and all was very quiet in the slow deepening dusk. Then quite abruptly he rose to his feet. "Well, Barbara . . ." Just for a moment his hand touched her shoulder. "Some day my child, you may understand why people do things—they can't quite understand themselves." His voice was oddly gentle. Without another word he turned into the house.

"Some day my child . . ." Barbara sat very still. "If you were mine . . ." That remark had been made almost unconsciously in childish innocence of thought. But now her eyes were wide and dark in the paleness of her face. Knowing quite suddenly it seemed, that she was almost seventeen, and that she hated Jimmie's unknown girl with every fibre of her being.

OH . . . and this is . . . Barbara?" She was slight and very dark, with a face of perfect loveliness beneath a close-fitting hat. The daintiest silk suit of green, and eyes of vivid black allure—a slender arm that tightened through his—very tall and straight and fair, beside her.

Barbara—as he'd never quite seen Barbara before. A simple blue dress, neatly pressed and scrupulously clean; with all her hair caught back and newly brushed. Barbara might have tried to look mature, but even with the baby in her arms she seemed very young and pale, and even frightened. She stretched out a slender hand, and her smile was hesitant. "I . . . we're awfully glad Miss . . . Miss Whelan. Ji . . . Mr. Ross has said a lot . . . and please do come inside. It's awfully warm, isn't it?"

"And here are the terrible twins." Jim's face lightened. Somehow that had been an awkward moment, and despite her smile, there was a stillness about Barbara he could not comprehend. The twins were fresh and rosy, and smiled shyly. "My dears—and do you children run this house?" There was a surprised and very pleasant emphasis. "You mean . . ." as they moved into the rather barren drawing-room. "You bring up this wee thing all by yourself—without a woman's help?"

Her voice was perfectly charming and interested, and yet somehow hot color rose all unbidden in Barbara's face. "Yes." She sat on the edge of a straight-backed chair, and lifted the baby up across her shoulder. But the tiny head seemed to hang limply, and Stella Whelan's bright eyes caught the motion. "Oh! The poor little . . .!" and stopped. Barbara's flush deepened, and she caught the baby close, almost defensively. "He's not been well," she said, a trifle stiffly. "Mollie, will you take him upstairs a little while, please?" Mollie, frowning at this



EVENING IN PARIS



THE PERFUME ENTRANCING

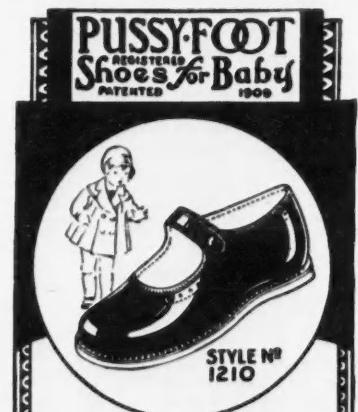
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Flowers for the Bride

A little careful planning can produce an effect a bride will remember all her life

WHEN several friends of the bride decorate the church for her wedding, it is almost like helping to dress the bride herself. It is a delightful undertaking, a sort of labor of love, and it is so much less expensive than employing a florist! Of course, the job probably won't have quite the same air of professional finish, but in those numerous instances where there are no florists to employ and where economy is a familiar word, wonders can be achieved. It is pretty to think that the flowers at a wedding can be chosen to suit the bride. There are certain shy, half wild young girls who ought to be married in a church decorated with prairie roses and wild cherry blossoms. Purple lilac and the blue-violet colored iris seem to be typical of certain dark, rather mysterious girls. Then there are those brides for whom one intuitively knows that only white decorations will do—brides who are meant to carry a sheaf of white lilies. Pink flowers are universally suitable and lovely. The yellows belong to girls of sunshiny temperament. The delightful feature of decorating for a summer wedding is that the range of suitable blossoms is so wide.

The first thing to do is to take stock of all available decorations, flowers and ferns and palms. Then, there must be plenty of containers for them all. And some tulle or ribbon for bows to mark the guest pews. Plenty of cord or string and some garden scissors complete the equipment.

During the spring and early summer months there is usually an abundance of flowering shrubs, lilac, forsythia, bridal wreath, and the effective snowballs. The lovely, fragrant blossoms from the orchards—apple, plum, cherry, peach, and pear—will, unfortunately, have gone but the gardens are just a riot of colorful posies, huge clumps of graceful iris, gorgeous peonies, and early June roses. Toward the middle of June many parts of Canada have wild flowers ready, field daisies and wild plum and choke-cherry blossoms. These are all very suitable for bridal decorations.

BECAUSE there is something so traditional about being married in a church, suggested floral arrangements for this type of wedding are being given first. Color schemes naturally depend upon the available flowers. If the garden has an abundance of white flowers, there might be an all-white wedding. During early June pink and purple almost predominate. Either, with white blossoms, has delightful possi-

bilities. Or all three together would provide a regular riot of color.

If the church is of a denomination which has an altar, simple bouquets may be used there effectively. At the chancel steps, or near where the bridal pair are to stand, it is a charming custom to bank up both sides with palms and ferns. Upturned flower pots or small boxes will serve to raise the rear part of the decoration. Tall, wicker or pottery standard vases filled with large, loose flower sprays will add to the color. Small bunches may be banked against the pots at the base, so that there are no "gaps."

An alternative plan is to leave out the palms and ferns and to bank up huge bunches of flowers at either side of the chancel or the platform steps, so as to form a mass of color. A very effective arrangement is to combine purple and white lilac with a huge bunch of purple iris as the centre of the motif. The pinky blossoms from the orchard are particularly lovely when massed in this manner.

If there be an arch or columns in the scheme of decoration, trailing vines or leaves may be used effectively. Spraying branches of flowering shrubs offer another suggestion on both arch and columns. Cord or ribbon will do to fasten them up, or there is the regular hemp which can be procured from the florist's or from a hardware dealer. Sprays of apple or cherry blossoms, when procurable, are exquisite when used this way, and add much to the setting with their fresh fragrance. One can scarcely use too many. In fact, it's almost a case of the more, the lovelier. Never mind if a few petals do fall. They add to the beauty of the ensemble.

There used to be a lot of superstitions about having yellow things at one's wedding, but this seems to have disappeared along with a lot of other somewhat silly ideas. Yellow is the color of sunshine. Yellow tulips and daffodils and bunches of blossoming forsythia would make the most sombre setting gay. They all bloom about the same time, too, and there are usually plenty of them. Yellow tulle or satin ribbon would go better than white with the sunshiny flowers. Such a color scheme would be particularly suitable and attractive if the bridesmaid or maids wore yellow frocks.

As the charm of flowers lies in their absolute freshness, the decorating ought really to be done on the day of the event. As much as possible all flowers and sprays should be kept in water. Peonies in particular will droop quickly out of water. The sprays from the orchard trees and from

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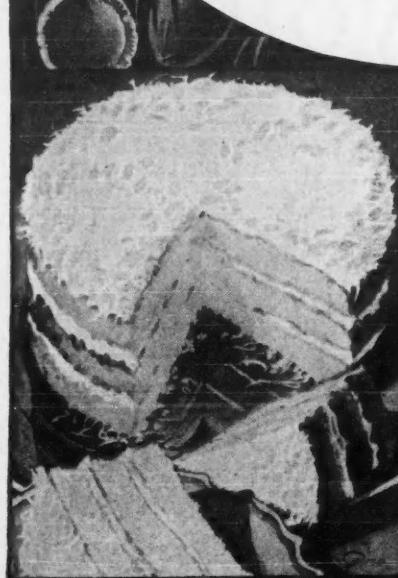
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7-minute Coconut Frosting

2 egg whites, unbeaten	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cream of tartar
1½ cups sugar	1 teaspoon vanilla
5 tablespoons cold water	1½ cups Baker's Coconut, SOUTHERN STYLE

Put egg whites, sugar, water, and cream of tartar in upper part of double boiler. Beat with rotary egg beater until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water, beat constantly with rotary egg beater, and cook 7 minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from fire. Add vanilla and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup coconut. Beat until thick enough to spread. Sprinkle remaining coconut over the frosted cake. Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of two 9-inch layers. Double recipe for three 10-inch layers. (All measurements are level.)



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even look up from her darning. "A friend of Terry's took them for a ride."

"Why not you too?"

"I didn't want to."

Jim paused, halfway across the room, frowning slightly. In five days things had reached a certain state of readjustment, and the color had crept back into the faces of the younger children. But something cold and still had seemed to numb Barbara's soul, and Jim, remembering all the impulsiveness of her old ingenuous affection, found himself filled with a haunting, almost inexplicable worry.

"Barbara," rather slowly. "Would you feel happier if I went away, altogether?" His voice held a queer, unconscious sort of appeal, and for an instant her fingers tightened. "Oh, well. If you're going later, it doesn't matter much." She shrugged her shoulders.

He hesitated. This was a Barbara he did not know. "But if I wanted to stay?"

"You needn't feel sorry for us, thanks," briefly. "We managed beautifully before you ever came." Then, at his silence, she looked up with a shade of her old manner. "Jim! I'm sorry!" I don't mean to be so rotten, when you've been so awfully decent. Only . . ." Her eyes met his with difficulty then. "I feel so dreadfully responsible for what happened . . . I hardly know just what I'm saying . . ."

"But that's nonsense, Barbs." He moved closer now, and there was urgent remonstrance in his voice. "Honestly, you were splendid with him always. You mustn't feel like that. Truly, I don't know that any treatment would have helped, more than the way you always cared for him."

"I know you thought it pretty hopeless, that first night," she said oddly, and then unexpectedly she laid her hand on his arm. "Don't look so worried Jim." Her voice was softer. "I think we always know what people think, when we love little babies . . . and, Jimmie . . ." Her fingers seemed to grip more closely, and there was something awed and half hesitant shadowing her eyes and voice. "Is it wrong of me to think that perhaps, we were all old enough to manage ourselves, but he was so little and helpless, he needed mother . . . and perhaps she felt lonely without any child at all, and he was never meant to stay very long. That's what I tried to tell the children."

But Jim's hand only reached about hers tightly in an utter silence—and he saw the beauty, all the fine sweet bravery of this child who had complained so little, and who had suffered so greatly. "Wrong! No, Barbara." His voice finally, was very low. Then he sat abruptly on the table beside her and stared into space. "Look Barbs," he said quite normally now. "I tell you what I want to do. You know all I've been saving?"

"See here!" She drew away swiftly. "If you and she have any charitable ideas in your heads, kindly forget them."

"My dear child!" He laughed, but the color deepened in his face. "Don't jump to conclusions. I want it entirely for myself . . . and more as well. I mean to finish up my medical course."

She stared, and the color flooded her face too. "But Jimmie . . . why?"

"Because." His young face was serious, his gaze still fixed ahead. "It got too much for me. At first I thought—but even when I saw wee David—and loving her you know—sometimes it worried me sick, even though I told myself I was an utter fool."

"Jim!" She turned quickly, and for the first time in those five days, a smile lit her sober face. "I'm so glad." Then she was quiet all at once. "When did you decide?"

"A few days ago."

"And . . . will she wait?"

"No," simply. "She thinks . . ." But somehow Barbara knew, without being told, Jim's eyes darkened at the memory of that tempestuous hour, when he learned many things he must have half known before—when she had flung her scorn bitterly in his face. "As if I'd wait for years—and now just because you're infatuated with a silly snip of a schoolgirl—well one who ought to be a schoolgirl!" Well, perhaps in her own way she had loved him. She had wanted him certainly, with all the jealousy of her nature. At that moment, Barbara, seeing his eyes, knew she would have done anything within her power to have given her back to him in happiness. "Jim, I'm sorry." Her voice was genuine in its swift sympathy. "It's too bad you ever met us at all."

He turned then, and slid his arm about her shoulders. "Too bad!" he echoed. Perhaps in that moment he realized much that he had not realized before. "Barbs, honestly, it's the only touch of real home I've known in fifteen years . . . and, anyway," with swift impulsiveness, "I don't know what I'd do without you somewhere near." And in that moment too, he knew the truth of that, and in a way that set his heart beating oddly.

Madness—and so Stella's world swiftly knew it. When the twins hugged him in their wild excitement. When Dennis whispered close a minute, "Say, you're the best man alive in the whole world, I bet," and when Terry gripped his hand and tried his level best to smile as became his eighteen years. "I'm glad you'll stay, Jim. You make things seem so different, somehow." Most of all a memory of a dark head close to his, a soft voice that through those struggling years was to become more dear than life itself. "I wanted you so much . . . Jimmie." Ah well, perhaps after all, there was a touch of the Infinite in such madness.

The End.

HOME DISCOVERIES

Removing Odors

Before washing utensils in which fish or onions have been cooked, try rubbing a little dampened mustard on them. It will effectively remove all odor and taste. Also try it on your hands.—Mrs. J. Anthony, Exeter, Ont.

A Good Yeast Starter

To make a good yeast starter that is equal in quickness to compressed yeast (especially fine for the country woman far from market) I boil four medium-sized potatoes and when soft squeeze through the ricer and add the liquor they were boiled in. Have at least a quart of liquid. Add half a cupful of sugar, and half of a yeast cake. Let it stand a week in a cool place or until ready to bake. Now cook as many potatoes as at the beginning to use for your bread. (Potatoes keep bread moist and add

nutritive value.) Put through the ricer as before, add the half cupful of sugar and the liquor they were boiled in making at least a quart. Now add the first batch of yeast and stir thoroughly over a slow fire until the mixture is just luke warm—warmer kills the yeast germ, and for the same reason never let the starter freeze as either heat or severe cold destroys the life of the yeast plant. If the yeast is prime the potato will rise to the top of mixture and this is the time to take out your quart of starter and seal up and return to a cold place that does not freeze, leaving there until ready to bake again. Proceed with your bread after your favorite recipe. I sometimes use this yeast to make quick rolls using two cupfuls of scalded new milk two tablespoonsfuls of butter and knead to the desired stiffness. When you have your own potatoes and a cellar it is a small saving in yeast few housewives can afford to overlook these times.—Mrs. J. W. Thomas, Botha, Alta.



Good for Growing Boys

Give him a good big cup of delicious FRY'S Cocoa every day—it is a wonderful body builder.



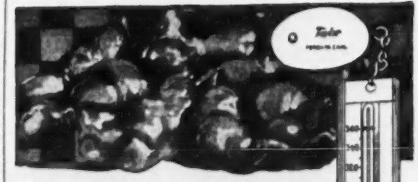
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TWO BLONDES wanted him . . . BUT

ONE was a dull, dingy blonde. The other had golden hair that sparkled—thanks to Blonder. Of course she was the one who got him! Blonder is a special blonde hair shampoo that not only prevents darkening—but safely restores natural golden gleam to faded light hair. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Fine for the scalp. Try it today! At all leading drug and department stores.



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With the help of a Tyco Candy Thermometer you can make batch after batch of candies exactly the same. All you have to do is to follow the recipes in the free Tyco recipe book and follow the temperature instructions. Ask your local dealer to supply you with a Tyco Candy Thermometer, or if unable to obtain one, write us direct. We guarantee delivery. Model shown \$2.50.

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burned and burned again. She hoped she would hear the truth from them both soon and get the agony over with. It was almost as if she courted distress.

Rand continued to come to the Ware's, especially when Cornelia was away, and that was often. And Margit felt frequently that he was trying to recapture their old, easy familiarity, but she denied him everything save the most flippant talk.

"At a club dance one night she said,

"You're going stale, Rand. Why are you staggering it tonight?"

"Cornelia's away."

"Cheer up," she counselled. It sounded a little weak. She was none too cheery herself.

"McGinty, I'd like to talk to you."

"Any time, Rand. I'd adore being your Beatrice Fairfax." If it was about Cornelia Jenner, she thought hotly, she wouldn't listen.

But Rand didn't press the subject, and Margit was glad enough to let it drop.

AFTER Christmas, in that lax and let-down interim before spring clothes brighten woman's outlook, Cornelia Jenner and Margit Ware were regaling themselves with tea and cinnamon toast. A pleasant and polyglot aroma of muffins and marmalade, and the faint fragrance of flowers pervaded the tea room. The softened light from candles illuminated their faces. The sound of a muted orchestra came dimly to them. A place for confidences. Margit searched the bottom of her cup for heartening news in the tea leaves.

"You know," Cornelia said abruptly, "I wish Rand were less sensitive, less intense." (Circumspection was one of her gods.)

At the mention of his name, Margit started a little. But she kept her eyes lowered and swirled the tea in her cup. "I'm worried about him, Margit."

"In what way?" Air-cooled tones, guaranteed to chill. A protective mask of indifference on her face.

"He won't listen to reason. He just persists!"

They looked at one another across the candle flame.

"I like him." Her voice held a cadence that was unforgettable. "You know that Rand is a darling."

Again they looked squarely at one another. Color flooded Margit's smooth cheeks.

"Yes," she said, "I do know."

"I'd like to talk to you, Margit." Cornelia leaned forward.

She would like to talk to her, too! Rand and Cornelia would both like to talk to her about themselves, about each other. How screamingly funny! Margit, Rand's mother confessor and Cornelia's confidante.

"You see," Cornelia began, "Rand has been a dear—I've liked him such a lot. Lately I've been afraid he has"—her confusion was quite real—"been getting his values mixed. What makes it difficult is that I'm going to marry the man I should have married in the first place." She hesitated. "Anthony Agnew, I grew up with him. And now he wants to marry me," she said softly, "and I'm going to—I'll have my babies with me then."

Margit looked past Cornelia at blurry people sitting at all the little tables. She felt a painful turning down of the corners of her mouth—an uncontrollable twitching of her chin.

To cover a wordless gap on Margit's part, Cornelia was saying: "I took the house here until things were settled. The babies have been with my aunt, and I'll be so glad . . ."

"But Rand is in love with you," Margit interrupted.

"I don't think he really is, Margit. He may think he is sometimes, but do you know"—she covered Margit's limp hand with her own firm, cool one—"often when he was languishing most soulfully, he was talking about you?"

Eyes again! Margit's brimming, uncertain smile. Cornelia's deep, friendly one.

"He hasn't known what he wants—men never do. And sometimes," she added ruefully, "women don't either. He's been devoted to me, Margit, because he felt sorry

for me and sometimes in his precious guillability he has called it love. But just pity and devotion aren't love, darling. Love is what makes him furious when you gambol around with Kelly Clarke. It's what makes him smile when he sees you come suddenly into view. I've watched you both," she laughed. "And the symptoms are all present."

The drooping brim of Margit's hat shadowed her eyes that were thoughtful. Cornelia hummed softly with the orchestra.

Then Margit said: "Knowing about Anthony Agnew is going to hurt Rand . . ."

"Maybe it will, a little," Cornelia agreed, gathering her gloves and wrap, "but it will be like having a tooth extracted. All over before he knows it."

They smiled together cozily, as women do when they are subdividing a man successfully. They rose to go.

When Margit stopped before the house with the green shutters, Cornelia leaned over and kissed her on one flaming cheek.

"Good-by, McGinty. Congratulate Rand for me; he's a lucky lad."

Margit knew by the sound over the telephone that Anthony Agnew was a reality to Rand. She knew that the iron had entered his soul; that he was bruised and hurt.

They rode out into a star-cold, ice-coated world at breakneck speed.

"Where are you going, Rand?" She was genuinely frightened.

"I don't know, and I'm hanged if I care."

"Why did you bring me on this tour of destruction, then?" she demanded sharply.

He stopped the car in a jar of brakes, and turned it savagely in the direction from which they had come.

"Rand," she said softly.

He slowed to a stop. Sympathy he could not stand. Suddenly, like a child, he put his head down on the wheel.

"McGinty, I'm losing her . . . she's going . . ."

The words came painfully. Margit looked at his bowed head. The shadow of a smile crossed her lips. Very lightly she touched his hair with her hand. The foreordaining of maturity in that caress—men are always such little boys!

ON THE thirtieth of May, Rand resorted to the telephone.

"Miss Ware iz nod in." It was Inga's stumbling Scandinavian English.

On the fifth of June he was rewarded by Margit's own dulcet tones, but no encouragement.

"I'm sorry, Rand, but I've promised to go with mother."

On the day following, Rand enquired of Greg concerning Margit's plans for the evening.

"I think she's busy, Rand." Greg had said. "She told me this morning that she's having dinner with Kelly Clarke at the *Pink Parrot*. Say, Rand," an afterthought, "break that up, will you?"

"With pleasure," Rand answered grimly, putting his hat on at an angle, which was, by the way, a thing he had scarcely had the heart to do for several months.

"You're going with me," he told her boldly a little later.

"Certainly I'm not," she flashed. He picked her up without more ado, and placed her in the seat of his car.

"This is childish," she told him frigidly. "I have a date for dinner with—"

"Rand Talbot," he announced glibly. "I'll tell the world you have, and you're going to keep it. I've been alibied long enough."

"Kelly will . . ." she raged. The car gained speed.

"Let Greg attend to Clarke. He's been wanting to for the dickens of a long time."

Woods and fields were flitting by. A thin young moon hung wanly in a pale sky. Rand stopped the car and turned toward her. At first she held away in his arms, and her eyes were wide as he set his lips hard to hers. But the pose was too difficult and, as Cornelia had said, Rand was persistent. So Margit's lids fluttered slowly down, and she melted toward him outwardly as she had been melting inwardly ever since she had learned at Harper's to melt at all.



HIS ONLY EXERCISE IS AT HIS MEALS . . . YET HE HAS "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

LIKE a lot of us who enjoy the good things of life, he's not as active as he used to be. And, while his feet are great weight-carriers, you could hardly call him athletic.

Nevertheless, this easy-going epicure has an annoying case of "Athlete's Foot." It hardly seems the correct thing for a man of his standing to be bothered with that rash-like eruption,* that moist white skin, between his toes. He'd forget it if he could, but it intrudes. There's itching—and twinges—which can effectively spoil a business day. And he doesn't even know what to call it, or how to get rid of it.

Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection, so easily tracked into homes?

"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us,* no matter how immaculate, because it persists in the cleanest places. A tiny vegetable parasite, *tinea trichophyton*, generally causes this ringworm infection and it thrives in the very places where we go for cleanliness—on the edges of showers and swimming pools; on locker- and dressing-room floors; in gymnasiums. And it is continually tracked into countless homes.

It may live and thrive for months

*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. **Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!** If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

in your own spick-and-span bathroom; in the mat; on any damp floors. And it causes infection and re-infection with great persistence. That is why so many people have "Athlete's Foot" that you see mention of it in the papers everywhere. New facts about the spread of "Athlete's Foot," says one great daily paper, show that among 3,100 freshmen at one of the large universities, 53% suffered from the disease. And a scientific publication reports that "Athlete's Foot" has come to be a commonly known condition. Again, official reports state that "at least half of all adults suffer from it at some time." There is small doubt that today this ringworm germ is a menace to everyone.

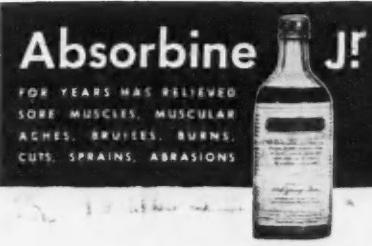
It has been found that Absorbine Jr. KILLS this ringworm germ

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways.* All of them, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates fleshlike tissues deeply and, wherever it penetrates, it kills the ringworm germ. Results in clinics have confirmed these laboratory tests.

Examine YOUR feet tonight

It might not be a bad idea to examine your feet tonight for symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot." At the first sign of any one symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. You can get it at all drug stores—\$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman Building, Montreal.





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X-Bazin is a fragrant hair remover, as essential to fastidious women as their favorite cosmetic.

This pleasant cream . . . so simply applied, is gentle and harmless to the skin . . . it removes unwanted hair quickly, safely and surely.

Try it . . . obtainable everywhere . . . and extremely inexpensive.

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THE FORMULA OF DOCTOR XAVIER BAZIN PARIS



SCIENCE VERSUS slavery

MODERN housewives know the importance of keeping toilet bowls clean. There are two ways of doing it—scrubbing, and using Sani-Flush.

Scrubbing a toilet bowl is the most unpleasant of all household tasks, and it yields imperfect sanitation. Sani-Flush, an antiseptic, cleansing powder, does a quick, easy, completely safe job. Just sprinkle a little into the toilet bowl, follow the directions on the can, flush, and the bowl becomes spotless. All germs are killed, all odors eliminated. Even the hidden trap, which no brush can reach, is purified.

At grocery, drug and hardware stores, 35c. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada. (Another use for Sani-Flush—cleaning automobile radiators. See directions on can.)

Sani-Flush
CLEANS CLOSET BOWLS
WITHOUT SCOURING

flowering shrubs retain their vitality much longer if the bark is peeled back from the stem for an inch or so the day before. The stems should be thrust into water deep enough to come up to the blossoms, and left that way overnight for a thorough soaking. If the lilac is ready too soon, it may be preserved for a week or ten days by cutting just before it is quite out, and then keeping it in fresh water in a cool, dark cellar.

The guest pews may be designated by a simple tulle or satin bow, or by the much used white cord. However, when there is an abundance of flowers and many willing, artistic hands, it looks nicer to tie up each pew with a bouquet. The little water containers which fit flat against the sides may be obtained for a few cents each, or they may be rented from a local florist. To ornament even a portion of the aisle like this is to give the guests the impression that they are walking up an aisle of flower beds. It is very festive and gay.

SIMILAR color schemes may be worked out for the home wedding. In this case the background is all important. If there is a handy man he might rig up a trellis, which

could be covered effectively with sprays of blossoms. Slightly overhanging boughs would produce the suggestion of a very lovely bower. A small mesh trellis is very lovely with peonies thrust through the little holes, until the background becomes a veritable wall of flowers. Tall standards of the blossoms and a leafy arrangement at each side complete the charming arrangement. While the usual aisle of white ribbon serves its purpose, it has been used so much as to be commonplace. For the sake of novelty it is very pleasing to fasten flowers into long chains, each having a sturdy cord to avoid any chance of breaking. Of course, the flowers in the chains carry out the general color scheme. Petals strewn along the way are enough to make any bride happy. In fact, at several lovely weddings last year the confetti gave way entirely to flower petals.

The delightful task of decorating the house or church for the bride is a pleasure which may be bestowed on certain friends who cannot serve as bridesmaids. A little planning and very little expense may produce a setting which the bride will remember all her life, and many guests for a long time.

Finders Keepers

Continued from page 7

was gayer than she had been for a long time.

On a drowsy afternoon in September, Margit urged a reluctant Pepper back to the stables and went out to get into her car. Someone hailed her as she opened the door.

"Hey, McGinty!" She turned. Rand was crossing the street toward her, smiling. She hadn't seen him for a week.

"I'm going to Cornelia's; have some things for her." He held up some packages. "Come on with me. I want you to know each other right away."

Margit was slow in answering. Cornelia actually in Wallbrook! She had refused to think that she would lose Rand after their companionship during the summer.

"Oh, I can't, Rand, in these." She looked down at her breeches and boots. She had had some idea of meeting Mrs. Jenner—if meet her she must—in regal raiment that would boost her spirits; clothes in which she could be splendidly indifferent.

Rand laughed. "Just as you are," he said, closing the door of her car and guiding her toward his own little roadster. She went with him reluctantly but with resignation. Riding through a perfect autumn, afternoon with Rand, and Cornelia Jenner's packages!

"You look domesticated, Rand, surrounded by the fruits of your shopping." Was there the ghost of irony in her remark?

He grinned as he swerved the car deftly into a driveway that led to a rambling white house with green shutters. They got out and Rand raised the knocker on the door while he opened it. Plain to be seen that knocking was rather a tiresome formality.

"Yay!" he called.

"Yay, yourself!" a throaty voice called back the greeting.

"Cornelia, I've brought Margit Ware-McGinty—that you've heard so much about."

He looked from one to the other proudly. Margit felt her hand in a cool, firm clasp, found herself looking into eyes as grey as the sea. Cornelia Jenner, with the coloring of a gypsy, her dark hair bound in a knot at the back of her neck! Margit somehow felt callow, like an infant, in her ridiculous English breeches and her burnished boots. Cornelia wore something jaundice blue with a low-cut neckline and wide sleeves.

The sun filtered through the plum-tinted drapes into the room, lending lustre to a copper bowl on a low table, heightening the yellow tones in two little ivory figurines on the mantelpiece, and making of Cornelia a painting by Zuloaga—vibrant, teeming with color. Cornelia was making light of house settling, telling Margit in her rich rolling voice what a little ray of purest light serene Rand had been. Quite the little busy bee, in fact. Such a lamb. Margit watched Rand

going to a chest in the dining room, unerringly located the glasses and a tray, familiarly slammed around in the kitchen, and brought them iced tea. She tinkled the ice in her glass nervously. Chatter eddied around her. She couldn't fix her mind on anything except the awful fact that Rand was so patently at home in Cornelia Jenner's charming house.

WHEN they were driving home, Margit knew that Rand wanted her to tell him what she thought of Cornelia. Arbitrarily, she said not a word about Cornelia, nor, for that matter, about anything. She just tossed him an airy good-by and ran into the house with mist in her eyes and murder in her heart.

How it was that Rand persuaded her to sponsor Cornelia in Wallbrook, Margit never knew. Partly, she thought, because denying Rand anything came hard, partly because she didn't want to show any spark of jealousy, and partly because, in spite of herself, she liked Cornelia. So Margit asked her friends and Greg's and Rand's in for tea one Sunday to meet Cornelia Jenner. Sort of a spider and a fly situation. Won't you come into my parlor? Only the spider was less vindictive than she was sore at heart. And the fly was such a pretty creature!

There was music and a great deal of talk, and the sort of food that men adore and that girls consume with that I'll-just-break-my-diet-this-once expression. Talk centred around Cornelia sitting in a high-backed chair, holding an egg-shell coffee cup in her hand. Her grey eyes and her grey dress, her wine-red coloring and her dusky hair. She is Isolt come to life. Margit thought. It isn't fair. It isn't a sporting competition to try against beauty like that, against a voice like a cello. Rand leaned against the piano and dared anyone not to adore her, when he wasn't hovering around Margit who brusquely ordered him aside.

When the guests had gone and Cornelia and Rand lingered on before the fire, Margit watched them both, loving Rand so stormily, hating Cornelia so half-heartedly. She met and measured Rand's long look, time and again. A study in contrasts. Margit, sitting Turk-fashion on a hassock, gilded head aglow in the firelight. Cornelia's dark beauty against the carved chair-back. Something provocative, something to invite comparison.

The rambling house with the green shutters became quite a Mecca for Margit's crowd. And Margit followed the crowd, at first grudgingly, later more wholeheartedly. She went, although Rand was there more often than not. Even though what she observed in his attentive ways with Cornelia

But my dear
it's not new!

*I painted
it all—
four chairs
the table
and the
floor for
\$2.85



. . . "it looks a different place. I asked my dealer for a shade card, and chose the colors myself. It didn't take long to finish the job, for Crown Diamond paints are so easily applied, and quick drying. I'm going to do my bedroom next."

Ask your nearest dealer for a Crown Diamond quick drying Enamel and Floor Paint shade card, or write to us. We make a pure paint for every purpose.

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And that's a low estimate of the number taking Kruschen to keep down superfluous fat.

When you take vitalizing Kruschen Salts for a few days that old indolent arm-chair feeling deserts you—it doesn't matter how fat you are—the urge for activity has got you—and you're "stepping lively."

And best of all you like this activity—you walk a couple of miles and enjoy it—you thought you'd never dance again, but you find you're getting as spry as ever—the old tingling, active feeling reaches even your feet.

Kruschen is a combination of the six salts Nature has already put into your body to keep you alive—if it were not for these vital salts you could not live.

One bottle is enough to prove to you that Kruschen will make you feel younger—spry—more energetic—you'll enjoy life—every minute of it.

A half teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning is all you need to keep healthy—keep your stomach, liver, bowels and kidneys in splendid condition—free your system from harmful toxins and acids.

CHATELAINE PATTERNS

Readers will find a complete list of stores handling the CHATELAINE PATTERNS on PAGE 56 OF THIS ISSUE

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Margit knew by the sound over the telephone that Anthony Agnew was a reality to Rand. She knew that the iron had entered his soul; that he was bruised and hurt.

They rode out into a star-cold, ice-coated world at breakneck speed.

"Where are you going, Rand?" She was genuinely frightened.

"I don't know, and I'm hanged if I care."

"Why did you bring me on this tour of destruction, then?" she demanded sharply.

He stopped the car in a jar of brakes, and turned it savagely in the direction from which they had come.

"Rand," she said softly.

He slowed to a stop. Sympathy he could not stand. Suddenly, like a child, he put his head down on the wheel.

"McGinty, I'm losing her . . . she's going . . ."

The words came painfully. Margit looked at his bowed head. The shadow of a smile crossed her lips. Very lightly she touched his hair with her hand. The foreordaining of maturity in that caress—men are always such little boys!

ON THE thirtieth of May, Rand resorted to the telephone.

"Miss Ware iz nod in." It was Inga's stumbling Scandinavian English.

On the fifth of June he was rewarded by Margit's own dulcet tones, but no encouragement.

"I'm sorry, Rand, but I've promised to go with mother."

On the day following, Rand enquired of Greg concerning Margit's plans for the evening.

"I think she's busy, Rand." Greg had said. "She told me this morning that she's having dinner with Kelly Clarke at the *Pink Parrot*. Say, Rand," an afterthought, "break that up, will you?"

"With pleasure," Rand answered grimly, putting his hat on at an angle, which was, by the way, a thing he had scarcely had the heart to do for several months.

"You're going with me," he told her boldly a little later.

"Certainly I'm not," she flashed. He picked her up without more ado, and placed her in the seat of his car.

"This is childish," she told him frigidly. "I have a date for dinner with—"

"Rand Talbot," he announced glibly. "I'll tell the world you have, and you're going to keep it. I've been alibied long enough."

"Kelly will . . ." she raged. The car gained speed.

"Let Greg attend to Clarke. He's been wanting to for the dickens of a long time."

Woods and fields were flitting by. A thin young moon hung wanly in a pale sky. Rand stopped the car and turned toward her. At first she held away in his arms, and her eyes were wide as he set his lips hard to hers. But the pose was too difficult and, as Cornelia had said, Rand was persistent. So Margit's lids fluttered slowly down, and she melted toward him outwardly as she had been melting inwardly ever since she had learned at Harper's to melt at all.



HIS ONLY EXERCISE IS AT HIS MEALS . . . YET HE HAS "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

LIKE a lot of us who enjoy the good things of life, he's not as active as he used to be. And, while his feet are great weight-carriers, you could hardly call him athletic.

Nevertheless, this easy-going epicure has an annoying case of "Athlete's Foot." It hardly seems the correct thing for a man of his standing to be bothered with that rash-like eruption,* that moist white skin, between his toes. He'd forget it if he could, but it intrudes. There's itching—and twinges—which can effectively spoil a business day. And he doesn't even know what to call it, or how to get rid of it.

Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection, so easily tracked into homes?

"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us,* no matter how immaculate, because it persists in the cleanest places. A tiny vegetable parasite, *tinea trichophyton*, generally causes this ringworm infection and it thrives in the very places where we go for cleanliness—on the edges of showers and swimming pools; on locker- and dressing-room floors; in gymnasiums. And it is continually tracked into countless homes.

It may live and thrive for months

***WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment! If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

in your own spick-and-span bathroom; in the mat; on any damp floors. And it causes infection and re-infection with great persistence. That is why so many people have "Athlete's Foot" that you see mention of it in the papers everywhere. New facts about the spread of "Athlete's Foot," says one great daily paper, show that among 3,100 freshmen at one of the large universities, 53% suffered from the disease. And a scientific publication reports that "Athlete's Foot" has come to be a commonly known condition. Again, official reports state that "at least half of all adults suffer from it at some time." There is small doubt that today this ringworm germ is a menace to everyone.

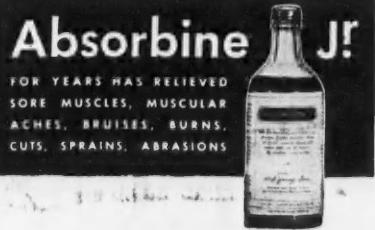
It has been found that Absorbine Jr. KILLS this ringworm germ

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways.* All of them, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates fleshlike tissues deeply and, wherever it penetrates, it kills the ringworm germ. Results in clinics have confirmed these laboratory tests.

Examine YOUR feet tonight

It might not be a bad idea to examine your feet tonight for symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot." At the first sign of any one symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. You can get it at all drug stores—\$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman Building, Montreal.





A Safe Depilatory

X-Bazin is a fragrant hair remover, as essential to fastidious women as their favorite cosmetic.

This pleasant cream . . . so simply applied, is gentle and harmless to the skin . . . it removes unwanted hair quickly, safely and surely.

Try it . . . obtainable everywhere . . . and extremely inexpensive.

Sole Canadian Distributors
PALMERS LIMITED
Montreal

X-BAZIN
Groom or Powder.
HAIR REMOVER

THE FORMULA OF DOCTOR XAVIER BAZIN PARIS



SCIENCE VERSUS slavery

MODERN housewives know the importance of keeping toilet bowls clean. There are two ways of doing it—scrubbing, and using Sani-Flush.

Scrubbing a toilet bowl is the most unpleasant of all household tasks, and it yields imperfect sanitation. Sani-Flush, an antiseptic, cleansing powder, does a quick, easy, completely safe job. Just sprinkle a little into the toilet bowl, follow the directions on the can, flush, and the bowl becomes spotless. All germs are killed, all odors eliminated. Even the hidden trap, which no brush can reach, is purified.

At grocery, drug and hardware stores, 35c. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada. (Another use for Sani-Flush—cleaning automobile radiators. See directions on can.)

Sani-Flush

CLEANS CLOSET BOWLS
WITHOUT SCOURING

flowering shrubs retain their vitality much longer if the bark is peeled back from the stem for an inch or so the day before. The stems should be thrust into water deep enough to come up to the blossoms, and left that way overnight for a thorough soaking. If the lilac is ready too soon, it may be preserved for a week or ten days by cutting just before it is quite out, and then keeping it in fresh water in a cool, dark cellar.

The guest pews may be designated by a simple tulle or satin bow, or by the much used white cord. However, when there is an abundance of flowers and many willing, artistic hands, it looks nicer to tie up each pew with a bouquet. The little water containers which fit flat against the sides may be obtained for a few cents each, or they may be rented from a local florist. To ornament even a portion of the aisle like this is to give the guests the impression that they are walking up an aisle of flower beds. It is very festive and gay.

SIMILAR color schemes may be worked out for the home wedding. In this case the background is all important. If there is a handy man he might rig up a trellis, which

could be covered effectively with sprays of blossoms. Slightly overhanging boughs would produce the suggestion of a very lovely bower. A small mesh trellis is very lovely with peonies thrust through the little holes, until the background becomes a veritable wall of flowers. Tall standards of the blossoms and a leafy arrangement at each side complete the charming arrangement. While the usual aisle of white ribbon serves its purpose, it has been used so much as to be commonplace. For the sake of novelty it is very pleasing to fasten flowers into long chains, each having a sturdy cord to avoid any chance of breaking. Of course, the flowers in the chains carry out the general color scheme. Petals strewn along the way are enough to make any bride happy. In fact, at several lovely weddings last year the confetti gave way entirely to flower petals.

The delightful task of decorating the house or church for the bride is a pleasure which may be bestowed on certain friends who cannot serve as bridesmaids. A little planning and very little expense may produce a setting which the bride will remember all her life, and many guests for a long time.

Finders Keepers

Continued from page 7

was gayer than she had been for a long time.

On a drowsy afternoon in September, Margit urged a reluctant Pepper back to the stables and went out to get into her car. Someone hailed her as she opened the door.

"Hey, McGinty!" She turned. Rand was crossing the street toward her, smiling. She hadn't seen him for a week.

"I'm going to Cornelia's; have some things for her." He held up some packages. "Come on with me. I want you to know each other right away."

Margit was slow in answering. Cornelia actually in Wallbrook! She had refused to think that she would lose Rand after their companionship during the summer.

"Oh, I can't, Rand, in these." She looked down at her breeches and boots. She had had some idea of meeting Mrs. Jenner—if meet her she must—in regal raiment that would boost her spirits; clothes in which she could be splendidly indifferent.

Rand laughed. "Just as you are," he said, closing the door of her car and guiding her toward his own little roadster. She went with him reluctantly but with resignation. Riding through a perfect autumn, afternoon with Rand, and Cornelia Jenner's packages!

"You look domesticated, Rand, surrounded by the fruits of your shopping." Was there the ghost of irony in her remark?

He grinned as he swerved the car deftly into a driveway that led to a rambling white house with green shutters. They got out and Rand raised the knocker on the door while he opened it. Plain to be seen that knocking was rather a tiresome formality.

"Yay!" he called.

"Yay, yourself!" a throaty voice called back the greeting.

"Cornelia, I've brought Margit Ware-McGinty—that you've heard so much about."

He looked from one to the other proudly. Ma git felt her hand in a cool, firm clasp, found herself looking into eyes as grey as the sea. Cornelia Jenner, with the coloring of a gypsy, her dark hair bound in a knot at the back of her neck! Margit somehow felt callow, like an infant, in her ridiculous English breeches and her burnished boots. Cornelia wore something jaish blue with a low-cut neckline and wide sleeves.

The sun filtered through the plum-tinted drapes into the room, lending lustre to a copper bowl on a low table, heightening the yellow tones in two little ivory figurines on the mantelpiece, and making of Cornelia a painting by Zuloaga—vibrant, teeming with color. Cornelia was making light of house settling, telling Margit in her rich rolling voice what a little ray of purest light serene Rand had been. Quite the little busy bee, in fact. Such a lamb. Margit watched Rand

going to a chest in the dining room, unerringly located the glasses and a tray, familiarly slammed around in the kitchen, and brought them iced tea. She tinkled the ice in her glass nervously. Chatter eddied around her. She couldn't fix her mind on anything except the awful fact that Rand was so patently at home in Cornelia Jenner's charming house.

WHEN they were driving home, Margit knew that Rand wanted her to tell him what she thought of Cornelia. Arbitrarily, she said not a word about Cornelia, nor, for that matter, about anything. She just tossed him an airy good-by and ran into the house with mist in her eyes and murder in her heart.

How it was that Rand persuaded her to sponsor Cornelia in Wallbrook, Margit never knew. Partly, she thought, because denying Rand anything came hard, partly because she didn't want to show any spark of jealousy, and partly because, in spite of herself, she liked Cornelia. So Margit asked her friends and Greg's and Rand's in for tea one Sunday to meet Cornelia Jenner. Sort of a spider and a fly situation. Won't you come into my parlor? Only the spider was less vindictive than she was sore at heart. And the fly was such a pretty creature!

There was music and a great deal of talk, and the sort of food that men adore and that girls consume with that I'll-just-break-my-diet-this-once expression. Talk centred around Cornelia sitting in a high-backed chair, holding an egg-shell coffee cup in her hand. Her grey eyes and her grey dress, her wine-red coloring and her dusky hair. She is Isolt come to life, Margit thought. It isn't fair. It isn't a sporting competition to try against beauty like that, against a voice like a cello. Rand leaned against the piano and dared anyone not to adore her, when he wasn't hovering around Margit who brusquely ordered him aside.

When the guests had gone and Cornelia and Rand lingered on before the fire, Margit watched them both, loving Rand so stormily, hating Cornelia so half-heartedly. She met and measured Rand's long look, time and again. A study in contrasts. Margit, sitting Turk-fashion on a hassock, gilded head aglow in the firelight. Cornelia's dark beauty against the carved chair-back. Something provocative, something to invite comparison.

The rambling house with the green shutters became quite a Mecca for Margit's crowd. And Margit followed the crowd, at first grudgingly, later more wholeheartedly. She went, although Rand was there more often than not. Even though what she observed in his attentive ways with Cornelia

But my dear
it's not new!

*I painted
it all—
four chairs
the table
and the
floor for
\$2.85



. . . "it looks a different place. I asked my dealer for a shade card, and chose the colors myself. It didn't take long to finish the job, for Crown Diamond paints are so easily applied, and quick drying. I'm going to do my bedroom next."

Ask your nearest dealer for a Crown Diamond quick drying Enamel and Floor Paint shade card, or write to us. We make a pure paint for every purpose.

**CROWN DIAMOND
PAINT**
COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO MONTREAL HALIFAX

A Million Fat Folks Can't Be Wrong

And that's a low estimate of the number taking Kruschen to keep down superfluous fat.

When you take vitalizing Kruschen Salts for a few days that old indolent arm-chair feeling deserts you—it doesn't matter how fat you are—the urge for activity has got you—and you're "stepping lively."

And best of all you like this activity—you walk a couple of miles and enjoy it—you thought you'd never dance again, but you find you're getting as spry as ever—the old tingling, active feeling reaches even your feet.

Kruschen is a combination of the six salts Nature has already put into your body to keep you alive—if it were not for these vital salts you could not live.

One bottle is enough to prove to you that Kruschen will make you feel younger—spryer—more energetic—you'll enjoy life—every minute of it.

A half teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning is all you need to keep healthy—keep your stomach, liver, bowels and kidneys in splendid condition—free your system from harmful toxins and acids.

CHATELAINE PATTERNS

Readers will find a complete list of stores handling the CHATELAINE PATTERNS on PAGE 56 OF THIS ISSUE

CHATELAINE PATTERNS

A Boon to Women Who Sew

Chatelaine Patterns now
15c. each

Dominion-wide popularity makes this
new price possible

Beginning with the June Issue, **The Chatelaine** will present Chatelaine patterns in the stores throughout Canada, and in the pages of this magazine at a new price of 15c.

Since Chatelaine patterns were first presented at 25c last year, thousands upon thousands of Canadian women have used them and proved their value. The demand for Chatelaine patterns has been so great that the increased production now makes it possible to present Chatelaine patterns at 15c each.

The quality of Chatelaine patterns will be identically the same. They will be the only magazine patterns selling in stores throughout Canada for 15c. They are the equal of other patterns at much higher prices. Designs are from Paris and New York, while the patterns themselves are cut in our own Canadian factory.

Month by month Chatelaine patterns are presented in the pages of **The Chatelaine**, and through Canadian stores. If your favorite dealer does not carry them in stock, we would be glad to have us his name and address.



341

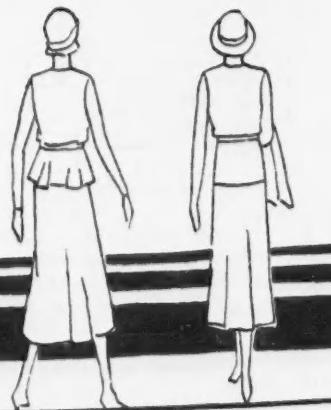
342

No. 341—Very graceful is this jacket-frock which flares engagingly at sleeve, hip and hem. Any washing silk would be suitable. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material.

Price 15 cents

No. 342—A very smart effect can be achieved by the use of contrasting colors in this one-piece frock with separate jacket. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Size 34 requires 5½ yards of 39-inch material.

Price 15 cents





**"The years can make any girl
more alluring if she keeps Youth!"**

SAYS WILLIAM POWELL



*Learn the complexion secret
9 out of 10 screen stars know*

NO ONE measures Youth by birthdays any more!" says William Powell, Paramount star of "For the Defense." "Women know so marvellously how to KEEP their fresh, young charm.

"Feminine stars of the screen and stage, especially, seem to know the secret!"

Indeed they do, for they seem always young,

charming, magnetic—you just can't believe they ever have birthdays.

"We guard complexion beauty above all else," the lovely actresses will tell you.

Famous actresses in Hollywood, on Broadway, in Europe, use Lux Toilet Soap, regularly! That is why it is in theatres everywhere—is official in all film studios. Actually 605 of the 613 important Hollywood actresses are devoted to it.

The countless stars who use this very white, fragrant soap find it soothing to every type of skin! Your skin will love it, too!



CLARA BOW
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NANCY CARROLL
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Paramount



LILLIAN ROTH

The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap

LUX Toilet Soap..10¢

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto

FOR ALL OCCASIONS

And for every hour of the day, a Chatelaine frock

Price 15c. each

Every Pattern Guaranteed



Irresistibly Feminine

No. 339—Every wardrobe needs one dress of this graceful, fluttering type. It requires a plain or figured voile chiffon or crépe de Chine. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material.

Price 15 cents



New Jacket Effect

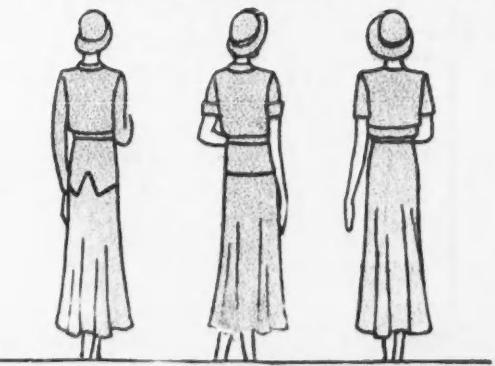
No. 343—A jacket which isn't a jacket but is included in a one-piece frock is the newest thought for summer. The surplice collar of this design is very flattering. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 39-inch material.

Price 15 cents



The Youthful Bolero

No. 345—Boleros give one such charming length of line from waist to hem that it is no wonder they are so popular just now. A daintily sprigged rajah silk or voile would be effective. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Size 34 requires 3½ yards of 39-inch material with ¼ yard of 39-inch contrasting. Price 15 cents



IN SUMMER MOOD

Chatelaine Styles Keep Step with the New Vogue

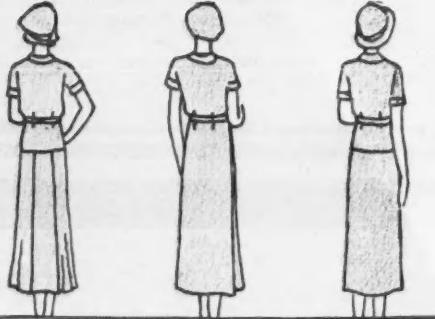


344

A Sports Model

No. 344—A novel use of bands and buttons imparts a jaunty air to this smart frock. Either piqué or rajah silk would be suitable. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 35-inch contrasting material.

Price 15 cents.

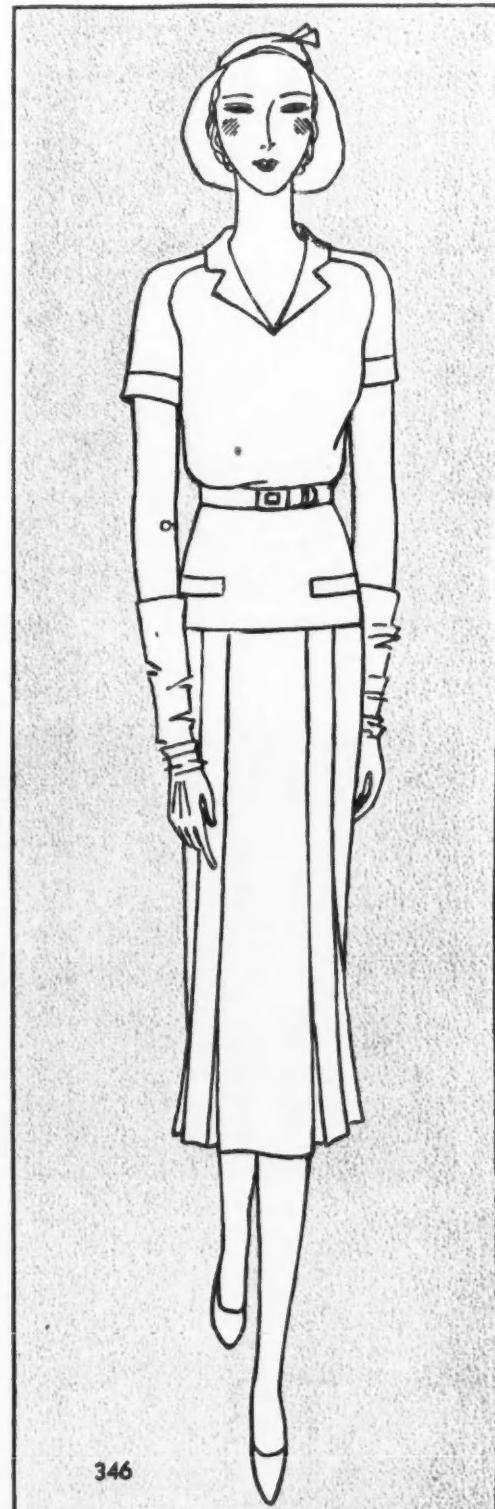


340

Smart Simplicity

No. 340—The utter severity of this frock carries an air of sophistication—derived partly from its well cut lines and partly from the smart little bows. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Size 34 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 35-inch contrasting.

Price 15 cents



346

Tennis or Golf

No. 346—A jaunty little dress with more than a hint of the masculine about its turn-back collar and trimly belted waist. It would look very well in linen or cotton piqué. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material.

Price 15 cents

Win Fame and Fortune with a Simple Snapshot

\$100,000 in Cash Prizes Offered for Pictures in Kodak International Contest

**Six Picture Classes
286 Canadian District Prizes**

YOU may submit pictures of any subject in this contest. Prizes will be awarded in 6 classes, and your entries will be placed for judging in the classes in which they are most likely to win.

A. *Children*. Any picture in which the principal interest is a child or children.

B. *Scenes*. Landscapes, marine views, city, street, travel or country scenes, etc.

C. *Games, Sports, Pastimes, Occupations*. Baseball, tennis, golf, boating, gardening, carpentry, etc.

D. *Still Life and Nature Subjects*. Architecture and Architectural Details; Interiors. Art objects, curios, cut flowers, or any still life object in artistic arrangement, any nature subject, etc. Exteriors or interiors of homes, churches, schools, offices, libraries; statues, etc.

E. *Informal Portraits*. Close-up or full figure of a person or persons, excepting pictures in which the principal interest is a child or children. (See Class A above.)

F. *Animals, Pets, Birds*. Pets (dogs, cats, etc.); farm animals or fowls; wild animals or birds, either at large or in zoos.

**\$7,500 in Canadian District Prizes
CANADIAN GRAND PRIZE
\$1,000 in Cash and a Bronze Medal**

44 PRIZES IN EACH CLASS

For the best picture in each class	\$250
For the next picture in each class	100
For the next picture in each class	50
For each of next 5 pictures in each class	25
For each of next 36 pictures in each class	10
<i>(Total prizes, totaling \$6,310)</i>	

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR CHILD PICTURES

For the best child pictures made and entered in May, June and July from the seven provinces (the Maritime Provinces of Canada, Newfoundland, Saint-Pierre and Miquelon count as one province; Yukon Territory is included with British Columbia; the North-West Territories are included with Alberta):

First Prize, each province	\$100
Second Prize, each province	50
Third Prize, each province	20
<i>(Total provincial prizes, totaling \$1,180)</i>	

International Awards

The best picture in each class from each country automatically enters International Competition to be judged for later awards at Geneva, Switzerland.

INTERNATIONAL GRAND AWARD

\$10,000 and a Silver Trophy

INTERNATIONAL CLASS AWARDS

For the best picture in each of the six classes a Gold Medal and \$1,000 in cash.

Total Prize Money, Canadian District \$ 7,500

International Awards 16,000

Prize Money for rest of world 76,500

Total to be won, amateurs only \$100,000

NOTE that one picture may win a \$250 class prize, the \$1,000 grand prize for Canadian District plus the \$1,000 International Class Award and the \$10,000 International Grand Award . . . a total of \$12,250 for a single snapshot.

Read these simple rules:

- This contest is strictly for the amateur. Any resident of Canada, Newfoundland or Saint-Pierre and Miquelon is eligible, excepting individuals and families of individuals engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing or professional use of photographic goods.
- Contest starts May 1, closes August 31, 1931. (Also see No. 14.)
- An entrant may submit as many pictures as he pleases and at as many different times as he pleases; provided that the pictures have been made on or after May 1, 1931, that they are mailed under postmark dated not later than August 31, and that they reach Prize Contest Office not later than September 7, 1931. (See No. 14.)
- Any Kodak, Brownie, Hawk-Eye or other camera and any brand of film, chemicals and paper may be used in making pictures for this contest. A contestant need not own the camera. The finishing, of course, may be done by his dealer. Pictures may be made on roll film, cut film or film pack negatives. But pictures made on plate negatives are not eligible.
- Both regular-sized contact prints and enlargements are eligible. No picture is to measure

Only Amateurs may compete . . . Pictures must be made in May, June, July or August

A CAMERA . . . a roll of film . . . some simple subject to photograph. That's all you need to enter the Kodak International \$100,000 Competition! It's all you need to win . . . for the kind of snapshots you usually take are the kind that are wanted for this contest!

There are 286 prizes, totaling \$7,500 in cash, for pictures from the Canadian District—which comprises Canada, Newfoundland, Saint-Pierre and Miquelon. And first-prize winners in the Canadian Contest may win international awards amounting to an additional \$16,000.

As the list of prizes shows, one easy snapshot may win \$12,250.

No special skill, no long experience, is required in this contest. Picture interest . . . not photographic excellence . . . is what counts.

Only amateurs may compete, any picture subject may be entered, and the owner of a Brownie, Hawk-Eye or the simplest Kodak has the same chance as users of costly cameras.

And, with such prizes in sight, you will wish to use film you can depend on for clear, sparkling pictures. You can depend on Kodak Film or the new Kodak Verichrome Film. Both come in the yellow box.

Famous People Act as Judges
Photography is the universal language . . . that brings

nations, peoples, closer together . . . makes for international goodwill. In recognition of this fact, famous people from all over the world have freely consented to act as patrons and judges of this friendly international competition.

The winners of the Canadian District prizes will be determined by a committee of distinguished judges, consisting of Rev. Canon H. J. Cody; Emily F. Murphy (Janey Canuck); E. Wyly Grier, P.R.C.A.; L. M. Montgomery Macdonald, authoress; Nellie L. McClung, authoress; Lt-Col. Henri Gagnon, distinguished publisher.

Clip Entry Blank

So get busy! See your dealer about a supply of film. Make lots of snapshots! Send in as many as you wish . . . as often as you wish. Clip the entry blank below and enter to win.



For pictures of the prize-winning kind, use Kodak Film or the new Kodak Verichrome Film. Both come in the yellow box.

bition in any manner, becomes the property of the Kodak Company.

11. Winner of first prize in each class, including winner of Canadian District Grand Prize, will automatically enter the International Competition.

12. Although no entrant may win prizes on more than one picture, he may win several prizes with the one picture. Naturally, the more pictures you send in, the greater the chance that one of them will win a prize—or prizes.

The following additional conditions apply to the offer of special provincial prizes for the best child pictures made and entered in May and June, 1931.

13. To be eligible for a prize in the Child Picture Contest, a picture shall fulfill the requirements of Class A, Child Pictures.

14. Special Provincial Child Picture Contest closes on June 30, 1931. Entries must be mailed under postmark not later than that day and must reach Contest Office not later than July 7, 1931. All entries in Child Picture Contest, including winners, and child pictures taken in July and August are eligible for prizes in Class A at the end of the general contest.



Important! The entrant need not specify the classes into which his pictures should go. The Prize Contest Office will place each picture in the class in which it is most likely to win. No explanatory letter is necessary. So the judges shall not know the name of the maker of any picture, entrant will remain anonymous. Each entrant will be acknowledged by a postal card bearing the number given thereto. However, please do not interpret this as an invitation to write about entries as the contest office cannot undertake correspondence. The Kodak Company may offer to purchase pictures that do not win prizes. Winners will be notified as soon as possible after the judging takes place.

-- Entry Blank — Clip it Now! --

Mail this blank with your entries to Prize Contest Office, Dept. D-940 Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto 9, Ontario. Do not place your name on either the front or the back of any picture.

Name (Please Print) _____

Street Address _____

Town and Province _____

Make of Camera _____

Make of Film _____ Number of pictures accompanying this blank _____

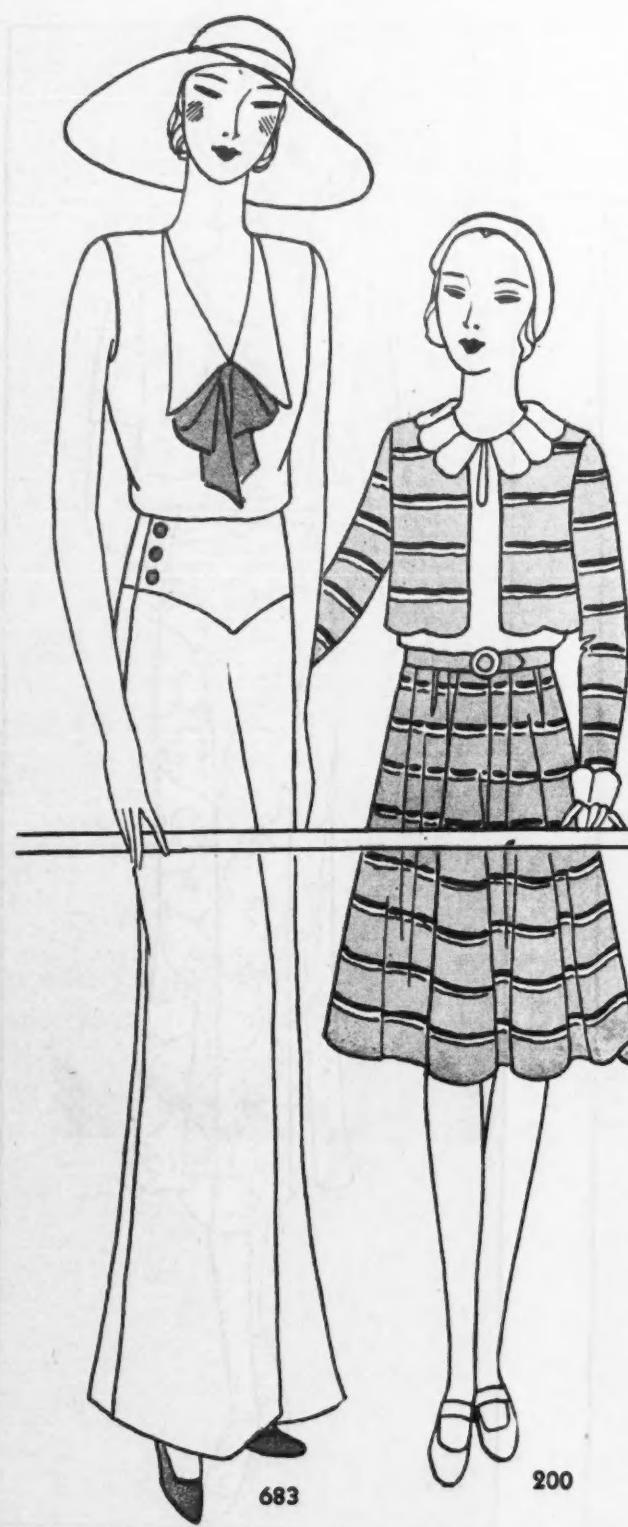
KODAK INTERNATIONAL \$100,000 COMPETITION for Amateur Picture-Takers

Answering the Pyjamas Vogue

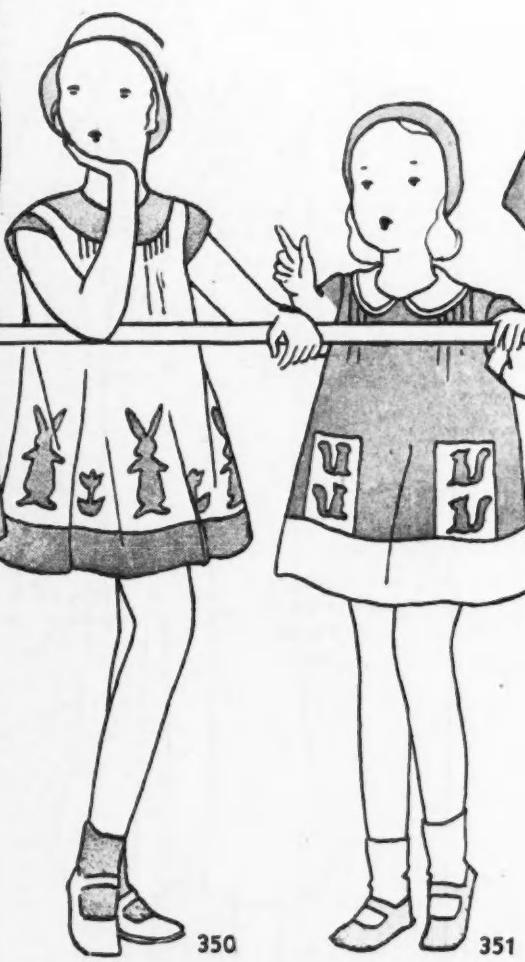
And some new frocks for younger sisters of all ages

Price 15c. each

Every Pattern Guaranteed



No. 683—Pyjamas are more than a passing craze—they are practically essential to the summer wardrobe. This pair possesses a dashing nautical note. Sizes 12, 14 and 16 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Size 16 requires 4½ yards of 35-inch material. Price 15 cents



No. 200—A very charming style for a going-to-school young lady. Separate bloomers included with the pattern. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 3¾ yards of 35-inch material with ½ yard of 35-inch contrasting. Price 15 cents.

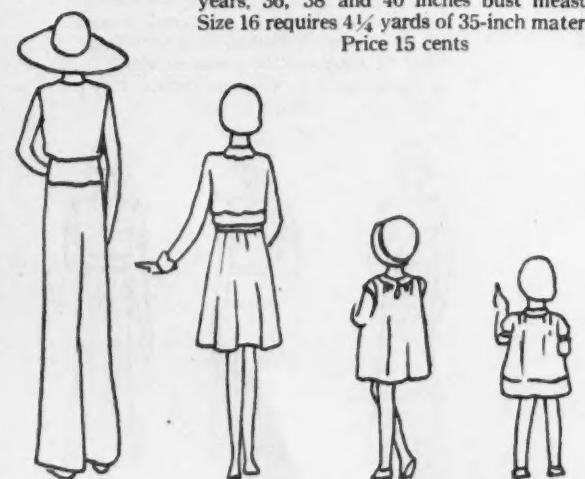
No. 350—Animals and flowerpots are appliquéd on this very dainty little frock. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yards of 35-inch material with ¾ yard of 35-inch contrasting for bands and appliqués. Price 15 cents.



No. 351—She takes her pets with her wherever she goes, even when they're skeery young squirrels! Turn back collar and cuffs add a prim note to this tiny frock. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yards of 35-inch material with ¼ yard of 18-inch contrasting. Price 15 cents



No. 640—Long and slender are the lines of these graceful pyjamas which are wonderfully comfortable for lounging at home or on the sands. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 8 yards of 39-inch material for pyjamas and coat. Price 15 cents



Meals of the Month

Thirty Menus for June

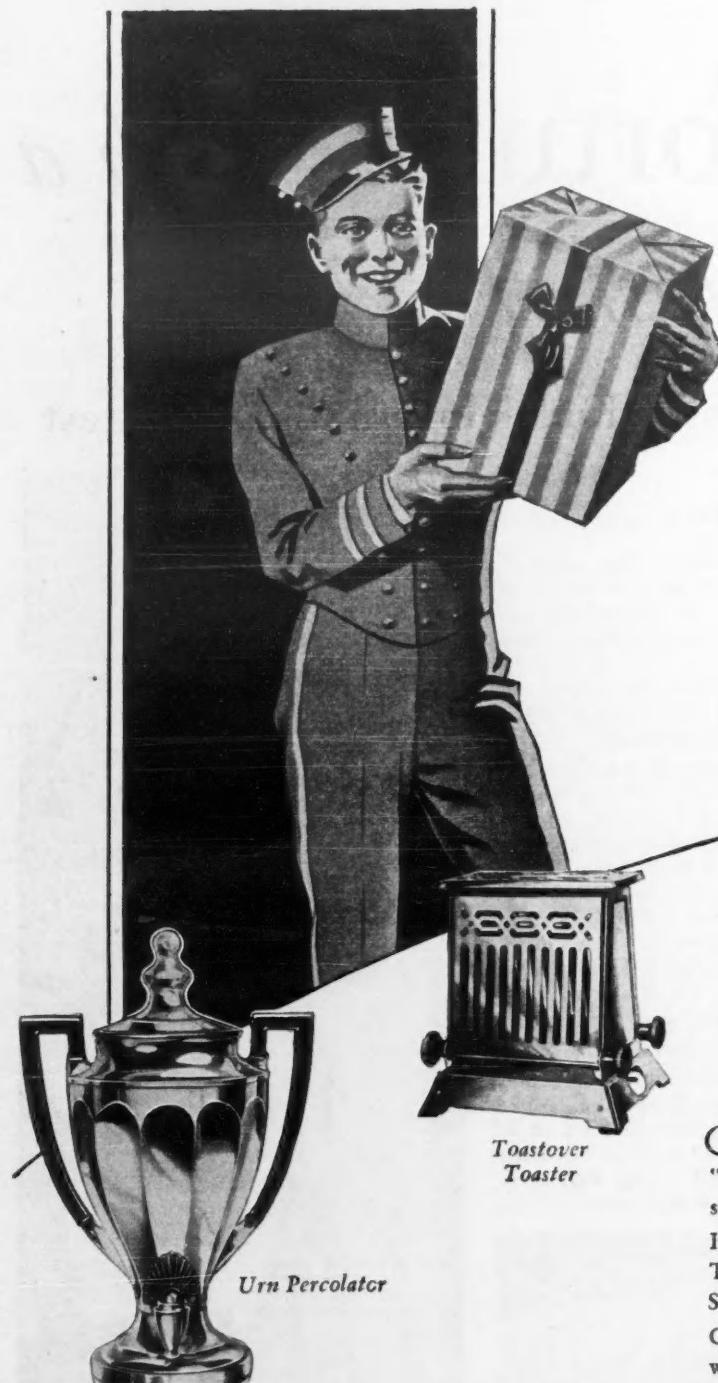
Compiled by M. Frances Hucks of The Chatelaine Institute staff.

1	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER	16	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
2	Stewed Rhubarb Cream of Wheat Toast Coffee	Tomato Jelly Salad with Cheese Balls Brown Bread and Butter Fruit Jujubes Tea Cocoa	Boiled Shoulder of Lamb Caper Sauce Mashed Potatoes Spinach Prune Souffle * Tea Coffee	17	Prunes and Lemon Grapenuts Muffins Tea Conserve Cocoa	Creamed Tuna Fish Lettuce Salad Fresh Pineapple Tea Cocoa	Broiled Steak Mashed Potatoes Buttered Onions Tea Floating Island Coffee
3	Oranges Ham and Eggs Toast Coffee	Lamb Stew Dumplings Fresh Pineapple Ice Box Cookies Tea Cocoa	Cream of Pea Soup (Vegetable Plate) Asparagus with Cheese Sauce Harvard Beets Lettuce Salad Tea Lemon Pie Coffee	18	Grapefruit Cornmeal Bacon Tea Toast Cocoa	Tomato Soup Asparagus Salad Bran Muffins Tea Jam Cocoa	Lamb Stew Boiled Potatoes Carrots Tea Spanish Cream * Coffee
4	Tomato Juice Shredded Wheat Bran Muffins Jam Coffee Cocoa	Vegetable Casserole Warmed Muffins Canned Peaches Tea Cocoa	Oven-Cooked Steak * Scalloped Potatoes String Beans Jellied Rhubarb Sponge Cake Tea Coffee	19	Orange Sections Shredded Wheat Coffee Cake Tea Maple Syrup Cocoa	Corn a la Southern Mixed Fruit Salad Cookies Tea Cocoa	Liver Balls * Scalloped Potatoes Cabbage Tapioca with Fresh Strawberries Tea Coffee
5	Cornflakes with Stewed Fruit Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Cocoa	Spanish Rice * Fruit Salad Chelsea Buns Tea Cocoa	Liver and Bacon Duchess Potatoes Date and Nut Trifle Tea Carrots Tea Coffee	20	Bran Flakes with Stewed Fruit Scrambled Eggs Tea Toast Cocoa	Noodle Ring and Mushrooms Green Onions Orange Jelly Tea Cocoa	Pan-fried Codfish Steaks Parsley Potatoes Spinach Vanilla Ice Cream Chocolate Sauce Tea Coffee
6	Grapefruit Griddle Cakes Maple Syrup Tea Cocoa	Cheese Souffle Watercress Cherry Jelly Cookies Tea Cocoa	Steamed Salmon Egg Sauce Riced Potatoes Pineapple Ice Cream Tea Dandelion Greens Coffee	21	Sliced Bananas Oatmeal Tea Jam Cocoa	Codfish Croquettes Sliced Cucumbers Chocolate Cake Tea Cocoa	Steak and Kidney Pie Peas Beets Stewed Rhubarb Cookies Tea Coffee
7	Stewed Prunes Puffed Rice Toast Coffee Cocoa	Salmon Salad Sliced Cucumbers Biscuits Tea Honey Cocoa	Pork Chops Hashed Brown Potatoes Coffee Cream Wafers Tea Cabbage Tea Coffee	22	Grapefruit Puffed Wheat Tea Conserve Cocoa	Chicken (canned) Salad Radishes Fresh Strawberries Cake Lemonade or Iced Tea	Mixed Grill Mashed Potatoes Broiled Tomatoes Pineapple Ice-box Pudding * Tea Coffee
8	Stewed Prunes Puffed Rice Toast Coffee Cocoa	Jellied Tongue Potato Salad Stewed Rhubarb Walnut Bars Tea Cocoa	Roast Beef Browned Potatoes Buttered Beets Strawberry Shortcake Whipped Cream Tea Coffee	23	Apricots Bacon Marmalade Tea Toast Cocoa	Cooked Cold Meats Sauerkraut Fruit Cup Filled Cookies Tea Cocoa	(Vegetable Plate) Potato au Gratin Buttered Asparagus Stuffed Onions Diced Carrots Banana Trifle Tea Coffee
9	Sliced Bananas Bran Flakes Tea Cocoa	Beet and Apple Salad * Olive Sandwiches Frosted Spice Cake Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Cold Roast Beef Mashed Potatoes Creamed Asparagus Molded Rice Pudding Tea Coffee	24	Orange Juice Hot Rolls Tea Cornflakes Jelly Cocoa	Cheese Toast Watercress Nut Bread Tea Jam Cocoa	Roast Lamb Franconia Potatoes String Beans Apricot Whip Nut Bars Tea Coffee
10	Baked Rhubarb Cornmeal Graham Gems Coffee Cocoa	Cream of Asparagus Soup Individual Meat Pies Orange Sherbet Tea Cocoa	Broiled Ham Slices Creamed Potatoes Cole Slaw Fruit Gelatine Tea Coffee	25	Bananas All-Bran Tea Jam Cocoa	Sardine Salad Rolls Butterscotch Tarts Tea Cocoa	Curry of Lamb * Boiled Rice Cabbage Deep Rhubarb Pie Tea Coffee
11	Apricots French Toast Jam Coffee Cocoa	Cold Sliced Ham Lyonnaise Potatoes Biscuits Tea Maple Syrup Cocoa	Baked Trout Scalloped Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Chocolate Pie Tea Coffee	26	Tomato Juice Pancakes Tea Maple Syrup Cocoa	Puffy Omelette Whole Wheat Muffins Wild Strawberry Jam Tea Cocoa	Hamburger Steak Creamed Potatoes Carrots Blanc Mange Strawberry Sauce Tea Coffee
12	Grapefruit All-Bran Bacon Tea Cocoa	Macaroni and Cheese Fresh Vegetable Salad Watermelon Tea Cocoa	Lamb Chops Parsley Potatoes Green Peas Baked Lemon Pudding Tea Coffee	27	Watermelon Bread and Milk Corn Muffins Tea Grape Jelly Cocoa	Jellied Meat Molds Lettuce Salad Stewed Prunes Tea Drop Cookies Cocoa	Baked Halibut Tomato Sauce Riced Potatoes Beet Greens Lemon Cream Tea Coffee
13	Fruit Cup Oatmeal Porridge Hot Rolls Jelly Tea Cocoa	Scrambled Eggs Toast Apricot Cream * Tea Cocoa	(Vegetable Plate) Potato au Gratin Creamed Onions Buttered Carrots Pineapple-upside-down Cake Tea Coffee	28	Grapefruit and Orange Juice Bacon and Eggs Tea Toast Cocoa	Shrimp Salad Brown Bread Sandwiches Fruit Sherbet Tea Cocoa	Casserole of Sausage and Spaghetti * Scalloped Tomatoes Canned Peach and Marshmallow Dessert Tea Coffee
14	Oranges Cornflakes Toast Honey Cocoa	Corned Beef (canned) Sliced Tomatoes Fruit Salad Tea Cocoa	Mock Duck Mashed Potatoes Baked Custard Beans Tea Coffee	29	Stewed Rhubarb Grapenuts Popovers Tea Honey Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Stuffed Green Pepper Salad Sponge Cake Chocolate Milk Shake	Braised Tongue with Vegetables * Duchess Potatoes Fruit Salad Macaroons Iced Tea or Coffee
15	Cantaloupe Ham Omelette Toast Cocoa	Assorted Sandwiches Radishes Olives Sliced Oranges and Coconut Layer Cake Tea Cocoa	Veal Loaf * Potato Puff Cauliflower Maple Bisque Small Cakes Tea Coffee	30	Cantaloupe Puffed Rice Tea Jam Cocoa	Creamed Eggs on Toast Apple Sauce Ginger Snaps Tea Cocoa	Breaded Veal Cutlets Mashed Potatoes Asparagus Caramel Rice Pudding Tea Coffee
	Tomato Juice Cream of Wheat and Dates Toast Coffee Cocoa	Spinach and Poached Eggs Canned Pear Salad Marguerites Tea Cocoa	Cold Veal Loaf Creamed Potatoes Raspberry Cup Cakes Tea Corn Coffee				Beef Stew Dumplings Peas Pineapple and Strawberries Tea Coffee

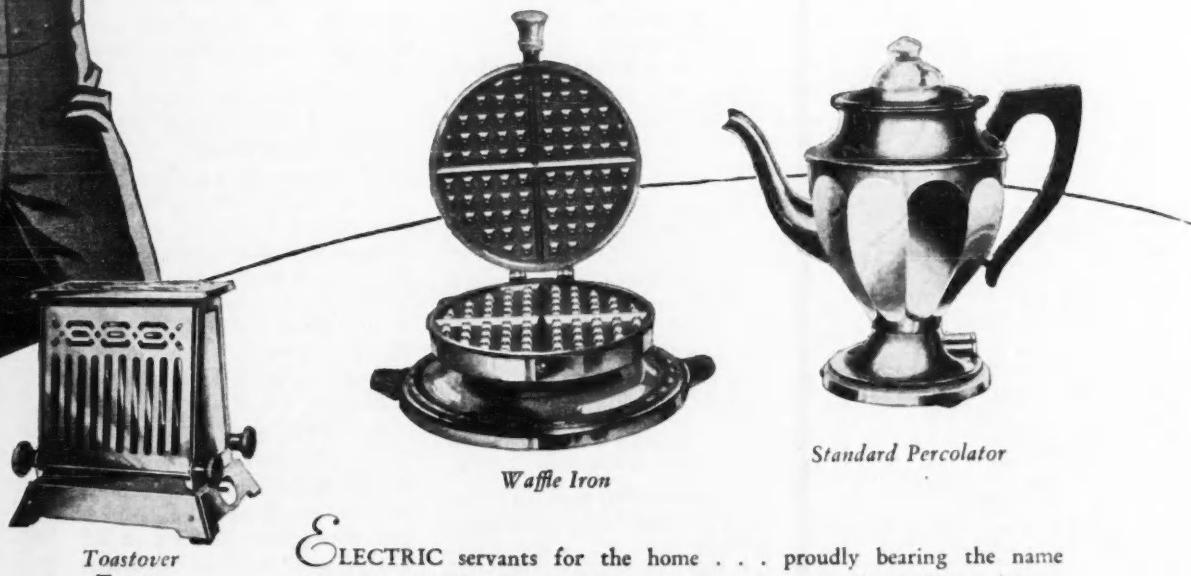
The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances Hucks, are a regular feature of The Chatelaine every month.

Recipes for the dishes marked * are described by Miss Hucks on page 62

Choose Modern Gifts..

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Hotpoint Range

Toastover
Toaster

Waffle Iron

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ELECTRIC servants for the home . . . proudly bearing the name "General Electric Hotpoint" . . . these are the gifts that will give lasting service and pleasure.

Hotpoint Irons, for example, are particularly acceptable. The De Luxe has Thumb Rest, Calrod Element and other remarkable features . . . and the Super-Automatic Hotpoint offers the added advantage of heat control.

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An inexpensive Toastover Toaster that turns the toast without burning the fingers . . . a Three-Heat Grill for entertaining . . . a Three-Heat Comfort Pad . . . here are only a few of the many other gift suggestions among General Electric Hotpoint servants.

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GENERAL  **ELECTRIC**
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SERVANTS for the HOME

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. Limited

The Chatelaine, June, 1931

You should use much more
Canned Salmon



CANNED SALMON...the utmost in convenience...without waste...at astonishingly low cost...abundant with Vitamine D, Iodine, Calcium, ever so many body-building and health-guarding ingredients...Canned Salmon should find a place on every table.

Telephone your Grocer now for three or four cans...and tonight...now...send the coupon below for the new tested recipe booklet showing many Salmon dishes in full color...free, of course. For instance, the salad here is made this way...

B.C. SOCKEYE SALAD

Chill one pound can of salmon. Flake, then add one-half cup chopped celery (tomatoes may be added, if desired). Mix lightly with mayonnaise or French dressing. Arrange on nests of crisp lettuce leaves. Garnish with hard boiled eggs, slices of lemon, pickles or olives.

Nature Sets The Price—Your merchant will show you five varieties of Salmon from the cold, clear ocean waters...Red Sockeye, Red Spring, Cohoe, Pink and Chum Salmon...Buy three or four cans at a time...they're always handy.

Canadian Canned Salmon

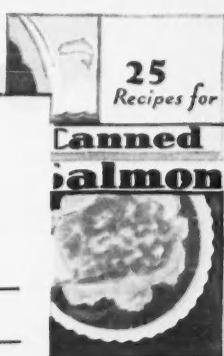
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~EDITORIAL~

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BYRNE HOPE SANDERS, Editor

GEORGE H. TYNDALL, Business Manager

SCHOOL closes this month and brings with it an absorbing responsibility for every mother—the children's holidays.

Are you going to sigh regretfully when the final exam is over, with the feeling that the children will be round the house all day now and getting into endless mischief? Or are you going to turn them loose, feed them three times a day, keep a close watch on the bath routine, and—leave them alone?

If you were sitting in my office, you would probably be highly indignant and say something like this to me:

"Neither! I like to feel that the holidays are going to give me an opportunity to get to know my children better. I realize that I have more time in the summer months, and know that I see too little of them in the winter. I'm going to try and find regular time every day, or at least one afternoon a week, to go to the woods, or parks, or river, or lake with them. I want to learn about the birds and flowers and trees with them, share their ecstasy at some new discovery, help them to see what they might miss by themselves. I'm going to try and read with them these long summer evenings, for I know that even the older children will love a little tot's book, if it is shared aloud. I'm going to feel that a holiday from school routine is a golden and glorious opportunity to get closer to my children in understanding and good fellowship."

And you would be so right that you would utterly rout me and my doubts!

her education in many communities where thinking men and women realize the paucity of training with which the average girl begins her lifework of making a home; but the percentage is still woefully small.

she's married, and she is in the hospital having a baby. But don't tell a soul. Don't even tell daddy or mother. You know, when the grown-ups get hold of a thing, how it travels around!"

I FELT again that dancing and its companion graces should play a far more important rôle in a girl's training than it does today, when I read of the self-conscious awkwardness of so many women who curtseied to a royal couple recently touring Canada.

If only every girl could be taught aesthetic dancing; if only it could be given a definite place on the school curriculum! There is nothing that brings poise, grace and health more surely than the lithe exercising of the dance routine. Since grace is a charm every woman can attain, why is it given so little attention?

But this, of course, brings us to one of the saddest problems of the day—the training of our girls. Can you imagine, in more enlightened centuries to come, a critic discussing this period of the emancipation of women, and saying, "In the benighted twentieth century the girls, who had only enjoyed public education for a short time, were taught along the same lines as the boys of the nation. Despite the fact that marriage and motherhood was the obvious destiny of the majority, these were the last things considered in the education of the average young woman. Although ninety per cent of the graduates from colleges enter the down-town world through the business office, the university provides no business training and the girls must take this up after graduation. While it was realized that a girl's knowledge of the right food values and home-making rules was of dominant importance to the nation, this was given a very minor attention in her education—if any at all."

Gradually we are beginning to realize the need for training in home-making. I know that increasing attention is being given to this side of

LET me tell you a delightful story which, like so many true stories, has a double twist to its humor and its pathos. A small seven-year-old boy was heard by his young mother talking very confidentially to his younger brother. "Mary's maid has gone away," said the smaller one.

"Yes, I know," said the seven-year-old. "It seems that

Vol. IV.

Toronto, JUNE, 1931

Number 6

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by CARL SHREVE

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Regular Departments

The Home Bureau; The Domestic Workshop; The Flower Garden Quilt; The Chatelaine's Handicraft; The Chatelaine's Crochet; Auction and Contract Bridge; Women and Their Work; Home Discoveries.	
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SHOWING again that *The Chatelaine* welcomes short stories from new and unknown writers is "An Infinite Madness" by Beryl Gray in this issue. Miss Gray is not yet twenty-five and lives in West Vancouver. She came to Canada from England as a very little girl and spent her childhood on one of the beautiful Vancouver beaches. She is in business at the present time and is only writing as a hobby.

Jane Lexington Comfort, who wrote "Red Poppy," is well known to us all. She is one of those fortunate people who can jaunt about the world, with a new postmark for every story.

I was delighted to be able to give you such authoritative advice about the problems of the college graduation as that of Mrs. Logie Macdonnell who presents "After University—What?" Mrs. Macdonnell, as dean of women for the University of Manitoba, has had many years of close association with this problem. I wish every school girl and every university student in the Dominion could read this article.

"A bit of nonsense now and then" is relished as much by women as by men. "If You Were Engaged to the Prince of Wales," is a bit of fun that some of you will enjoy—and some of you will dislike heartily. I should like to hear from you about it.

Miss A. M. Going, who tells the story of the National Council of Women, has always been vitally interested in the work of the Council. She lives in Kingston, Ontario, and was for many years on the staff of the daily newspaper there.

Emily P. Weaver, with her "Domestic Problems in Old Times," gives us a glamorous and fascinating picture of early days in Canada. If you want a paper to read before your sewing group or club, I could think of nothing more interesting than this picture of the daily lives of mistresses and maids before Confederation. Miss Weaver is a noted historian who has given a great deal of time to the delving into the bygone days of Canada. Her books on the subject have been popular throughout the Dominion.

THERE has always been a great discussion as to whether the children prefer the little fairy book, or whether they like the cut-outs better. *The Chatelaine* has always tried to give the youngsters something different to enjoy. Apparently from the number of letters received, the fairy book has won the day; but in order to keep the hundreds who wrote asking for more cut-outs happy, we will feature another one in July. This time there will be a grocery store piled high with summer fruits and vegetables, with the customers, clerks and animals that always haunt a store. Here's one sure way of making a rainy July day pass peacefully!

Byrne Hope Sanders.

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Hair

says

DOROTHY DIX



The beloved confidante and sympathetic advisor of millions of girls, and probably the most widely read writer in the world.

"SO many letters from girls—all wishing to be beautiful. Longing for loveliness that will awaken the wonder of romance! Dear, eager girls, let me tell you this:

"Nowadays no girl needs to be 'plain.'

"Any girl who studies her own type and wears the right COLORS can give an effect of such radiant charm that the men simply flock around—for men love color.

A Shining Halo

"For example—is your hair just ordinary—not the shining halo of loveliness that you wish for? The right color in your frock will make your hair gleam with beauty (and men will be quick to tell you so)! Color can *flatter* all your good points, subdue all your bad ones.

"Once you've chosen your best colors—take care not to risk fading. For two reasons:

1. Fading diminishes the emotional thrill of the color.
2. Fading—even slight fading—may make a color 'off' for YOU.

"You'll have no trouble about fading, however, if you wash all your colorful frocks, gay blouses, scarfs, in Lux. This wonderful product is especially made to preserve the allure and the true tone of color.

"Ordinary 'good' soaps often do take away a little color as they cleanse, but Lux is absolutely safe.

"You know they have a slogan, 'If it's safe in water, it's just as safe in Lux'—and that's absolutely true.

In Your Home, Too

"And remember: Not only in your clothes, but in your HOME, fresh, lovely color adds charm and glamour to YOU. Dainty curtains, sofa pillows, table linens—keep them *all* colorful as new with Lux!"

Dorothy Dix

This very lovely printed chiffon, washed 10 times in ordinary "good" soap, has faded and run, lost all charm of coloring. The brilliant distinction of the pattern is lost, too, in the change of color tone. No longer appealingly lovely!

Another piece of the same lovely chiffon, washed 10 times in Lux, is unfaded; the colors are absolutely true and the fabric unchanged in any way. All the distinguished beauty and charm it had when new are retained by Lux washing.



gleam with

BEAUTY

"What a magical power color has," writes Dorothy Dix. "The right colors can flatter you and give you such a radiant charm that the men simply flock around, for men love color!"



*If a color is safe
in water alone...
it's just as safe in
LUX*